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ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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JANUARY—JUNE.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ Ἐκλε'κτικὸν φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXVII.

LONDON:

WARD & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH; D. ROBERTSON, GLASGOW;
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN; AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

1850.

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LONDON :
MIALl AND COCKSHAW, PRINTERS, 4, HORSE-SHOE-COURT, LUDGATE-HILL.

TO THE
READERS OF THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

BEFORE assuming the position of Proprietor, and commencing my duties as Editor, of the 'Eclectic Review,' I am anxious to make its supporters acquainted with the motives and feelings by which I am influenced, and the principles which will guide me in my endeavours. I am well aware of the difficulties which must necessarily be encountered by the man whose lot it is to follow one so gifted, so liberal, and so judicious, as my friend, Dr. Price. Indeed, but for the assurance that I shall carry with me his sympathy, and be able to look to him, and kindred spirits, for counsel and support, the thought of the solemn responsibility of my new position would overwhelm me, and I dare not make my present attempt. The 'Eclectic' has ever maintained the high position of an organ of that Evangelical liberalism, the moral power of which cannot well be over-rated, and on whose progress and prosperity depend alike the maintenance of Christian truth, and the vindication, in all their integrity, of those ecclesiastical, social, and political reforms which will emancipate religion from her present unseemly chains, purify the now foul world of squalor, recklessness, and sin, and transform freedom from a patriot dream into a glorious reality. Such *has* been, and is now, the position of the 'Eclectic;'—and to maintain that position, unchanged, uncompromised, shall be my most earnest endeavour. In these times of ferment and speculation, when mere pleasing and dreamy sentiments are accepted in the place of deep,

stern, well-matured convictions—when a selfish expediency presides in the council chambers of political parties, and bids even religion itself yield to the potency of its sway—when the claims of the conscience, and the dictates of eternal justice, are ignored by men, who heed the decrees of faction, and the convenience of cabinets, but disregard, practically disregard, that Gospel which is holier and mightier than them all;—I say, in such times it is important that a work should exist in which the supremacy of Christianity may be asserted, in defiance of the sneers of the worldly-minded, and human rights demanded on the only grounds which Christians can recognise as tenable or satisfactory; viz., that the same Gospel, which brought to light life and immortality, proclaimed man's brotherhood and the spirituality of religion in the ears of a priest-ridden world.

Though I have no wish to needlessly extend this Address, for, after all, I must be judged by what I *do*, and not by what I promise;—still, for the sake of candour and explicitness, I beg to state that the principles of the 'Eclectic,' whether religious, or political—whether relating to ecclesiastical polity, or to questions of social and educational reform, will remain unchanged. I shall maintain inviolate the *individuality* of the work;—as far as practicable securing the services of the writers who have thus far upheld its reputation, and of other gentlemen justly celebrated for the soundness of their views, the vigour of their style, and the consistency of their characters. In the literary department of the work I shall endeavour to do ample justice to the several productions which may be reviewed in its pages, and trust that no honourable opponent may ever have reason to complain of the spirit in which his views are assailed, however completely at variance with my own convictions of truth and right those views may be. I hold, that *writing* 'the truth in love,' is no less a Christian obligation than 'speaking' such 'truth in love;' and am deeply assured that the beneficial results of controversy depend no less on the temper in which it is carried on by the

respective disputants, than on the amount of truth which may be elicited by their discussion. For the future, I propose that each number shall contain a well-digested summary of the events of the past month, religious, political, and social, with such comments thereon as may be deemed necessary; and I hope, occasionally, to furnish the subscribers with carefully translated extracts from such works of foreign authors as may not be within the reach of ordinary readers, and appear calculated to serve the cause to whose interests the 'Eclectic' is devoted. I also hope to enlarge the department usually assigned to 'Brief Notices,' in order that a more prompt attention may be given to all valuable works which may be forwarded for criticism.

In conclusion, I can only say that my dearest object, my holiest ambition, in connexion with my labours as a writer, is to vindicate the divine claims of Christianity, and hasten on its emancipation from the bondage of the State,—to assert the claims of humanity, whether those claims assume a political or a social form,—to defend our 'old landmarks' of faith against the encroachments of a 'philosophy falsely so called,'—in fine, to do my humble part in assailing error in theology,—in maintaining right and truth in politics,—and imparting vigour, manliness, and heroism to Nonconformity! Such are my objects; and may He 'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,' qualify me for my work.

THE PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1850.

ART. I.—*Protestant Nonconformity; a Sketch of its General History, &c.* By John Angell James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS work will be perused with the deepest interest by all well-wishers to the sacred cause of Nonconformity—that cause which has educated for noblest labours some of earth's noblest sons—whose history beams with the records of a heroism the memory of which can never die. The main object of the author has been to trace the rise and progress of Nonconformity in the town of Birmingham, and he has accomplished his task admirably, whether we refer to the amount of information which the work contains, or to the impartial and generous spirit in which he refers to sects whose opinions are at variance with his own.

The 'Sketch of the General History of Nonconformity,' which forms the first part of the work, though very brief, and, of course, a mere outline, will supply the reader who has but little time to master volumes, with a true idea of the means by which a dead conformity was superseded by a living nonconformity, and men were baptized in the fire of that heroism, preparing them to become the martyrs of their age, rather than its hypocrites and slaves. Nonconformity has produced its crop of heroes, who imparted to the cause of spiritual freedom its power and dignity, and bequeathed the principle consecrated by their self-devotion untainted to the future. And it is well that

the young mind of dissent should be familiarized with those chronicles in which the memory of their brave and truthful ancestors is embalmed, for the lives of such men are the true teachers and inspiration of their successors—they dictate a kindred heroism to the soul of posterity—from the record of their struggles and sacrifices peals forth the imperious command, 'Go thou and do likewise.'

Nothing can be vainer than the supposition that the manliness and unbending consistency which men honour in the world's martyrs, are purely eccentric qualities, demanded and developed by the exigencies of stormy times. The man who in times of comparative peace, when the din of battle is hushed, and the sword of the persecutor is exchanged for seductions of patronage, and acts of toleration—the Nonconformist who believes that because the advancement of generations has broken the old weapons of sacerdotal despotism, and the meeting-house is no longer the ante-court of the gaol, there is, consequently, no call for energy, courage, and self-devotion—that martyrdom has become a purely traditional thing, and that active persecution can only be regarded as the horrid scourge of days gone by—such a man lays to his soul a flattering unction which must rob his influence of vigour and beneficence, undermine his moral power as an asserter of the spirituality of the Redeemer's kingdom, and render Dissent, so far as his character is concerned, a mere amiable nonentity, a kind of lifeless negation, having no real connexion with the progress of principles, the triumph of which is essential to the purity and ascendancy of the gospel over the devices and corruptions of unregenerated humanity.

The spirit of which martyrdom was the sublime offspring is a necessary element of EVERY age, for without it a leaden formalism, and blind reverence for lifeless conventionalities of thought and action, take the place of that firm-hearted individuality, which renders each man 'a living soul,' in the highest sense in which the inspired language can be interpreted, and qualifies him to play the part of a Christian missionary, asserting truth and assailing falsehood in his own sphere of action, however small or humble such sphere may be. Conformity to the demands of fashion, dislike of all active antagonism to reigning evils—trimming, tampering, smoothing down, or passing over obnoxious points of abstract principle—carelessness in reference to the views of truth which some see reason to pronounce extreme—these are the symptoms of the moral complacency, the indolent, timid, compromising spirit of hosts of men who venerate martyrs, as their blood-stained images rise one by one amid the mists of the past, but who ignore the claims of the spirit of martyrdom which appeals to themselves and their

contemporaries, and sounds its call to courage and energy at their own doors.

We are inclined to believe that the energy and heroism of the present must depend for influence and reality on a due appreciation of the character and principles of the self-devoted teachers of the past. The great man who played his part in ruder and more critical times, can influence for good but few of the present day, if he is to be admired and wondered at as a phenomenon, instead of being followed lovingly as an exemplar. Not that monuments may be piled, and epitaphs written—not merely that a wordy praise may be chaunted, and their names inserted in the nomenclature of the good and true, does God send forth heroes on their eccentric mission. It is that their heroism may create heroes for the elevation of those after times in whose memory their achievements are embalmed; it is that truth and right may be championed by their successors with a power, energy, and courage, akin in majesty to their own; it is that others may catch from their characters the impulses of courage, and the aspirations of philanthropy, and carry on vigorously and efficiently their unfinished work.

For these reasons we rejoice at every attempt made by our modern teachers of Dissent to keep green in the soul of Dissenters the memory of times when danger raged around the pathway of the sincere, and Nonconformity was synonymous with sacrifice, difficulty, and persecution. Dissenters need, of a truth, the inspiration of the brave old Nonconformist spirit in these times of compromise and policy-worship; for there does seem much danger of their losing sight of the truth that passivity is not the legitimate attitude of Nonconformity; that in the presence of ecclesiastical establishments, which uncrown religion, and rob Jesus of his supremacy, there is a call, and such call is armed with Heaven's own authority, for the energy, courage, and self-devotion of Dissent. It is not enough that men quit the pale of State Churches, and worship God according to the dictates of their consciences at the altar of some sect whose doctrines and church polity may win their approval. The act of leaving the Establishment we regard as nothing more than the first in a series of acts on behalf of the emancipation of religion from a bondage which degrades and corrupts it. The camp of the enemy, so to speak, has been quitted, but the enemy remains unsubdued, and the overthrow of those antagonistic forces becomes henceforth the peculiar mission of the Dissenter. It is quite true that the very position of the Nonconformist—his refusal to conform to the requirements of State Churchism, is in itself a silent protest against Church Establishments, and a passive resistance of their demands. Influenced by this conviction,

many a well-meaning and conscientious man, to whom the struggles of agitation are repulsive, is induced to believe, that having withdrawn from the communion of the Church, and so protested against the principle of which she is the embodiment, he may very righteously abstain from every other species of antagonism, and, beneath the shadow of a toleration forced from ecclesiastics by the moral weight of more liberal times worship Heaven in peace, and educate his soul for the oncoming eternity. Now, it behoves such persons to ask themselves the question, 'Why do we protest against the principle of State Churchism?' for the answer returned to such question will at once show the line of conduct demanded at their hands by truth and duty. Nonconformity, so far as it is an individual, a real thing, and no mere result of birth and education, is based upon a conviction that Christ has been 'constituted by his Father "King of saints," "Head over all things to the Church;"' and hence that when earthly sovereigns presume to patronize, or suborn religion, they trench upon the empire of his sovereignty, and question the inviolability of his sway. Moreover, State Churches associate religion with a huge mass of policies—conventionalities, such as forms, priesthoods, and utterly vain traditions, which destroy its spirituality, and render piety and goodness a matter between man and some hierarchy, rather than between man and his God. The result of all is, that religion loses its moral power—the angel of heaven droops, and sinks into the mere drudge and slave of earthly sovereignties—and that worship, which should be the spontaneous offering of regenerated souls to God, degenerates, in instances too numerous to be detailed, into a mere concession to the demands of fashion, or homage to the requirements of worldly power!

It follows, therefore, that the Nonconformist who refuses to join hands with his fellow-Dissenters for the overthrow of the evils, falsehoods, and corruptions against which he silently protests, contributes, whether knowingly or unknowingly, to their perpetuity, and postpones, as far as his influence extends, the period when those great principles of religious freedom and spirituality shall triumph which have educated and sustained, amid wrong and suffering, some of earth's noblest martyrs, and poured the light of an undying glory on their once dishonoured graves.

Conviction is the natural forerunner of personal activity. Correct thought is a thing not only to be spoken, but to be lived. There is no protest half so strong and influential as that which embodies itself in manlike effort for the overthrow of the false, and the vindication of the true. If State Churchism is so sore an evil that Nonconformity becomes a duty on the part of all

Dissenters, why then, for a like reason, decided and persevering efforts for the overthrow of State Churches become the duty of Dissenters, and to neglect such duty amounts to a practical disregard of the claims and best interests of truth and humanity. For, be it remembered, that the State-church controversy is one which affects the spiritual and eternal welfare of millions. It is no mere pounds shillings and pence question; no matter of shrewd calculation, in the investigation of which a purely worldly cunning or sagacity may delight itself. It is a question of moral life and death—of spiritual freedom and spiritual slavery—a question affecting the integrity of conscience, the supremacy of the demands of moral duty, the religious life and liberty of the Church, the regeneration and sanctification of the world. Until this question is adjusted, religious liberty must remain an Utopian vision, and Christian equality a lovely dream; intellectual progress must be retarded by the pressure on the national mind of a leaden, priestly power; religion, instead of ruling the nation through the quickened souls of individual citizens, will be employed by Governments as a mere tool of policy, and degraded into a pretext for the maintenance of patronage, and the enrichment of greedy placemen; in fact, the ascendancy of the gospel will remain an impossibility; man's selfishness, sin, and tyranny, will still enslave, hide, and tarnish the truth of God.

It were needless to enter here into the history of State Churches, as such history is too well known already, or we should be prepared to prove that Church Establishments and every form of improvement have ever been irreconcilable foes; that some of the most unblushing and unscrupulous apologists for existent corruptions—for persecution, bloodshed, and outrages on truth, right, and liberty, have been found among their priests; that a State Church is necessarily a State-supported barrier against the political, social, and religious advancement of communities; and that the moral of the history of such establishments is, that the man or the nation who would do justice to religion, must preserve it in all its integrity, free from patronage, from policies, from cabinets, from all, in fine, which would prevent its free access to the human soul, as the healer, the sanctifier, the uplifter of a much fallen world.

The idea that a mere silent protest against error and wrong can legitimately satisfy the conscience of an individual, or be accepted as a due homage to the commands of duty, we regard as one of the most mischievous fallacies of modern times,—which, as far as it is influential, must prove most disastrous to the cause of religious truth. In grappling with falsehood, whether such falsehood be embodied in systems or institutions, an ACTIVE protest—a protest assuming the form of vigorous and unflinching antagonism, becomes absolutely necessary. It is not

enough that the 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing,' be complied with. There is another command, as imperative and inexorable in its application to the false and evil—a command, in obedience to which, reformers have thundered forth their denunciations, and won immortality by bloody martyrdom, and courage which no force, however mighty or imperious, could chill or crush; we mean the command, no less sternly applicable to the corruptions and oppressions of the present, than to the barren fig-tree of the past, 'Cut it down—why cumberest it the ground?' The advocates of what we here style the silent protest against wrong and error, will do well to reconsider the means by which truth and freedom were preserved amid the clash of persecution which resounded in more unenlightened times, and the agencies to which we owe the amount of religious and intellectual liberty we now possess. It was not by SILENT protests against wrongs complained of, nor by a mere quiet unobtrusive advocacy of rights demanded, that our heroic forefathers resisted the evils of their own day, and laid the foundation of that more liberal and enlightened future whose sons hail them as benefactors, and canonize them as saints. Had silent protests and quiescent nonconformity been the order of the day in Rome, when the humble champions of the gospel assailed an all dominant Heathendom, and bid its priest-ridden hosts turn from the idol temple to the meek Saviour's Cross;—had those self-devoted bands, to whom death was welcome when braved in vindication of their honoured Lord, been the victims of fear, or the slaves of an expediency but too often vindicated by their modern admirers, Christianity must have languished, and pagan priestcraft triumphed over its assailants. Had Luther been a man of SILENT protests,—indisposed to give offence, and anxious for the attainment of an unhealthy, because ill-grounded conciliation,—had he been less brave, less stern, and less uncompromising—assailing, if we may so speak, the adamantine ramparts of error with shafts of polished rose-wood, instead of plying them with balls of iron, fit emblems of the iron will of the monk reformer of Germany,—could the Reformation have been achieved? could free thought have lighted its watch-fires through the length and breadth of liberated Europe? Where would have been that Protestantism, which, created by the heroism of the past, points with Hope's prophetic wand towards that better future, for whose advent it is educating the mind of the present age? A heavy, fast-sleeping age was that age of Luther, which called for thunder, and the brave old monk raised it. In truth, all great victories over falsehood and despotism have been won, not by timid temporizing, but by manly candour and earnestness,—and if the past be worthy our imitation—if reformers live that reformers may be ordained—if self-devotion to truth, humanity,

and God, be indeed a virtue demanding the practical veneration of all nations and all times,—why then it is the business of this age to emulate the consistent and heroic spirit of ages past away, and the Nonconformist who refuses to prove faithful to the trust committed to him by a crowned ancestry of martyrs and confessors, is practically a foe both to the virtues which demand his sympathy, and the future whose highest interests God has committed to his care.

We believe that the passivity of men in general, in reference to acknowledged evils, may be regarded as the main cause of their perpetuity. There exists in England, at the present time, a sufficient amount of enlightened thought to break up the dominion of existing corruptions, were such thought spoken thought, and acted thought. We suffer more from over-caution than from over-ignorance. Were the courage of Nonconformists equal to the demands of their convictions, the 'occupation' of State priests and dignitaries were ere long 'gone for ever.' It is not so much an extension of the principles of Dissent, though we regard that as a matter of grave importance, which is now demanded for the promotion of the interests of Nonconformity. It is rather a quickening of the zeal of Dissenters on behalf of the cause of spiritual religion, which they are pledged, alike by their opinions and their traditions, to promote—it is a deeper and more earnest life in the soul of our varied churches ;—it is a revival of that early Christian energy which bore Christianity onward across the stormy sea of persecution, and rendered the very dangers which beset its advocates the stimulants of a self-devotion, guaranteeing its success. In truth, the safety now enjoyed by the advocates of Nonconformity—the peace and toleration wrung from the niggard hand of power by the long suffering and dauntlessness of countless martyrs, this, this is the true source of danger to the Nonconformist cause in the present day. Truth persecuted, is truth safe and healthy, because heaving with life and power,—for the self-devotion which sustains truth, and leads it on to victory is the child of difficulty and danger, thriving and growing sturdy amid the storm. Truth hunted over heath and mountain, preaching in Alpine fastness or dimly-lighted catacomb—scourged in market-places, or immured in dungeons, is truth mighty, fearless, and successful. It is when power, foiled and thwarted, comes cunningly to terms ;—when the hero of the battle-field treads the soft carpets, and breathes the perfumed air of drawing-rooms ; when the pilgrim's staff is exchanged for the courtier's garb,—then, then, we say, is truth in danger—then are times of torpor and compromise at hand—then must the false man thrill with hope, but the wise with fear. Roman swords could not daunt the heart of Christianity, but the hollow patro-

nage of a Constantine could corrupt it, and lay the foundation of centuries of moral darkness and slavery.

Conventional influences, to which we have no space to refer, are in these days at work, which interfere not a little with the manliness and energy of Nonconformists, and so impair the vigour, and retard the progress of Nonconformity. The redress of some grievances, small, very insignificant indeed, when compared with the one great grievance, the standing evil of the State Church,—those trifling concessions, which won toleration (!) for Nonconformity, have introduced Nonconformists to associations hostile in their influences to anything like a stern, Luther-like crusade against the worldly power, in whose unwholesome hot-houses of patronage religion languishes, and Christian liberty finds no place. It is true Dissent has grown wealthy, conventionally respectable—speaks in Parliaments, votes in Corporations, and is recognised at certain seasons even by the Court and Throne. This we admit, but would express a doubt whether, in point of moral power, influence, or dignity, the cause of Nonconformity is a gainer by these worldly ‘appliances and means to boot;’—whether Nonconformity has not spiritually lost more than it has gained by its decent toleration, and its investiture with the seducing favours and privileges of conventional society,—whether, in fine, Dissent had not been more manly, and far less disposed to ‘cry Peace, peace, when there is no peace,’ had it won less patronage, and been longer lashed into energy by the sharp scourge of persecution. We doubt this, not because we object to the things referred to in themselves, but because we fear their influence, knowing how prone is the heart of man to worship idols—to sacrifice the soul to gain the world.

But after all, the suspension of persecution in favour of Dissent is an appearance, rather than a reality. Persecution wears a smoother countenance, and speaks in softer tones, than of yore, but it is persecution still, adopting the mannerisms of new times, but retaining the old evil spirit, which hunted down our forefathers like wild beasts of prey, and sacrificed the holiest and the best on the altar of a dominant hierarchy. The State Church stands, and hence Christianity is still a tool of conventional policies, ‘religious liberty is not established,’ decent men’s homes are invaded by Church-rate janizaries, tithes are collected per force of law, or, in some instances, per force of bayonets!—a conventional halo of respectability is yet thrown around the support of certain creeds, and the possession of a ‘certain ecclesiastical polity,’ and Nonconformity, tolerated, cajoled, and wronged, is still as truly persecuted, and as truly summoned to the defence of the gospel against the perpetrators of its worldly bondage, as in those less scrupulous times, when sacerdotal despotism

waved far and near its blood-stained sword, and played its most fantastic tricks before high heaven. We deny not, for one moment, that much learning, piety, genius, and moral worth may be found within the pale of Church Establishments; and far be it from us to refuse to such qualities the homage which is their due, or to allow our resolute antagonism to State Churches to blind us to the many virtues and Christian graces which adorn their ministers and supporters. Still the merits of the men do not, in any sense, affect the question of Nonconformist duty, which we are now discussing. Good men are often found amongst the supporters of evil systems, but such goodness on the part of the disciples of a system does not change its character; and so far from being regarded as any proof that the system it adorns is just, it but demonstrates how great a power the gospel wields in the hearts of the Saviour's followers, and that religion, now as ever, is mightier than the corruptions which so oft maim its power, and deface its heavenly beauty. There is no real charity in refusing to call evil things by their right names, because holy men stand forward as their supporters. Such charity is sickly, one-sided, and infatuated—tenaciously sensitive on the one hand, but careless and culpably negligent on the other—losing sight of the best interests, the spiritual life and freedom of the nation, from an overcharged concern for the feelings, and estimate of the graces of a mere fraction of individuals, and justifying supineness, or absolute passivity, in reference to the cause of Nonconformity, a cause which involves the emancipation of the gospel, and the supremacy of the Redeemer's sway, by an appeal to the piety and usefulness of individuals who can only be regarded as exceptions to the general rule, confirmed by the history of State Churches; viz., that such churches are the parents of formalism and spiritual slavery, and the foes of that manly and consistent godliness, which, whether in the Church or in the world, renders its possessor an ornament and benefactor of humanity. Charity, we are told, covers a multitude of sins, but such charity as this tolerates, and helps to conserve, evils, corruptions, frauds, and falsehoods, whose name is 'Legion.' Charity in itself is one of the noblest among the Christian graces. But it is necessary to draw a line of demarcation between a true and a false or mistaken liberality. It is not by any means unusual in these days of morbid sentimentalism to hear a cold and unprincipled latitudinarianism in matters of religious belief eulogized as the very essence of liberality, and a manly and consistent maintenance of personal convictions respecting the truth of God denounced as bigotry and narrow-mindedness. There are some persons who are very tolerant of ALL opinions, just because they are equally indifferent as to the fate

of each; and hence their charity springs from a lack of religious earnestness, instead of being born of the benign and loving influences of Christianity. In like manner, the Dissenter who refuses to put forth his energy and influence for the overthrow of the Church, merely because good and true men are found officiating, or worshipping at its altars, is swayed by a mistaken notion of charity; for he allows his reverence for the excellences of the few to deter him from effort on behalf of the moral freedom of the many—he declines to labour for the overthrow of a worldly power, hostile to the gospel's dominion, and to man's spiritual progress, because such worldly power is upheld by men who are good, true-hearted, and sincere, not BECAUSE of, but IN SPITE of such power's soul-cramping sway. We believe that a timid horror of causing offence and exciting antagonism will be found among the causes of that Nonconformist passivity of which we now complain. 'Why alarm and shock people by going too far?' say some. 'Speak gently, tread softly—be very cautious, or you will awake feelings the bitterest, and prejudices the most unbending and implacable,' say others. Oh! 'the fear o' the folk,' how potent, how general, how deadening! Good 'Mrs. Grundy,' how momentous and portentous does her verdict sound in the ears of multitudes! Now the real question is, not whether people will be offended, but have they any RIGHT to be offended? In other words, is the course about to be pursued in accordance with the individual's convictions as to the demands of duty? For, if the course pursued by a man be dictated by the monitions of his own sense of right, and his interpretation of the will of God, his neighbours can have no possible right to blame him, or to take offence at his procedure, however much they may dispute the correctness of his opinions, or question the wisdom of his endeavours. 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,' says the brave and noble-minded Apostle of the Gentiles; and a very fair inference from the command is, that every man who has become fully persuaded in his own mind should act upon his convictions as his own reason and conscience may dictate, without having 'the fear of man before his eyes,' to unnerve him. The truth which is in a man must be spoken in love; but it is one thing to be loving in our truthfulness, quite another thing to be timid and cringing in our love. It is one thing to wrong the feelings of others, by the unholy and ungraceful mode in which we propound and live our convictions; but it is a very different thing to please the world at the expense or by the repression of those convictions. Candor and manliness are in all senses compatible with the highest loving-kindness and charity enjoined by the gospel,—but disingenuousness and cowardice are among that gospel's most irreconcilable foes.

For these reasons we cannot sympathize with the outcry sometimes raised against our so-called 'political Dissenters,' who, impelled by a deep sense of the manifold evils entailed upon society by State-supported theologies, have flung themselves into the arena of agitation, for the overthrow of Government ecclesiasticism, and the thorough vindication of that religious liberty which is so effectually check-mated by a dominant State Church. We do not, however, think it necessary to grapple now with the old, worn-out fallacy, happily all but exploded, that religion and politics have no legitimate connexion,—for it is now admitted, on well nigh all hands, that the object of religion is no less to prepare man for the duties of time, than for the transports of eternity; and hence, that the more vital becomes the influence of the gospel in the hearts and consciences of disciples—the more the divine power of the Saviour's character is felt and responded to, the nobler the citizen character must become in our several communities—the more rapid will be the transformation of institutions, the overthrow of social evils and wrongs, and the realization of that 'righteousness' which exalteth nations, by rendering them the abodes of piety, freedom, justice, and peace.

The Anti-state-church Association was established to give expression to those broad and purely unsectarian views of Christian Nonconformity, which we have now endeavoured to explain and defend. It was not the work of a mere handful of men anxious to create the demand by providing the supply. It was itself the creation of the demand, made by a wide and deeply-rooted longing amongst Nonconformists, for some medium of expression—for an organization, which, whilst in no sense compromising the freedom of individuals, should impart that power to individual opinion, which can only be secured by an aggregation of such forces, thus bringing them unitedly to bear on the object contemplated by each. From the first we have welcomed it as a worthy expression of the manliness and self-devotion of modern Nonconformity—a teacher and developer of the young mind of Dissent—a sign of the times, indicating so clearly that the obtusest must note its significance, that the days of State Churchism are numbered—that a second Reformation, more complete, and hence more glorious, than the first, is near at hand.

There has been something to our minds truly noble and encouraging in the policy pursued, and the progress made, by this uncompromising band of reformers. Taking their stand on the Saviour's spiritual kingship, they have calmly and fearlessly advanced in the performance of the duties of their mission—neither halting, nor swerving from the course marked out by duty and by right. Now openly denounced,—now quietly whispered against,—now assailed by sneer, and taunt, and now

by anxious look and significant shrug, which, like the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' seemed to say, 'I could a tale unfold,'—a good deal belied in public, but far more extensively pooh-poohed in private,—these men have gone on enforcing their principles, building up their ramparts, and year by year have multiplied their followers and friends. No noisy, vulgar, demagogue movement is this Anti-state-church agitation. It is a movement of Christians, and not mere place and fame-hunting wordlings. It courts not the huzzas of thoughtless crowds, but the calm, yet withal earnest, co-operation of thoughtful men. It pretends not to interfere with expediencies, whether denominational or philosophical; but it takes its stand on Christian truth and right. It seeks not ascendancy for a sect, but freedom for religion. It battles not with creeds, but with State-supported hierarchies. It will accept no compromise—listen to no temporizing—heed no threat, or bribe or fear. It was created for the emancipation of religion, and when religion moves forth free, and the State Church, with all its wrong-doings and cumberous machinery, falls into the tomb of the past, where false things innumerable lie buried, then, but not till then, we are assured will its endeavours cease, and its forces be scattered, to reap and enjoy the fruits of their persevering and successful toils.

The fact that this association has obtained an influential position—that each year strengthens its resources, and widens and deepens its influence, we hail as a proof that Nonconformity is awaking to a just sense of its mission to the world;—and to quicken that sense of duty—to stimulate our readers to co-operation on behalf of a real, and no sham, or partial, religious freedom, has been our object in thus far extending remarks, and multiplying suggestions, which we must now hasten to a close.

Returning to Mr. James, from whose company we have thus long wandered, but who will, we are assured, forgive the rudeness of his critic for the sake of the cause which he, in common with ourselves, has so much at heart, we would merely remark, in conclusion, that all such works as 'Protestant Nonconformity' have a tendency to render Protestantism more truly protestant, and Nonconformity more thoroughly nonconforming, and hence claim all the support and encouragement it is in the power of Dissenters to bestow.

With these feelings and convictions, we welcome, and cordially recommend to our readers, his little work, as well calculated to instruct much, and to suggest still more, in reference to that noble, martyr-hallowed cause of Nonconformity, the spirit of which we revere and cherish, as one of the holiest effects of the influence of Christianity,—as one of the most unquailing guardians of the rights of man, and the truth of God.

ART. II.—*Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey.* In Six Volumes. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. London: Longman.

A LITTLE after the commencement of this century, there was one remote spot in Britain, which almost divided the intellectual interest of the community with London itself. This was the vicinity of the Lakes. Beautiful exceedingly as the region was, it had acquired a charm which no combination of the elements of material loveliness could bestow. Round it had clustered some of the wisest and finest spirits then breathing. A very constellation of genius shone around the mountains of Cumberland, as if reflecting that great Plough which turns up for ever the fields of the Northern sky. There wandered Wordsworth—his eye ‘seeing more in nature than other men,’ and his deep voice murmuring ‘to the running brooks, a music sweeter than their own.’ There, like a dreaming flower, reposed the wizard Coleridge—not yet arrived at the darkest hour of his chequered story. There sate in his study, with its windows looking toward Skiddaw, the indomitable Southey—passing at the sound of a clock from the wildest poetry to the calmest prose. There Bishop Watson gave good dinners, sauced, it is said, with not a little of what Lord Jeffrey calls ‘exceptionable talk.’ There—a wild Norland meteor, with floating hair and flashing eyes, fluctuated to and fro—young Christopher North. There, poor Charles Lloyd, not yet a lunatic, speculated and poetized for a season. And there was to be seen, walking with Wordsworth beside the tarns, or reclining with Christopher North under the Elleray woods, or starting with offended feeling, as Bishop Watson, at the first interview, slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, ‘What little fellow is this you have brought to-day, Wilson?’ a small, thin, pale-faced being, with sharp features, and eye profound as death—De Quincey, the gifted and unhappy English opium-eater. And there, for a few weeks, sojourned a tall, shadowy form, with a hectic flush on his cheek, a wild, shy fire, like that of a solitary bird, in his eye, with dress neglected, and hasty, impatient step—it was poor Shelley, spending some of his last days of happiness, with his first wife, by the brink of the peaceful Cumberland Lakes.

This brilliant cluster has been entirely dissolved. Coleridge died far from the murmur of Grasmere springs, and the rustle of the heath of Helvellyn. Southey’s mind, alas! departed before

his body. Watson (fame, works, and all) is long since buried. Lloyd too is dead. Professor Wilson lives—but his noble form is seldom now seen on the banks of Windermere. De Quincey, one of the most learned and highly endowed men of the age, has nowhere to lay his head. Shelley slumbers in the Eternal City. A year has nearly revolved since Hartley Coleridge, partaker of much of his father's genius, and of more than his father's frailties—'his coffin as light as that of a child,' was carried to his last resting-place. And now it is a solitary star which shines over the classic region—solitary but immortal—the star, 'so beautiful and large,' of Wordsworth. We turn somewhat pensively to our task of estimating the genius, and reviewing the life, of Robert Southey.

Few men have ever appeared at any period possessed of powers and accomplishments more varied than Southey. He united qualities usually deemed incompatible—a wild and daring fancy, a clear and ample intellect, unequalled perseverance of pursuit, attainments singular for minute mastery over their details, as well as for variety, a flaming genius, and a patient research, a tone of mind very ethereal, and habits of action the most mechanical, great exaggeration as a poet, and the utmost propriety, and elegance, and minute grace, as a writer of prose. He is a composite of some of the qualities of Shelley, and some of those of Addison. He unites a portion of Coleridge's erratic faculty, with all the plodding particularity, and not a little of the heaviness, of Sir Richard Blackmore. One is amused to imagine him interlining his pages (like the preacher who wrote 'weep here' opposite his pathetic passages), with 'be mad, and foam at the mouth here,'—'here be rational,'—'here introduce something ludicrous'—to think of him feeling his pulse, after that tremendous picture of Kehama draining the Amreeta cup, and finding it calm enough to continue a paper for the 'Quarterly Review'—and perhaps leaving the awful 'Curse' in mid-volley, because the bell had rung for dinner. Without denying Southey's genius, we must say that it had one great deficiency—it wanted warmth and life—it was a mechanical inspiration—a mimic madness. The wild gestures of the Mœnad had been diligently studied, and were admirably copied—but the wild wine of her life had not been imbibed. When compared to such poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats, Southey resembled an actor or an Italian Improvisatore. Poetry, of a genuine and high order, gushed in profusion from him, but seemed rather to pass through than to come out of the depths of his nature. He was rather a channel than a fountain. The British Lopez de Vega we may call him, and the term will express alike his merits and

his defects; his fluency, ease, energy, and productiveness on the one hand—and on the other, his comparative shallowness, his *heart wholeness*, his diffusion, and *fatal* facility.

And yet, if not in the highest sense a poet, Southey has written a vast quantity of poetry alike true in feeling and admirable in artistic quality. His poems are of every diversity of kind, style, and subject. He has written eclogues, lyrics, songs, inscriptions, burlesque verses, ballads, poetical romances, tales, and epic poems. His English eclogues have much of the simplicity of Wordsworth, without his depth. The 'Alderman's Funeral' tells its story in a strain of quiet irony, which moves you to the gravest of smiles. His lyrics are all sweet, and some of them beautiful, but never reach, or scarcely aspire, to lyric power or grandeur. The best of them is 'The Holly-tree,' an 'emblem' in the style of Quarles, rather than a lyrical poem. Alas! his wish was not fulfilled, his age was not the 'green winter of the Holly-tree.' His inscriptions are too diffuse—they have not the severe and terrible concentration which the size of the tombstone should dictate. Death is laconic, and so should his laureates be. Prominent above his burlesque verses, are those entitled the 'Devil's Walk.' Southey, from his childhood, seems to have been haunted by the common image of the devil. He says, in his autobiography, recounting an early dream, 'I thought I was sitting with Miss Tyler in her drawing-room, when the devil was introduced as a morning visitor. Such an appearance, for he was in his full costume of horns, black bat-wings, tail, and cloven feet, put me in ghostly and bodily fear; but she received him with perfect politeness, called him dear Mr. Devil, desired the servant to put him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favoured with a call!' It is Charles Lamb, we think, who alludes to Southey's eternal tamperings with 'dear Mr. Devil.' He can never let him alone. He is now plucking at his tail, now nibbling at his cloven hoof, and now riding behind his horns. Even when picturing him seriously, as in the 'Vision of Judgment,' you cannot but fancy that he is laughing in his sleeve all the while. What his real notion of the prince of the power of the air was, we cannot tell, but he delights more, as a poet, in depicting the coarse mediæval horned fiend, than the grand Demon of Milton, or the subtle Mephistophiles of Goethe, or the monstrous mixture of both attempted in the 'Lucifer' of Byron. His 'Devil's Walk' is one of the wittiest of trifles. Byron's imitation of it has grander touches, as where he describes 'a maid by her dead lover lying.'

'While around her fell her long fair hair,
And she looked to heaven, with that frenzied air
Which seemed to ask if a God were there;'

but is inferior in smartness and point. The one is the more devilish—the other the more fiendish. Satan in Southey can laugh—in Byron he can only smile—a smile ghastlier than the grin of death. Southey's Satan is an imp of darkness—Byron's is the prince of it, who seems to say in triumph, 'Every blot in the universe is mine—every groan gravitates towards me—I snuff up all evil savours as incense—mine is the *blackness* of darkness, the noon of everlasting night!'

Southey's ballads betray more of the impulsive power of genius than any other of his works. They are more escapes and less efforts. Imitative are they more or less, and prove that his genius ran more freely in a rut than out of it. 'Mary, the Maid of the Inn,' 'Jasper,' 'Lord William,' are well known; but the most powerful of them is, the 'Old Woman of Berkeley.' It has a dreadful *rattle* in its verse—as of dead men's bones carted hell-wards. It was fearfully fine, we have been told, to hear Shelley, with his wild look, and jangled voice, repeating this ballad. We ourselves have made people sweat for terror at noon-day, by reading it. Perhaps Joanna Baillie's 'Lord John of the East,' gives us more of that wierd uncertainty, which is so strong an element of the terrible. The haughty Lord of the Castle, compelled to go forth from a feast, and meet a dead man at his own gate, and to be his for ever, is a dire conception, and has given a ghostly effect to many a night-knocking since we read it in boyhood. It is one of those tales which make us tremble as much in company as alone. Yet Southey's ballad is written with more force, and its words stand up together, like Macbeth's 'fell of hair,' at a dismal treatise of the night.

His larger poems are of divers kinds, as well as characters. 'Madoc' and 'Roderick' aspire to epic rank. 'Thalaba' and 'Kehama,' are poetical romances. We must prefer the latter to the former. 'Madoc' is dull, 'somehow dull.' That worst of poetic faults hangs around it like a body of death. The two worlds it seeks to describe are both well depicted, but are not harmonized. The poem is an orange split into two halves. In vain, too, does the poet seek to interest us in 'Madoc,' as a discoverer. We perversely refuse to credit the Welsh tradition, and spring forward to the great expedition of Columbus. It is amusing to find Southey, in one of his prefaces, when alluding to the ill success of 'Madoc,' saying, 'Mr. Sotheby (whose 'Saul' too had failed), considered the decision of the Pie-Powder Court as final. But my suit was in that Court of Record, which, sooner or later, decides unerringly.' That court has decided unalterably, that 'Madoc' is reserved henceforth for the exclusive reading of printers and bookbinders. It is in the works, but not in the chaplet of the poet.

'Roderick,' as Lord Jeffrey long since remarked, 'wants elasticity, and is too long.' Its story evolves like a slow voluminous, but beautiful serpent unrolling in the sun. It has many splendid passages, but they shine with a sluggish fire. The penitence of Don Roderick becomes monotonous as a long flagellation. How faint the sketch of Count Julian, compared to the grand, wildly-flushed, yet calm picture of Landor:—

'Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men.
As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light above the dews of morn.'

The descriptions of scenery in the poem are very gorgeous, but more minute and literal, and less ideal, than those in 'Thalaba' and 'Kehama'—copies, not combinations. The images consist more of similes than metaphors, and the language rather floats than flies. 'Roderick,' in short, is the most faultless, but far from being the best of his larger poems.

'Thalaba,' wild, wondrous, enchanting as it is, pleases us less than 'Kehama.' It is an act of imitation, not an effort of original genius. It is the duplicate of an Arabian tale. Kehama turns an old mythology to new and sublime account. As a piece of poetical architecture, elaborate, yet free, solemn, yet airy, vast in design, and finished in detail—with interludes of fairy music, filling up pauses in the thunderous organs which peal through the fabric—with the most monstrous materials softened into beauty, and subdued into peace, and with a golden moral, suspended like a scroll over the whole, the 'Curse of Kehama' stands in a high, if not the highest place—a difficult and daring task well done—its author's loftiest ideal fulfilled. We feel that the poet has here tried his utmost, and see the full length image of his soul reflected on it. 'I, Robert Southey, can do no more,' we hear him saying, after its closing line.

Thus much of its positive character; its comparative place is a different question. It seems to us to hold the proportion to the 'Iliad' and the 'Divina Comedia,' which the 'Night Thoughts' does to the 'Paradise Lost.' It is of an inferior class, but is first of its class. To use its own language, it reaches the *Swerga* of song, but does not climb the *Quivelinga*, the heaven where Seeva has his abode. It stands, however, at the head of all the poems, in prose or verse, which have found their inspiration in the mythologies of the East; is more solid than 'Lalla Rookh,'

more concentrated than Croly's 'Angel of the World;' and the airy force and freedom of its versification, uplift it above 'Caliph Vathek,' in all but that unequalled picture of the 'Hall of Eblis,' to which Padalon is a mere miscreation.

The secret of Kehama's power is, first, the exquisite blending of human feeling and interest with supernatural agency; and secondly, the perfect preservation of keeping in all its preternatural parts:—'the dream is one'—no misgiving of belief, no dropping of a link, no momentary admission of any thought, faith, or feeling, but what is strictly oriental, else the illusion were destroyed, and the spell broken. As it is, we startle at nothing, we receive all; and as in deep dream, the most wonderful events appear the most natural.

We have alluded already to the moment when Kehama drains the Amreeta cup—the cup of immortality, and finds it the cup of immortal anguish. Never was infinite guilt revenged by infinite disappointment, and dragged forward into the prospect of endless woe, more powerfully described. The finest thought in it, is borrowed from that great source—the Bible. Our readers remember the crisis of the passage of the Red Sea, where, as the Egyptians are pressing down the dry channels, and treading on the shadows, and just fixing their grasp upon their foes, the Lord, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, looks into the host of the Egyptians, troubles them, and all is felt to be lost. Coleridge has imitated this in his ode to the 'Departing Year,' where he prays God to 'open his eye of fire from some uncertain cloud.'

Kehama, the 'Man Almighty,' holding the Amreeta cup, had exclaimed:—

'Now, Seeva, look to thine abode,
Henceforth on equal footing we engage.
Alike immortal now, and we shall wage
Our warfare, God to God.'

It is added, when the cup is drunk—

'Then Seeva *opened* on the accursed one
His *eye of anger*, upon him alone
The wrath-beam fell, he shudders, but too late.'

The eye of Kehama, meeting Seeva's, in that grim hour—what a subject for John Martin's pencil, or for that of the late David Scott!

We cannot dwell on Southey's other poems, such as the 'Pilgrimage to Waterloo,' 'Tale of Paraguay,' &c. His Laureate Odes are unequalled, even among such productions, for ambitious badness and vaulting stupidity. When we compare them with

'Kehama,' the words of Milton are inevitably suggested: 'If thou beest he,—but ah, how fallen! how changed!' But even in this 'lowest deep, there is a lower still'—the 'Vision of Judgment!'

'Come, then, expressive Silence, muse its praise.'

There is nothing worse in the whole limbo of vanity than this piece of solemn and contemptible cant.

Southey, as a prose writer, is less peculiar, less faulty, and less powerful than as a poet. He has fewer faults, and fewer beauties. His style is a curious compound of rotundity and ease—it is at once periodic and conversational—his diction is pure, pellucid, simple—proper words dropping as by instinct into proper places. We prefer his style to Hall's, as less finished, but more natural, and better adapted for the uses of every-day composition. You never, go as early as you please, find the one in undress; the other generally wears an elegant dishabille. Had Hall written a history or biography, it had been a stiff brocade business. Southey tells his story almost as well as Herodotus, or Sir Walter Scott.

And yet the prose of Southey (with the exception of the inimitable 'Doctor'), is a more perishable commodity than his verse. And this springs partly from his choice of subject, and partly from his deficiency in profound insight. His subjects have not been happily selected—if perpetuity of interest or fame were the object. His 'Book of the Church' is a brazen piece of one-sidedness. His 'Life of Henry Kirke White' is an exaggerated estimate of a mind of ordinary powers, but extraordinary application—the premature development of which led to the belief, that it was a prodigy. His 'Life of Nelson' records the career of a sort of sea prize-fighter, who, without an atom of true greatness or virtue, did good service at a particular crisis, and whose lucky death, in 'the arms of victory,' covered,—like charity,—a 'multitude of sins,' but who now has generally been tossed away, like a tool, when its work is done, from the interest and memory of men. His histories of 'Brazil,' the 'Peninsular Campaigns,' were manufactures suited for a particular demand of the market. His 'Colloquies on Society' contain some of the absurdest of theories strung around one of the absurdest of threads. All the coward fears and crude fancies of Toryism, in a state of panic, are to be found here. His 'Lives of Cowper and Bunyan' are brief, and rather flimsy productions. His 'Life of Wesley' is longer, and abounds in entertaining religious gossip.

Throughout the whole of Southey's prose works, we are struck

with his deficiency in profound speculative power. Macaulay himself has not less 'reason' in the German sense. But there is this difference: Macaulay, with his usual tact, knows his weak point, and never meddles with the high problems of philosophy or religion. Southey is always hovering around, and singeing his wings upon them. Although his insight never transcends that of enlightened common sense, he is perpetually passing judgment, with dogmatic decision, upon intricate and awful questions—some of which he has evidently not adequately studied. It is dangerous for a man to have a too perfect command over the faculties and provinces which are undeniably his. He is thus tempted frequently to arrogate to himself powers and dominion over regions which are denied and barred against him. To this danger Southey has succumbed. And hence, his views, which are often narrow, and his spirit, which is generally exclusive, are always expressed in a tone of absolute and fierce certainty, which is not very tolerable. He 'does not allow for the wind.' His opinions on all subjects are sharp, narrow, and prominent, as are the corners of a triangular hat. And he has no patience with those who differ from him, though it be only on this jot, or on yonder tittle of his creed.

As a religionist, his expressed views were especially definite and decided. His formula of Church of Englandism fitted his mind exactly, as a glove his hand. He had little sympathy with the mystic piety of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and would have recoiled from the transcendental charity of Carlyle. Nor did high Calvinism, or its modified form of Evangelicalism, find more favour in his eyes. If he disliked Popery, he disliked Puritanism still more. A Church founded below on the basis of Scripture, but wearing above some of the ornaments, and shining in some of the hues of the middle ages, was the object of his idolatry. He was, in short, a premature Puseyite.

Along with his ostentatious piety, there was mingled not a little that was inconsistent. Austere in his judgment of the profanities of others, he was not always over-scrupulous in his language himself. Not Byron, nor Shelley, ever toyed and trifled more, at times, with sacred themes, than did their accuser, the author of 'The Devil's Walk,' and 'The Surgeon's Warning.' The worst was, they thought them old wives' fables, whereas Southey professed to regard them as veracious and divine. The truth will out—Southey's religion, like that of others of the Lakers, was a *pretty, particular, considerable humbug*—a species of Pagan morality, coarsely appended, and awkwardly nailed to a Puseyite crucifix. Its power over him was more conservative than transforming; it kept him from external evil, and it spurred him to external duty, but was not, apparently, a living power of

much depth in his nature. We do not expect, till some future volume of his life, to find a history of his conversion from Unitarianism to orthodoxy. But we suspect it was a reaction, not a renewal—certain youthful feelings maddened him into a Republican, both in politics and religion—certain more matured feelings sobered him into an Aristocrat—but it was throughout a question of feeling, not of conviction and thought. And disliking, as we do, his early extremes, we still say, ‘Give us the Southey of 1793 rather than the Southey of 1820; rather by a million times “Wat Tyler,” than the “Vision of Judgment.”’

Are we wrong in expressing our glimmering notion that ‘The Colloquies’ contain an elaborate defence of capital punishments? So far as our recollection serves, they do. It were but in keeping with the coarse and vulgar version of Christianity—shall we call it the shabby-genteel, rather? which he confounds uniformly with its severely-simple, beautifully-unique, and profoundly merciful shape. If we are mistaken in our notion, we humbly ask pardon both of ‘Montesinos’ and ‘Sir Thomas More.’ But we ask no pardon from them, or any one else, for expressing our deep abhorrence of that brutal game, (for is it else?) which is still being played so often for the gratification of the brutes of a nation, if not of a nation of brutes—which, driven from every shelter, in policy, in expediency, in effect, in the genius of Christianity, has fled, like a murderer, for refuge to an obscure text of Genesis, from whose quivering tent it must soon be dragged forth, and publicly put to death, which, by the force of disgust and repletion, is turning the public mind against it, the only effect of which seems to be to harden miscreants into murderers, and to drop the sweat of the gallows amidst the crowd, as the seed of future deeds of darkness; which dismisses from its centre tree, the light-minded to laugh, the bold to imitate, the wise and good to mourn, and the criminal, through the gate of a hollow repentance, to descend into a lost eternity. And it is the sun of 1849 which must witness all this! And it is a Christian land which must bear the charge and the ignominy of this bungling law and solemn inhumanity!

Southey, the man, had many admirable qualities. He was, in the first place, on the whole, an honest man, in the secondary sense of honesty, *i.e.*; he was honest to his feelings—although not to his convictions—for the plain reason that convictions of any depth he had none. He spoke as his heart prompted him, but his heart and his insight were not proportionate. Secondly, he was amiable, but not so all round. He loved his friends, but he did not forgive his enemies. His sympathies were warm, but they were far from wide. If forgiven himself at last, as we trust, it cannot be because, like the woman in the gospel, he

'loved much.' His conduct both to Shelley and Coleridge was harsh. Possessed himself of a *credo*, he could not sympathize with the frantic, but sincere, struggles of one unhappily destitute of it. Enjoying perfect self-control, he had not sufficient allowance to make for one in whose nature it had been omitted, and who could as soon have acquired a new sense. His hinting to Cottle that he knew the whole of Shelley's early history (which he got from himself, communicated in the impetuous fulness of a nature which knew no disguise), and which he pronounces 'execrable,' was itself a piece of 'execrable' meanness. His tone, too, in his 'Correspondence,' in reference to poor Coleridge, is stern, cold, and haughty. A little envy, we fear, too, is blended with his feelings both toward them and toward Lord Byron. He must have felt mortified to see Byron's brilliant pamphlets racing on through instant popularity to eternal fame before his eyes, while his own excellent, but bulky works, were so slowly gaining their way to a disputed immortality.

Finally, Southey was virtuous, but, perhaps, it had been better if his virtues had hung about him in softer and easier folds; if they had not been gathered in around him with such austere and Roman precision; and if they had rendered him more tolerant of the failings of others. His was a virtue—the type of which we cannot say we have much desire to see perpetuated. Like his genius, it was sufficient for himself, but has had few followers. We want, now, not a man to fold his arms, to go apart from the crowd, to say, 'Stand by, I am holier than thou;' to stoop, when stoop he does, like a fancied god rather than an exalted man; we want one who shall willingly merge the Demi-god in the Brother, and seek rather to circulate than simply to preserve his character. We want not a sanctimonious Southey—but a sanctified, a Christian Shelley.

To lead a life is difficult; to write it well is not much easier. There are two great vices in biography—the one is the telling too much, and the other is the telling too little. Often, indeed, both are adroitly combined, and we find in one volume too much told that is non-characteristic, and too little told which stamps and marks the man. Give us, we cry, characteristic faults, rather than vague ascriptions of excellence, which wander round about the individual, but do not cling to him. Hence biographies are in general the falsest of books. Hence we would hail a whole library of 'Boswell's Lives,' when compared to the dead rattling leaves which, under the abused title of Biography, pour from the press. Had we time we might write an essay on the 'Art of Autobiography.' That art lies not so much in the perfection of memory, nor in the depth of conscientiousness, nor in sincerity—although all these are valuable qualities—as in know-

ledge of what are really our peculiar points, what is really strange, idiosyncratic, and worth recording about ourselves. Lives written on this principle would resemble museums; they would, avoiding the trivial and the common, collect and conserve only the valuable or the rare.

Many autobiographers write as if, because they were confessedly extraordinary men, everything about them were deserving of record. Now, although very violent hero-worshippers might hereafter pick up their nail-parings, it is not very seemly to do this themselves. Egotism of this kind is as disgusting in a great as in a small man. What matters it how a hero sneezes, unless it be on some preternatural scale; how he eats, unless his eating be, as in Johnson, a striking index of character; how he drinks, unless his drink be water, or unless, on the other hand, he can, like James Hogg, consume thirty tumblers of whisky punch at a sitting;* at what games he played when a child, unless he had either invented them himself, or showed some of his after-genius in their management. From how much vapid stuff would attention to this plain principle have delivered us unfortunate readers!

Indeed, the truest autobiography is that which is unconsciously written, in familiar letters, synchronizing with the interesting passages of our lives. These are the works in which an author's life is best written, and is best read.

Southey's fragmentary life of himself is far from being free from this common and crying sin. With many characteristic traits, it has much that, even as connected with such a man, has little or no interest. We are regaled, for instance, in page 55, with the following *morceau*:—‘One very odd amusement was greatly in vogue at this school. It was performed with snail shells by placing them against each other, point to point, and pressing till the one was broken in, or sometimes both. This was called conquering, and the shell which remained unhurt acquired esteem and value in proportion to the number over which it had triumphed, an accurate account being kept!’

We give the following abstract of ‘Southey's Life,’ so far as this volume extends, and shall then close by a remark on him as an autobiographer and correspondent.

Robert Southey was born in Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. His mother said afterwards, ‘God forgive me! when I saw what a great red creature it was, covered with rolls of fat, I thought I should never be able to love him.’ We have then a circumstantial account of his first going to school; of the birth of his brothers and sisters, and of his cousin, Miss Tyler. He

* A very disgusting species of capacity we admit.

was inoculated under her care, and by her first introduced to the theatre. He was next sent as a day-scholar to several schools in Bristol, and then to one nine miles from it, at Corston. From this, where he spent a year, he passed to Bedminster, where he first began to love botany and entomology. He was next placed in a school in Bristol, and he recounts many interesting anecdotes about his experiences there, including some early poetical efforts. From thence he was removed to Westminster School, and with its recollections his autobiography closes. The chapters by his son detail his leaving Westminster; the wreck of his father's affairs, and his death, his admittance into Baliol College, Oxford, his philosophical speculations, the commencement of 'Joan of Arc,' his return to Bristol, his acquaintance with Mr. Coleridge, the formation of the grand scheme of Pantisocracy, the purchase by Mr. Cottle of his 'Joan of Arc,' his historical lectures, his misunderstanding with Coleridge, his marriage with Edith Fricker, his journey to Lisbon in search of health, his return to England, his going to London to study law, his residing again in the neighbourhood of Bristol; and there the first volume leaves him.

Southey as an autobiographer is neither the most nor the least garrulous of his class. He tells his story here, as elsewhere, in an easy and animated style, sprinkled with an allowable quantity of anecdote and gossip. His correspondence, delectable in general, has ever and anon a slight touch of affectation and over-statement. 'Godwin,' he says, 'as a man is very contemptible.' Surely this is too strong. We know that he did not extemporize such works as 'Caleb Williams,' that his conversation generally was beneath his other powers, and that, at one brief period of his life, he was rather elated by success; but a much acuter person than Southey, William Hazlitt, while criticising severely, never treats Godwin, as a private person, with contempt. In fact, Southey, as an unsuccessful candidate for the affections of Mary Wolstonecraft, was not a fair judge.

Such errors and platitudes abound in his letters. But, on the whole, they are very readable and amusing. We wait their sequel with much interest. And, although the general tone of our remarks on Southey may seem severe, it does not interrupt our reverence for all the virtues he possessed, our love for his many pleasant and amiable qualities, and our admiration for a genius, which may be said to burn the brightest in the *second* story of the Temple of Fame.

- ART. III.—1. *A Synopsis of Criticisms upon those Passages of the Old Testament, in which modern Commentators have differed from the Authorized Version; together with an Explanation of various Difficulties in the Hebrew and English Texts.* By the Rev. Richard Barrett, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Vol. II.—Parts I. and II. Vol. III.—Part I. London: Longman and Co.
2. *Scholia Hellenistica in Novum Testamentum.* Londini: Gulielmus Pickering. 1848.

WE place both publications at the head of this article, as they are similar in design. We welcome every book which throws light on Scripture; and even when the pious intention has failed in effect, we are inclined to pardon the miscarriage for the sake of the motive. Not that we are disposed to be the patrons of mere pretension, lispingsciolism, or pious imbecility; but we have sympathy with all who bring to the illustration of the Bible, hearty labour, and modest erudition, united to soundness of judgment, and honesty of purpose. Their possession of an average amount of such qualifications has invited our attention to the books which Messrs. Barrett and Grinfield have given to the churches.

The Bible resembles Him whom it exhibits to a fallen world as its Saviour. As Jesus was the GOD-MAN, so Scripture has combined in its composition divinity and humanity. Heaven and earth meet in it—God's purposes are expressed in man's language. Majesty clothes itself in tenderness and love. Both these elements of the sacred books must be clearly understood and acknowledged. Each should enjoy its own prominence. What is divine, is to be adored and believed; what is of the earth, is to be studied and analyzed. In order to reach the truths which are of God, the diction in which they are clothed is to be carefully and minutely examined. The words are, indeed, from the Holy Ghost, but they have been framed in accordance with ordinary language. They are a correct and glowing vehicle of heavenly information. If, however, we neglect this proof of Jehovah's condescension, and looking only upon the divinity of Scripture, forget that its words obey the understood laws of grammatical flexion, we are apt to mistake its meaning, and be seduced by the senseless reveries of a hazy mysticism. Such opinions of Scripture, leading to correspondent methods of interpretation, may create a morbid pietism, but will not nurse a

genuine and healthful piety. When we are interdicted from dealing honestly with the words of Scripture because the thoughts are divine, we are victims of folly, under the name of veneration, and suffer from a fanaticism which at once mistakes the benignity of God and robs humanity of a precious blessing. Are we not to open the casket, to gaze upon that jewel of ethereal beauty that lies within it? A religious spirit, it is true, is indispensable to a correct knowledge of the words; but, in order to its efficiency, it must be associated with right reason, and vigorous judgment. With all reverence for the *mind* of God, the *word* of God must be treated according to the principles which regulate human speech. 'Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' but they spake from such supernatural prompting in the dialects of earth. Words—the ordinary vocables of common intercourse, were charged with conveying their awful communications. And amidst all this laborious industry upon the nouns, verbs, and particles of Scripture, our minds must be imbued with solemnity of feeling, and be blessed with a conscious superiority to prejudice and cherished opinions, else the process of interpretation may be vitiated and disturbed by the intermingling of foreign and unworthy elements.

But while the language of Scripture is of human use and adaptation, the divine truth expressed by it is to be received on God's authority. If there be an error in looking exclusively to the heavenly source of inspiration, and disregarding its earthly medium, it is no less deleterious and sinful to be so occupied on the human side and aspect of God's oracles as to forget that it is Jehovah who speaks. Shall the tones of his voice, so soft and sympathetic, only amuse us with such melancholy result that we are not sensible to the dignity and glory of the speaker? Then we are in danger of losing the pure idea of revelation, and of confounding it with the outpourings of luminous wisdom and exalted genius. Our criticism has exiled our faith—the authority of the oracle is undermined, and homage to its royal right degenerates into admiration of its logical precision, or rhetorical grandeur, or becomes a cold and formal review of its grammatical purity and historical accuracy. Belief is sublimated into æsthetics, or chilled into inanition by an icy philology. Critics acquire the habit of speaking of the historian's veracity, and the conclusiveness of the apostle's argument, without any reference to the divine truthfulness which warrants the one and sustains the other. The predictions of the seer are lessened into the gorgeous imagination of the bard, and recorded miracles are branded as exaggerated prodigies. It is all the while forgotten that 'all scripture is given by inspiration of God'—that the Bible declares itself to be a genuine embodiment of the Divine will and counsels,

and affirms that the rejection of its message leads to eternal ruin. What despite is thus done to the Spirit and to the Book of grace! Surely the path of safety is ever to bear in mind what Scripture really is. It is divine—its thoughts are those of God, and are to be received with implicit homage and ready credence. It is human—for those divine thoughts passed through human intellects, and assumed a human aspect, when human lips spoke them, or human fingers wrote them for the instruction of the world. A deep and thorough belief in plenary inspiration may co-exist with the most minute and searching scrutiny into the language, style, and texture of the sacred books. Unsanctified learning may lead to scepticism, but the investigations of a mind filled with generous faith will ever lead it to a profounder veneration of the wisdom and benignity of Him who has given us such a revelation of his nature and covenant.

Notice has already been taken of Mr. Barrett's previous volumes. His design is good, but it fails from want of circuit and comprehensiveness. The value of a synopsis depends on what it embraces. If it bring together the notes of merely a few authors, and those of secondary value, the compilation of it is misspent labour. We want a really useful work, and that can only be effected when the page presents a synoptical view of the opinions of the most learned and sagacious commentators. We look to the quality more than to the quantity of the gleanings of which such a treatise is made up. Poole understood this rule of procedure when he compiled his ponderous tomes. The works of the greatest critics were laid under contribution by him. Such scholars, who were truly *Critici Sacri*, were the boast of their age, and still merit a diligent consultation. They may be prolix and dull, occasionally, but their views are often ingenious, and always well defended; felicitous beauties often glitter through the rust of antiquity. We might point to the shrewd perspicacity of Drusius, to the unaffected learning of Fagius and Vatablus, and to the classic lore of Grotius—not forgetting that the mental opulence of Scaliger, Stephens, Cappell, Casaubon, and Cameron, has been collected at fitting opportunities, and amassed into this miscellany of biblical exegesis and philology.

But sacred erudition has been in progress since these times, and a new synopsis might be composed of solid and lasting materials, in collecting which the difficulty would lie in a judicious choice. There is not a book of Scripture that has not its score of commentaries—many of them works of permanent utility and reputation. Rosenmüller has given us a species of synopsis on most of the books of the Old Testament, and Bloomfield has published a 'Critical Digest' on the New Testament. But there are good expositions which none of those

authors have used, expositions of recent date and accomplished authorship. Surely, then, we might expect a good synopsis of critical works on the Old Testament. The man who professes to elaborate a synopsis and fails, is either ignorant of abounding treasures, or too indolent to put them under exaction. Failure is the more disgraceful as it is wholly inexcusable. The busy bee occupies a wide range of pasture, and is not content with a few flowers that bloom in the immediate vicinity of its 'straw-built citadel.' The scholar who can command a good library, or select from a German book-catalogue, need not complain that in working out a synopsis, he is forced to make bricks without straw. What apology, then, can Mr. Barrett offer for the scanty, limited, and defective information which he has transferred to his pages? It is true that his plan comprehends only, or chiefly, 'those passages of the Old Testament in which modern commentators have differed from the Authorized Version.' But, even in such cases, the editor has not put himself to the necessary trouble in seeking out the best solutions from the best authors. He is contented with giving us the opinions of Adam Clarke at full length, subjoining the brief annotations of Poole, Geddes, Patrick, and Boothroyd. Brief translations from Dathe and Kennicott are sparingly introduced. Maurer is occasionally glanced at, and Horsley and Houbigant are quoted at intervals. And this is all—these are the few men that pass for 'modern commentators,' as if none other existed, or were worthy of the name. The 'modern commentators'—how few—how feeble! if these names comprehend all whose opinions are worthy of a place in Barrett's 'Synopsis.' A 'Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,' must know that there are mightier names in the field of biblical literature, whose opinions must command respect, whose views and hypotheses are boldly sustained, whose talents and acquirements have conferred upon them European renown. But, to Mr. Barrett, they have no existence, or they have been written in a tongue which it was not competent for him to translate. His work is, in fact, no SYNOPSIS—it is only a *one-sided glance*—not a circular view of wide sweep and circumference. Ask a short-sighted individual to describe the landscape he surveys, and he tells you of a few yards around him, filled with objects which he dimly discerns—such is Mr. Barrett's 'Synopsis.' But another individual, standing on an eminence with a telescope at his eye, portrays the character and extent of the scenery spread out before him, and, while the horizon has widened all around him, he pours out a glowing delineation of hill and dale, waving woods, gliding rivers, and rushing waterfalls. Such is a symbol of a good synopsis, ranging in its selections through Christendom, catholic in its spirit, impartial in its aim, presenting, in

one panoramic view, the most matured opinions of all the ripest scholars, on the darker and more difficult clauses and sections of holy writ.

Mr. Barrett professes also to give an explanation of various difficulties in the Hebrew and English texts. Any explication from the sources we have named cannot be very satisfactory, and little is gained by transcribing so large a portion of the *Lexicon* of Gesenius. On many single words we have only '*Gesenius sub voce*'—not even the deeper investigations of his '*Thesaurus*,' but the curter definitions of his '*Manual*.' These extracts from Gesenius are in English—they have been translated, not by Mr. Barrett, however, but are simply taken from Robinson's translation. The '*Thesaurus*' is sometimes introduced, but the extracts from it are merely transferred and printed in the original Latin. When Maurer, Houbigant, and Rosenmüller, are quoted, they are also untranslated. As Mr. Barrett's principal authorities are English, and his volumes seem to be intended for English readers of ordinary attainments, the Latin of these authors should have been done into our mother tongue. It is plain, then, that this book has been constructed with the help of scissors and paste, for the component parts of the '*Synopsis*' are only so many sections clipped out of the various authors made use of, and then printed in a consecutive form. Such being the manufacture of Mr. Barrett's publication, it is notorious that it cannot be of any practical utility, even with all the advantage of its correct and graceful typography.

Mr. Grinfield's work is also intended for the elucidation of Scripture, and really accomplishes what it professes. His former work—the '*Novum Testamentum Hellenisticum*,' we reviewed in a preceding number of this journal, about four years ago. This publication has the same design. The object of his first volumes was to illustrate the '*New Testament*' by means of the similar style and phraseology of the Septuagint, while the purpose of the present is to supply like assistance for the interpretation of the same portion of the Divine word out of writers who used the Hellenistic dialect—Josephus, Philo, the apostolic Fathers, and the writers of the Apocrypha. The two volumes now before us merely complete Mr. Grinfield's original plan. The idea is a happy one, and it has been wrought out with no little pains, and crowned with merited success. The peculiar style of the New Testament receives its best and most authentic illustration from the men who thought, spoke, and wrote in it—and not from the numerous authors who have left immortal works in the various classic dialects of ancient Greece. The diction of the New Testament is not the Greek of Homer or Herodotus, Xenophon or Sophocles—nor yet that of Polybius, Plutarch, or Lucian,

but a form of Greek nearly akin indeed to that which the last three writers employ—spoken at the Grecian colony of Alexandria in Egypt—there learned by the Jews in actual conversation, and carried by them into Palestine—deeply tinged at the same time with the Oriental forms of thought and expression, which characterised the inhabitants of Judæa. The instinctive utterance of a Jew in a foreign tongue is the language of the New Testament—Hebrew idea and feelings in a Grecian dress. The translators of the Alexandrian version used this peculiar dialect—so do the authors whose works are made use of by Mr. Grinfield in the composition of this volume. They therefore afford correct and ample illustration for the meaning of the words and idioms of the New Testament; they thought as Hebrews, while they wrote in the tongue of Hellas. The purely Hebrew element of such a dialect finds its apposite illustration in the phraseology of the Old Testament—its purely Greek element points as a means of its elucidation to the men who wrote in Greek after the period of the Macedonian Conquest; but the living combination of both these elements in actual style and employment, can receive the best exposition of its peculiarities, both of form, flexion, and syntax, from the writings of those who, placed in similar circumstances, used a similar speech—the uninspired authors of Palestine and Egypt—whose ideas were Jewish in origin and shape, but were published in the language of Greece—such as it was spoken in the colony of Alexandria.

Mr. Grinfield's idea has therefore been a correct one, and his book will save the student both time and trouble. His commentary on the sacred text does not thrust an opinion upon the reader, but leaves him to form a judgment for himself. He does not say—this must be the meaning of the clause; but he presents you with similar phraseology, either from Josephus, Philo, the Apocrypha, or all of them, by the collation of which you are enabled to make up your mind and come to a right estimate of what the sacred writers meant to affirm. This is the safe method of procedure—the finding out by a historical investigation, the sense which a word bore among the contemporaries of the author whose meaning we wish to analyze. The interpreter of the New Testament is not concerned to ascertain the sense of a term in the early epoch of Homer, or to discover its signification in the later period of the Byzantine historians; his object is to trace out and verify its meaning, as used by the best Greek authors in the age of the apostles, and especially by the writers who composed in their peculiar Hellenistic dialect. Words, indeed, have a genealogy, the changes and modifications involved in which it is very interesting, and no less necessary, to follow out and distinguish. Such

scrutiny is the business of the lexicographer. The province of the interpreter is more definite, and is limited to the era in which the author to be expounded flourished.

It would be rash to affirm that Mr. Grinfield has discovered every clause or paragraph in the uninspired Hellenistic writers, by which correspondent idioms of the New Testament may be illustrated; yet, we bear willing testimony to the amount and constancy of his labours, as he says in his preface—‘*Philonis et Josephi opera iterum atque iterum per volutavimus.*’ It would be easy to show that he occasionally mistakes a parallelism, or misses the precise point in want of elucidation. Similarity of meaning does not necessarily imply identity of language. Two clauses may be much alike in diction, but the one adduced for illustration may want the very vocable which creates a hermeneutical difficulty. Instances of such a nature occur in these volumes, while again much space is needlessly occupied by the citation of parallel passages on places, about the meaning of which no possible dispute can be excited. But the ‘*Scholia Hellenistica*’ is a really good and useful book, and we are indebted to Mr. Grinfield for it. By such publications is true theological science advanced.

In our earnest desire to see such an advancement of theological science, we may add, in conclusion, that we are glad to observe, by recent accounts, that the various Dissenting colleges in and around London are to be incorporated. We augur great good from such a union. There was need for the change. In the present form of these institutions, energy is frittered away by being uselessly subdivided. The scholarship and attainments which might have instructed a hundred students spend their tutorial power upon fifteen or twenty. Some important branches of theological education are omitted altogether, or one man is appointed to superintend various departments, one of which may be his chosen and favourite field of study, while he is reluctantly forced to engage in the others only by the exigencies of his situation, and so cannot teach them with enthusiasm or profit. Division of labour ensures success. We trust that a judicious distribution of chairs will be effected in the new seminary—an arrangement which is not to be seen in any of our national universities. They are, both in Scotland and England, behind the age in their non-adoption of many evident improvements. Some Dissenting bodies have quite outstripped them—for they have the freer action of self-government. No stolid patron thwarts them, and no conservative influence paralyzes them. The United Presbyterian Church in Scotland, for example, has a scheme of theological tuition, not perfect indeed, but one which deserves to be known,

and one which other religious bodies might improve upon, in imitation of its general plan. The chairs are five :—

1. A Professorship of Sacred Languages and Biblical Criticism—understanding the latter phrase in its narrow technical sense—the science which refers to the settlement of the text.

2. A Professorship of Apologetics (Evidences), and Hermeneutics—the principles of interpretation, necessarily including a wide range in Biblical literature, illustrated at the same time by selected portions of scripture, read and analyzed.

3. A Professorship of Exegetical Theology, in which the more important books of Scripture are scientifically expounded.

4. A Professorship of Systematic Theology, and Homiletics, or Pastoral Theology.

5. A Professorship of Church history—especially history of doctrine, and ritual.—(*Dogmengeschichte.*)

We might suggest some improvements on this arrangement. At all events, it points the way to a more judicious adjustment of collegiate labours, and far out-speeds the tardy and ineffectual attempts at a similar organization in any of the Scottish universities.

A learned and effective ministry is demanded by the age—a ministry that has enjoyed a vigorous and bracing tuition. Assaults upon Christianity are becoming more frequent and daring on the part of men of learning and ingenuity. The Church must prepare herself for the combat. The defences and ‘Apologetics’ of earlier times will not suffice for the present crisis. Pantheism is an enemy more wary and subtle, of keener spirit, and wearing tougher armour than those forms of foul and flagrant Deism, whose hideous profanity and licentious ethics only create repulsion and nausea. Warnings of no ambiguous kind assure us that the period of strife is approaching. Outworn forms and antiquated theories will be no safeguard. Clear perceptions of catholic truth, in all its bearings and relations, can alone secure the triumph. We should enter the field, and engage the foe ‘by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.’

ART. IV.—1. *Letters on the proposed Substitution of Secret for Public Executions.* By Charles Dickens, and Others.

2. *Report of Public Meetings to promote the Abolition of Capital Punishment.*

3. *Mr. Dickens's Mysterious Gallows.* By John Pym. 'Standard of Freedom.'

4. 'Liverpool Journal' on the Punishment of Death.

AT the commencement of a new year, and that the last year of the present half-century, we feel that we cannot devote a few of our pages to a better purpose than to a review of what has been done, and a statement of what remains to be done, in relation to the important and pressing question of Capital Punishments. The existing state of public feeling on this topic, too, and the peculiar phasis which the subject has recently assumed, renders a further discussion of the matter not only appropriate, but necessary.

Our first note shall be one of joy and congratulation. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, two hundred and fifty offences, of different kinds, were punishable by death, and fresh crimes were being made capital every succeeding session of Parliament. Now, only one offence is practically liable to the extreme penalty of the law, and even the infliction of death for that crime is so uncertain as to make executions the exception rather than the rule. Rarely, perhaps never, in the history of the world, did the cause of humanity advance so rapidly and so gloriously before; and while the philanthropist can indulge in such a magnificent retrospect, he can afford to smile at the silly charges of 'morbid sentimentalism,' 'Utopian benevolence,' and 'daring atheism,' which the vanquished opponents of his efforts occasionally, but more and more feebly, bring against him. Ten years hence our present foes will chant pœans over our success, and speak of the demolition of the gibbet as 'a great fact.'

Our next word shall be of warning and advice. Reduced to its present narrow sphere of exercise, it may seem that the gallows might now be left alone. Some too-sanguine friends of our great cause may think that we might well be contented with the results already achieved, and suffer the rotting timbers of the scaffold to perish from mere natural decay. But we confess that until legal homicide is legally abolished, we shall consider no

part of our noble victory secure ; and we shall continue to aim our strokes at the ghastly iniquity until it is gathered to its fore-runners, the inquisition, the fire-pile, and the rack. Let it never be forgotten that the concession to the ruler of the right to kill for murder, is virtually the concession to him of a right to kill for any crime ; or, at any rate, forms the foundation on which he builds his power to destroy : and let it also be remembered that the State has always surrendered its power of capital infliction with the greatest reluctance, and is even now only too anxious to regain what it has lost. The last 'Report of the Criminal Law Commissioners' (dated in 1843), recommends the application of death-punishment in *nine* different classes of crime ; its exercise to be rigidly enforced in every case ; and further suggests the restoration of the savage practice of drawing and quartering ! We repeat, therefore, that until the absolute sanctity of human life is acknowledged by the law, our triumph is but half complete.

It may be as well to describe the position of the question at the present moment. As to the opinions and wishes of the people on the subject, there can be no doubt. Considerable acquaintance with the masses of our fellow-countrymen (both of the middle and operative classes), enables us to say with certainty that an immense majority of them are in favour of the total and immediate abolition of death-punishment ; and that in no city, town, or village of the kingdom, could a resolution be passed at a public meeting in favour of the gallows. A very large and influential portion of the press (both in the metropolis and in the provinces), supports the cause ; and, although the self-styled leaders of public opinion among the journals misrepresent and belie the advocates of abolition, and affect to cry down the agitation, they evidently do so in a timid and wavering spirit, plainly the precursor of a change in their sentiments. The applications which have been made to the clergy, of all denominations, certainly lead us to suppose that even that body (always slow to change), are anxious for the alteration which we demand. More than half of our judges (as was recently stated in public, upon the authority of a noble lord who had made personal inquiries of them) are in favour of our views. And even royalty itself (by refusing to sign death-warrants, and transferring that practice to the Secretary of State) has intimated its repugnance to the punishment which we denounce, and its readiness to acquiesce in its entire abolition. Strange to say, however, although the people desire the destruction of the gallows, the (miscalled) representatives of the people withstand their wish. *The Parliament blocks up the way.* Not that it defends the punishment of death on any known or intelligible principle. It

admits that theology does not support it. It acknowledges that morality supplies it with no right to kill. It confesses that statistics tell against it. And it acknowledges that 'it is impossible to overstate the mischiefs caused by it.'* Yet it rejects our demand. Can we doubt that it only refuses its consent to the required reform from sheer obstinacy and lust of power? It can be nothing else; for its alleged reasons are the frivolous and petulant arguments of a convinced but unyielding child.

Let no one blame us for accusing the 'powers that be' of wilful blindness in this matter. It is impossible that the Government can believe in the efficacy of the gallows as a deterrent from crime, if they propose to hide it. Executions are but capital punishment in operation: and if they are bad in action, they must be bad in essence. The following remarks by 'John Pym,' in the 'Standard of Freedom,' seem to us very striking on this point:—'Executions are said to be lessons in justice. Executions are said to be protections of human life. The gallows is upheld as a deterrent from crime. But if these arguments are sound, why conceal the gallows? Why weaken your deterrence from crime? Why seclude your protections of life? Why hide your lessons of justice? We cannot have too much of justice, or security, or deterrence. Is the gallows so modest that it must do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame? Is the gallows-lesson in justice the more useful the less there is known of it? Are executions great moral lessons, but shockingly demoralizing? Is the gallows a deterrent which is most terrible when least seen? To increase the deterrence, is it the best way to veil the terrors?' The propositions contained in these sentences are such palpable truisms that it is impossible for any consistent supporter of the punishment of death to be sincere in proposing to hide it. The only wish that a real believer in the value of the gallows can have, is that which was not long ago expressed by Mr. Davis, the Newgate ordinary,—that the gibbet should be erected upon the loftiest and most open spot in all England, so that all England might see the strangulation done!

The condition of the question being, then, such as we have described, it must be clear that it is no longer necessary to argue, but to act. The day of talk is over; the day of work has arrived. The opinion expressed must now be performed. For, although the senate may object, the people can determine. We have but to demonstrate our will, to ensure its adoption. Catholic emancipation, the Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Corn-laws, and other similar changes, were achieved in spite of opposing parlia-

* Sir G. Grey.—Speech on the question, House of Commons, May 1, 1849.

ments; and so must the cause of humanity and philanthropy be gained. If, during the year 1850, but one hundred persons in the kingdom of Great Britain publicly refuse to serve upon juries which have to try cases of life and death, the gibbet will become fuel for a bonfire in the year 1851. Our course, therefore, is plain. We will work upon the parliamentary mind as much as possible by popular opinion; but to quicken the effect of our labour, we will make the law of blood itself inoperative. The question will be finally settled, not in the senate-house, but in the jury-box. Parliament may still vote, if it pleases, that men shall be killed; but we will refuse to kill them.

That the legislature already recognises the strong pressure of popular opinion on this subject, is manifest from the fact that the Government has hinted at a compromise. When, in May 1849, Sir George Grey suggested the abolition of public executions, and the substitution of secret strangulation, he virtually confessed that the law of death was out of favour with the public, and must be annulled. Such being the case, it is our own fault if we do not gain our end. The Government proposal is a blind and a bait. It is an effort to tempt us into the abandonment of our principles. It is the offer of a shadow, to make us drop the substance. We say again, it is our own fault if we are deceived.

Against this plan, therefore, we offer an earnest and a zealous warning; the more especially as we much fear that it has already done some mischief. It is, indeed, mainly because we see great danger to our cause in the suggestion of private, instead of public executions, that we have felt it our duty to address our countrymen upon the present occasion. Many good, and some great, men have already fallen into the snare, and others may, perhaps, be disposed to follow their example, should they not be led to consider the proposition. We design, then, here and now to open out the question of secret executions in its chief and prominent bearings; and we believe we shall be able to show that, instead of being (as some suppose) a step in the right direction, it is a retrograde movement, calculated rather to restore the wholesale homicides of former times, than to accomplish the entire abolition of the practice of judicial death.

We trust we need hardly say that for ourselves we spurn the proposal for concealed executions with the deepest abhorrence and indignation. We never will consent to any compromise. We will listen to no terms short of the entire and immediate abolition of the punishment of death. We take our stand on the principle—the simple and intelligible principle—that life is absolutely sacred, even from the ruler's touch; and we care comparatively little whether the destruction of life be perpetrated in public or in private. These are our sentiments; and we

decline to modify them. But we know that many of our friends cannot conscientiously adopt this extreme principle, and their opinions we are bound by every proper consideration to respect.

Amongst the persons who have been blinded by Sir George Grey's suggestion, we scarcely need to tell our readers that the man of most note and mark is Mr. Dickens. Convinced, as heartily as any man alive, of the evils attendant upon public executions, Mr. Dickens is for hiding them on any terms; and would even forego, for a time, his well-known desire for the abolition of death-punishment altogether, if he could prevent the horrors and immoralities which appear to be inseparable from these exhibitions.

Now, we trust it is scarcely necessary for us to say that we hold Mr. Dickens in deep, sincere, and admiring respect. In common with all to whom his name and writings are familiar, we esteem him as one of the first, and one of the best literary men of the age; and there are few persons living to whom we would so soon surrender an opinion as to him. But our judgment and our conscience alike find themselves unable to agree in his conclusion; and we are impelled, by irresistible considerations, to measure our strength, even against his, for the cause of truth and progress.

We commence by saying, that we agree to the full with Mr. Dickens in his estimate of the frightful demoralization which is attendant upon judicial homicide performed in the public view. Nay, we even go beyond him. For, whereas he dwells mainly upon the surface-evils that arise from the mere gathering together of the foul and vile portions of our population—from the obscenity, profanity, ribald levity, and horrible debauchery which attend such congregations, we, in addition to this, include the inward brutalization, the actual lesson in life-taking, which the mob is made to learn. Not only do the wretched beholders of an execution become depraved by mutual contact, not only does villany become encouraged by villany which it might under no other circumstances have encountered, but these miserable creatures are directly barbarized by the savage deed which they behold. They are practically told and taught that life is *not* an utterly sacred thing; and they go away from the scene more ready to take life than they were before they witnessed its destruction.

While, however, we avow our complete and sorrowful recognition of the evils which Mr. Dickens so vividly describes, we go on to say that, in our opinion, the mischief results far less from the exhibition of the homicide, than from the fact of the homicide itself. We consider, indeed, as we shall shortly proceed to show, that the positive evils of public executions are

far inferior to the positive evils of secret executions ; and, between the two sources of mischief, we would choose that which we believe to be the lesser of the two. But leaving this consideration out of view for the moment, we regard the act, rather than the manner of it, as the real cause of the evil : we believe that it is not so much the spectacle that demoralizes, as the deed.

Let us endeavour to prove the truth of this opinion.

What is it that Mr. Dickens complains of? The ribaldry, the blasphemy, the indecency, the merriment, the song-singing, the coarseness, the brutality of the mob? Why, this applies to *every* congregation of the lowest orders ; and is as characteristic of coronations, royal progresses, lord mayors' shows, and other occasions of public gathering, as of executions themselves. Were this indeed the only, or even the main, kind of mischief attendant upon public executions, then, doubtless, the withdrawal of the homicide of the law from public gaze would prevent the evil. This, however, is not a question concerning public *executions*, but public assemblages of any kind ; and it is not necessarily connected with the question of capital punishments at all. But, no ! *this* is not the evil that we talk about : it is something far worse than this. It is the hideous fascination, the fiendish excitement—the supernatural, horrible, devilish interest—which are exhibited on these occasions, that form the real mischief of the scene. And from whence does all this arise? From the fact that a man is killed *in public*? No. But from the fact that a man is killed *at all*.

Here lies the secret. A fellow-creature is to be deliberately destroyed ; and the knowledge of this fact arouses a frenzied and overpowering interest in the minds of all whose savage emotions are not under the control of their moral feelings. This fascination draws them to the fatal scene as irresistibly as the cannibal is attracted to his human feast ; and their behaviour during the event is in perfect keeping with the barbarous passion which leads them to the spot. The brute is paramount above the man ; and the rough glee and lewd merriment which are exhibited, are but the rebound and reaction of the awful sympathy with which the horrible occasion has inspired them.

Now, does Mr. Dickens suppose that, if executions were private instead of public, the same unnatural fascination towards the deed, which now operates to produce openly the evils of which we all complain, would not work, at least, as mischievously in secret?—that as much evil would not be created behind the scenes, as now appears upon the open stage? If he does think so, he was never more in error. The interest in the event would not be destroyed—it would only be diverted—and

the evil, which is now gathered into one focus, would then find ten thousand centres. The fact of the culprit's destruction would be as much known were he executed inside the prison-walls, as if he were strangled on a scaffold without them; nay, by Mr. Dickens's solemn plan—of tolling all the bells, and shutting all the shops, during the execution—the sympathy would become infinitely more intense. Mystery naturally generates exaggeration; and the scene which now poisons the heart through the eye, would contaminate the moral being certainly no less through the ear. The leprosy might be made to disappear from the surface, but it would only be driven inwards to the heart.

To our mind, indeed, it seems clear that, so far from the evils attendant upon public executions being prevented by hiding them, they would be incalculably increased by adopting such a course. The appetite for morbid excitement would be sharpened, rather than allayed, by the secrecy; and the refusal to gratify it would only provoke it into greater excesses. When the prisoners in the Abbaye (during the September massacres of the French Revolution) were being despatched in front of the gaol, their comrades within the building kept on acting the scene until their own turns came: they would not have done so had they been spectators of the tragedy. Just in like manner the spectacle, withheld from the ruffianism of London drawn into one vast mob, would be talked over, sympathized with, and horribly reproduced in thought, in word, and in deed, by a thousand little congregations assembled in their own foul homes. Let it be remembered, too, that countless cheap prints would describe the actualities of the execution in all their disgusting minutiae; and by illustration, invention, and exaggeration, produce an effect beyond all comparison worse than that caused by the open exhibition of the scene itself. It will, perhaps, be said that, as the prison-gates would be closed against all but the officials, the details would, and could, never transpire. Now, not to enlarge upon the folly of expecting that men could be avowedly killed in England, and the particulars be withheld from the press and the public, is it not certain that every (even the most minute) circumstance would, somehow or other, come to light? Why, officials always blab. Even the Royal Speech finds its way into the columns of our newspapers many hours before it is delivered, although the Cabinet Council which prepares it is sworn to secrecy. Even condemned sermons manage to get reported, although no stranger is allowed to be present during their delivery. Besides, supposing it possible that the true details could be withheld from public knowledge, details would be speedily invented; and who can doubt that

such details would be of the most gross, mischievous, and exaggerated character? Fiction can always be made to transcend fact; and, in such cases as that under consideration, there is no question that it would do so most frightfully. The result of all would be, that we should have a rivalry in the falsehood of these reports, and a foulness in their inventions and exaggerations, which would do infinitely more harm to public morals than now arises from the statement of scenes which, however shocking, are at least true.

Again. Let what will be said about the barbarism and villany which congregate at the place of homicide, there is no doubt in our mind that, *if* executions are necessary as a warning to the brutal part of our population (and on what other ground can capital punishments be for one moment defended?) they must be far more calculated to effect their object when the deed is *seen*, than when it is merely heard of. If executions now terrify at all (which we deny) they must certainly terrify more when they are actually beheld, than when they are only reported. People often faint at the sight of blood; but never on simply hearing of bloodshed. We grant—we have always granted—the *possibility* of death scaring *some* minds; but we utterly deny the possibility of any mind being terrified—that is to say, deterred from crime—by the mere knowledge that somebody is being killed. What we *see*, we may, perhaps, realize; but what we only hear, or read of,—

“——— passes by us as the idle wind,
Which we regard not.”

It is plain that, if capital punishment have any terrors at all to the would-be murderer, the more exemplary and appalling it is made, the better; and it must be equally clear that, if the pain of death does not deter in the open execution of it, the fault lies, not in the exhibition, but in the punishment itself; and the time is come when it should be abolished altogether. Capital punishment cannot be good, if executions are bad. Executions are only capital punishments in action—the realization of the abstract idea: and the practical sense of England will naturally say,—If executions do not operate as examples and warnings—if they are rather determinants to crime, than deterrents from it—what is the good of capital punishment at all? “The gallows is a ghastly blunder, and concealment will not rectify the blunder.”

Further. It is one of the strongest arguments against the penalty of death, that it raises up in the breast of the public a powerful feeling of pity and commiseration for the strangled culprit, which defeats the proper object of punishment, and

creates an antagonism between the public and the law. Now, that this sentiment would be vastly increased by killing the malefactors in private, is almost a self-evident proposition. It is bad enough, to be sure, to see a human creature struggling bodily with death upon an open scaffold; and some feeling of sympathy must awake in the bosom even of the sternest beholder of such a spectacle. But to fancy a man awoke, dressed, breakfasted, prayed with, blessed, bidden to everlasting glory—and then pinioned, led into a room, and unresistingly, ceremoniously, intentionally slaughtered—why the imagination reels, giddy with overpowering horror, at the very supposition. There is something so desperately murderous in the idea of a man being deliberately and quietly strangled (or poisoned, or sabred, or shot, or stabbed, or drowned—why not?) by another man, twelve or twenty more men looking deliberately and quietly on, with pens in their hands, ready to certify coolly under their signs-manual and seals that they have seen the life taken, that the reason positively totters as the imagined enormity is contemplated. And—for this is the point—who could fail to pity a culprit so despatched?—to experience towards him a sentiment of sympathy which would utterly overpower the abhorrence we ought to feel for such a criminal, and completely defeat the object which the law is supposed to have in view?

Thus we think we have shown that even the very evils which public executions cause would exist, in at least an equal degree, were extermination performed in secret; and from this partial view of the Government proposition, we now advance to the consideration of the positive evils which, in addition to these comparative ones, would accompany the change.

We will not stay to enlarge upon the practical difficulties (amounting to impossibilities) which stand in the way of any such plan as that of Mr. Dickens being carried out—to demonstrate the unlikelihood of getting together from *any* rank of life, four-and-twenty, or even a dozen men, to witness the deed of slaughter as a matter of business—or to show the excessive puerility of the melo-dramatic adjuncts of tolling bells and shut-up shops: these propositions bear their condemnation on their childish faces: we choose to grapple rather with the spirit than with the details of the proposal; and will, therefore, discuss the tendency of the ‘mysterious’ gallows’ system, in preference to its feasibility.

And in the first place, we believe that the practice of secret executions is diametrically opposed to the spirit and genius of the British people, and would exercise a most injurious influence on our national character. The open and public nature of all

our proceedings has produced a corresponding openness of disposition in our people ; and even in our crimes there is a boldness and unreservedness which contrasts most favourably with the more artful, dark, and deadly characteristics which distinguish nations where governmental power is exercised inquisitionally and privately. A people always take their tone from their laws and customs ; and even in their common habits, they imitate their government. Punishments form no exception to this rule ; the punishment of the law becomes a pattern and model to the individual. One simple illustration will curiously confirm the existence of this tendency. It is a fact that two-thirds of our suicides are accomplished by *hanging* : the very mode of death being copied from that employed by the law. And arguing, as we have always done, that executions teach murders by arousing this unconscious but natural faculty of imitation, we believe that secret executions, converting, as they would, our public scaffolds into private shambles, would suggest hidden assassinations, and that the employment of the hangman in secret would bring the bravo into our streets and the stabber into our houses.

But once more. We are disposed to argue that the people could not, with any safety to themselves, entrust the power of secret extermination to any set of rulers. Even as it is, with executions so public that the whole kingdom can interfere to oppose the homicide, if occasion seems to require, innocent persons are often put to death : it is *known* that forty persons have been wrongfully killed during the present century, and probably many more instances remain undiscovered. Now were the act done in secret, the public would have less control over it, because they would know less about it ; and Government might make away with any number of imprisoned criminals at its pleasure, and no one be wiser. At the worst, but a few malefactors are now executed annually, and we know who they are ; but were the public eye-sight withdrawn from the deed of homicide, there can be no reasonable doubt that it would be much more frequent than it is. The necessity which now exists for displaying before the public every exercise of the power of life and death, is unquestionably a check upon the State, which is always more pitiless than the people ; and the conversion of publicity into privacy could not fail to be disastrous to morality, to clemency, and to justice. Publicity in all State matters is the palladium of British liberty : and we must take good care that we are not cajoled into parting with it.

And if we could not safely entrust the power of secret extermination to the State because of the likelihood that the power would be abused in many cases by over-exercise, by unconcern, and by official hardness of heart, much more reason have we for

fearing that the power would also be abused by not being exercised in cases where popular opinion might demand it. Not only should we suspect that many were hanged who ought not to be, but we should also suppose that many were *not* hanged who were sentenced to die. As the 'Times' very truly said in one of its powerful articles on this subject, 'the English are too jealous a people to permit such a law: and if they did not see the execution, they would not believe that it had taken place: the more especially if the culprit were a rich, a noble, or a well-connected one.' Why, even when men are *seen* to be killed, people often disbelieve the fact. Who has not heard that Dr. Dodd was hanged with a silver pipe in his throat, which prevented strangulation? Something of the same kind was believed of Fauntleroy, who was supposed by thousands to have escaped the actual penalty of the law. And there are hundreds of persons living who firmly believe that Tawell was only hanged in effigy, and is at this moment comfortably settled in America. Well, then, if people will not credit what they actually see, how much less will they be disposed to believe what they only hear? Mr. Dickens, we know, would have a jury empannelled to see the strangulation done; but to say nothing of the very obvious fact that such a jury would necessarily be selected by the executive, and therefore would instantly be deemed the mere creatures of the government, the public at large, and the populace particularly, would know as much, and care as much, about the twelve or twenty names at the bottom of a homicidal certificate, as the State knows or cares about a dozen or a score of signatures at the foot of a petition for financial reform. They would never believe that the execution had been performed; and they would look upon a sentence of death much as they now look upon a sentence of transportation, which may be carried into effect, or may not.

By the way, the punishment of transportation has been very innocently instanced in proof that the English people would be as well satisfied with secret executions as they are now with secret banishment. But is it not notorious that transportation does not answer as a penalty? and is it not clear that the reason why it does not answer, is because it is hidden from the public view, and felt to be uncertain? A man is sentenced to be transported; well, he is taken from the dock, and the public knows and thinks no more about him, beyond entertaining a vague, but well-founded, suspicion that the chances are ten to one against his ever being transported at all. Why, it is ridiculously notorious that many a malefactor who is sentenced in open court 'to leave his country for his country's good,' never quits the British shores. The public learned the other day, that a police-constable who,

two years ago, was sentenced to transportation for perjury of the most flagrant kind, in reference to a murder at Dagenham, in Essex (the perpetrator of which is not even yet discovered), had not only been kept in England, but had received a free pardon ! Yet this is the punishment which Mr. Dickens finds so satisfactory to our people, that he pleads its success as a reason for the success of executions performed in a similar manner ! Now we, for our part, doubt the efficacy of *any* punishment that is not positively exemplary. We believe that all inflictions should be, to a certain extent, public. We would have our prisons open to general view, and malefactors exposed to general shame. We would have our convict ships ceremoniously and periodically despatched. We would carry out the badge and leg-chain system now in force at our dock-yards. And, consequently, if we are to be doomed by senatorial unwisdom to have capital punishments at all, we would at least have them public, and so make their supposed warning as striking as possible. Let it ever be remembered, that in the Jewish system, which our Christian legislators pretend to follow, the homicide was performed 'in the sight of all the people : ' yet, strange to say, these very people cry out that we should kill our criminals in private !

Finally, on this point, we greatly fear, that were executions private, the hope which criminals always indulge in, even now, of escaping from the actual infliction of their sentence, would gather fresh strength, and raise greater expectations of impunity.

It is curious, but certain, that condemned criminals invariably calculate on getting a reprieve ; and how much more this would be the case when they knew that there was no mob to clamour for their destruction at the appointed moment, no thousands congregated at the execution place to make sure that the law performed its duty ! They would feel that the few would be far more likely to have mercy than the many ; they would hope, perhaps, that the officers of the law might be bribed, or melted with pity by their appeals : indeed, deliberate destruction in private would be an idea impossible for them to realize, and consequently an idea that never could deter them from crime.

Thus, then, we see the suggestion of secret executions is one that we never can, nor ought to, adopt. In the first place it is virtually a confession that capital punishments are not only valueless, but demoralizing ; and in the second place, it is abominable in itself ; and would even be more mischievous in operation than the horrible practice which it would supplant. It would not lessen the evils that now attend the infliction of death, but would rather aggravate them ; and, in addition to so doing, it would create evils peculiarly its own—evils of the most fatal, grievous, and demoralizing kind. We will not go so far as to say that the

suggestion proceeds merely from a love of secret slaughter ; we believe, indeed, that it originates in motives of great purity and benevolence ; but we *do* assert that we see in it a most positive admission that the gallows is marked to come down, and a further and very striking instance of the truth that ‘ men love the darkness rather than the light when their deeds are evil.’

We claim now to have demonstrated, that while we are to have the gallows in any shape, we must at least have its foul ministrations performed openly and in the light of day. And this naturally brings us to say, and with increased emphasis, that there is no reason why we *must* continue the punishment of death at all. Every ground of defence is given up. Theology is thrown overboard. Morals are asserted to have nothing to do with it. The necessity of the penalty is disproved. And, consequently, instead of arguing any further whether executions should be performed publicly or privately, we had much better determine at once, and for ever, that executions shall be abolished altogether.

It is a great satisfaction to us to think that the subject of capital punishment is no longer a matter to be presented to the Mind of England, but only remains to be settled by its Heart. The abstract question needs no more inquiry or discussion than the theory of gravitation, or the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. It must be as manifest as daylight to every rational being but the wilfully blind, that killing to prove the sacredness of life, is at once an astounding absurdity and a profound immorality ; and that it is not only a ridiculous, but a blasphemous error, ‘ to break men’s necks for the love of God.’ The recent strangulation of the Mannings, with its ghastly concomitants, has called forth protests from every corner of our country against the further existence of the gibbet ; and we are rejoiced to find that the cause for which we have laboured with all our might, through many hopeful (and some desponding) years, is at length evidently so near its final and triumphant accomplishment.

Among the powerful and practical embodiments of British opinion on this question, which the recent strangulation-scene has called forth, we have before us one, extracted from a late number of the ‘ Liverpool Journal,’ which seems to our mind so eloquent, manly, and Christian-like a statement of the present position of the subject, and of our duty in regard to it, that we shall make no apology for closing our article by reprinting it entire. Would that its pure and beautiful sentiments could be engraven on the heart of every member of the community ; and that even a faint echo of its noble principles could sometimes be heard from the ministerial bench in St. Stephen’s chapel !

‘THE MORAL OF THE GALLOWS.

‘The scene at the execution of the Mannings for murder, has, more than any other recent event, revealed the amount of morbid feeling and social degradation existing in modern England. That such a scene could occur in the nation’s great metropolis is a downright scandal to the civilization of which we boast so loudly, and proclaims in a voice too loud and imperious to be disregarded, either by statesmen or philanthropists, that in spite of all our prisons, scaffolds, and penal settlements,—in spite of churches, chapels, and missions to the poor, there lives and breathes, in the very bosom of this community, a mass of ignorance, brutality, and moral recklessness, which laughs to scorn our coercion, repudiates our control, and is utterly regardless at once of the warnings of religion and the menaces of penal law. Twenty-four hours, and upwards, of unlimited debauchery!—taverns open for the accommodation of the poor! snug card parties and champagne breakfasts for the wealthier gazers on the show!—robbery and prostitution revelling in their filthy and repulsive trade!—young and old, high and low, assembled, not to moralize, but to revel and debauch!—shrieks, curses, the cries of the down-trodden, the coarse ribaldry and brutal jests of their neighbours!—drunkenness, sensuality, profanity, unchecked, unawed! Such, in a few words, is a fair description of the scene presented by Horsemonger-lane, when the law called men together to learn once more the moral lessons of the gallows, and listen to a declaration of the sanctity of human life, made by Christian England, through the officiating hangman. A barbarism more truly barbarous—depravity more utterly depraved, a completer disregard of the commonest decencies of life and humanities of feeling on the part of congregated thousands, neither savage nor civilized man ever beheld before. It was a sort of carnival of all the vilest passions and most fiendish desires. The criminality about to suffer was responded to and rivalled by the huge stream of criminalism which swelled and roared around the gibbet during the hours of darkness, in eager expectation of the loathsome tragedy which was to signalize the morn. To talk about the moral impressions produced by the disclosures of such a pandemonium of human depravity as this, were of all absurdities the most absurd. As well send men to learn lessons of cleanliness from the vermin of our sewers; as well convert our brothels into the moral training schools of our sons and daughters; as well assert the moralizing influences of unbridled passion and aggregated crime. Such a scene might help to educate some future murderer—might train some embryo bandit for the midnight assassination, and perpetuate the feelings of which O’Connor’s murder was the horrible concomitant; but it could no more moralize, refine, or even deter—it could no more render the gloating mob who drank, swore, and danced around the death-place of the doomed, wiser or holier, than it could be justified by an appeal to Christian charity, or reconciled with the dictates of the spirit of humanity and civilization.

‘In entering our firm and energetic protest against such abominations, which stimulate a spirit of criminality, and multiply criminals of

high and low degree, we have no time or space to enter at large into those abstract arguments against capital punishments, which have been urged with so much force, benevolence, and perseverance, by philanthropists, and which we believe will ultimately prevail,—reducing the law of force and fear to a mere figment of a worn-out barbarism, and causing hangmen and scaffolds to be discarded as the instruments of the vengeance of more unenlightened times. We are mainly anxious at present to dwell on the utter inutility of death punishments—to show that, whilst they must brutalize, they cannot instruct or refine; and hence, that their discontinuance is called for, no less on the grounds of public utility than on those of humanity or benevolence.

‘Now, the taking away of life in the case of the murderer is necessarily an appeal to the same class of passions as those which produce murder. The law which finds voice on the scaffold addresses the vindictiveness or the fears of those who gaze upon the sacrifice of its victim—it gratifies their passion for retaliation by slaking their thirst for vengeance, or it terrifies them into a kind of slavish and purely unenlightened respect for human life. Now, vindictiveness, if fully analyzed, will be found to be in itself one of the fruitful causes of the crimes and miseries which afflict human nature. The vindictive man walks the earth charged with the spirit of murder, even though, from motives of prudence or fear of consequences, he sheds no blood. Hence, therefore, in imparting a species of conventional consecration to the feeling of revenge, we not only inculcate a morality which is false, but pander to the very passion which more than any other perpetuates the crime we seek to suppress. The maxim of ‘eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood,’ has been long since superseded by the benign command, ‘Love your enemies;’ and hence, in one breath, to bid men hate and crush the guilty, and in the next to proclaim the authority of the religion of mercy, is not only an inconsistency, but hypocrisy so glaring, that the wonder is, that the veriest Jesuit should dare to perpetrate it. We deny that a feeling of revenge or hatred can ever be a legitimate consequence of our sense of wrong or crime. The man who would hang the murderer is, whether knowingly or not, inspired by a spirit just as repulsive as that of the blood-stained criminal himself. Great crimes denote great guilt—they are the gloomy signals which remind us that minds are wrecked which might perchance have soared; and those minds demand our pity, our aid, the putting forth of the curative power within our reach. Vengeance is not their due, but help. They claim the discipline of the moral infirmary, not the ignominy of the scaffold; and the man who gloats over the criminal’s untimely and disgraceful death, instead of mourning over his criminality, and longing for his restoration, has yet to become acquainted alike with the spirit of Christianity, and the genius of philosophy and civilization.

‘We need a new philosophy in reference to crime, even as we need a new code of ethics in our treatment of criminals. The bloody lessons taught by scaffolds have found their natural fruits in deeds of violence, and brutal feelings such as fill the hearts of execution mobs. We have slain the man-slayer,—yet, lo! the multiplication of man-slayers has been the horrible result. We have sought to strike terror into the soul of the multitude by terrible punishments; time was when

every heath had its gibbets, and each Monday morning its batch of victims, and yet, still has murder stalked abroad mockingly—increasing in barbarity—multiplying its victims yearly—hurling a bold and obstinate defiance at our efforts to crush it, by means akin in spirit to itself. We believe not in the potency of terror as an instrument of law for the preservation of order; for natures sufficiently unenlightened to be influenced by the awful emblems of national justice, are not sufficiently elevated to retain such influence beyond the moment of excitement; and hence to them the scaffold brings an increased barbarity, and moral hardihood which is permanent, and a vague, purely sensuous horror which is but momentary in its sway. Crime, whatever be its form, cannot be put down by force, any more than error, vice, or prejudice. It is not in the power of governments to hang murder out of the land; though it is in their power, as at present, to render the term punishment, in reference to murder, synonymous with degradation in reference to the multitude it pretends to instruct—to multiply murderers, whilst avenging murder,—to debase and brutalize, whilst assuming to warn the ignorant masses of the doom of him who man's blood sheddeth.

‘If murder is to be exterminated, the causes which dictate it, or rather the causes which produce the state of mind of which its deeds of blood are the consequents, must be dealt with in a wise, humane, and earnest spirit. We have tried terror for centuries, and it has failed. Our hangings, drawings, and quarterings—our traitors’ heads on public gates, and felons’ dishonoured graves amid prison walls, have failed! Crime has defied them;—the forces of its victims have augmented year after year,—and now the question is very pertinently asked, is it not possible to correct without coercing,—to restrain without degrading,—to vindicate justice without crushing its assailants,—in fine, to protect and elevate society without the agency of those bloody spectacles, which excite bloody thoughts, and dictate bloody deeds? Nay, more, we contend that so far from death punishments filling the soul of the spectators with horror, they uplift the criminal into a hero—they identify him in the mind with a time of passion and excitement—they secure for him pity, admiration—they render him an influence for evil in many a heart now wavering between good and evil, so that the dying murderer *ordains* murderers ere he plunges into the abyss of the future, and quits a sphere degraded by his crimes.

‘It is sheer sophistry to assert that the masses who attend our executions behold the natural consequences of murder, and are so forewarned of the due of the men of blood. It is begging the whole question to assume that death is the natural or legitimate consequence of murder—a proposition which we are prepared to dispute. Were the criminal allowed to live, his moral powers trained, and his perception of right and wrong quickened, there were then some chance of our becoming acquainted with the natural consequences of guilt; for as the faculties matured—as the conscience grew in sensitiveness and integrity, the guilt of the past would stand forth in all its intensity, the tears of genuine penitence would start to the shrinking eye, and the man, awakened by discipline to a sense of bygone enormities, would endure torments compared with which the scaffold pangs are trivial, but which,

unlike those pangs, would elevate the victim, without brutalizing the community. If governments will only consent to allow our murderers to take the natural consequences of murder, taking good care to enforce the idea that to them even society has duties,—we say, if governments will only consent to do this, we should be content; but so long as death punishments are upheld as warnings to the masses of the natural consequences of murder, and the hangman and scaffold conserved as a terror to evil doers, just so long will our legislation in reference to crime prove a failure, the dictates of justice and humanity be violated, and our philanthropists mourn hopelessly over the widening and deepening of the foul stream of criminality.

‘We think the time has arrived when the voice of humanity and religion may well be allowed to prevail against those principles and feelings which are false and barbarous in themselves, and have shown such falsehood and barbarism by their hateful fruits. Coercion, terrorism, have been tried, and tried only to augment the evils they have sought to kill. May we not now very righteously listen and respond to the dictates of that mercy which our own SHAKSPERE tells us is “twice blessed?”’—*Liverpool Journal*, Nov. 17.

ART. V.—1. *Hungary and Transylvania; with Remarks on their Condition, &c.* By John Paget, Esq. Two Vols. New Edition. London: J. Murray.

2. *Parallels between the Constitution and Constitutional History of England and Hungary.* By J. Toulmin Smith, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-law. London: Effingham Wilson.

THE Bœotians, if we may credit Athenæus, used to sacrifice certain eels of an uncommon size which were taken in the lake Copais. When asked by a stranger, who was present at these sacrifices, the cause of the rites, the Bœotians answered that they observed the customs of their forefathers without thinking themselves obliged to give a reason for them to every stranger. These Bœotians were assuredly the Tories of Greece. Churchmen and statesmen of the old-light school had, therefore, in the faith of these learned Thebans, venerable precedent for the favourite dogma that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and possibly, too, scepticism had its antique precedent in a more Attic progeny from that fruitful mother of error. Rare weal-sacrifices do Anglo-Bœotians offer on the altars of ignorant devotion!

In the conflict of opinion between the old world and the new—between the men who rely on the past, and those who hope in

the future, we have nearly lost count of the true political value of antiquity. There is a direful antagonism between faith contented and reason restless, and each is carried by zeal or hate into the extremity of opinion. The veneration Bæotian boasts of the glory of his institutions because they are old; he of the more Attic mind contemns them for the same reason. 'Of all the old things ever seen or heard of,' said Jeremy Bentham to the antiquity idolaters, 'there is not one that was not once new. Whatever is now establishment, was once innovation.' The utilitarian philosopher maximized only for one-half of the political globe. A pithy exhortation in the same spirit to the new generation, prone to abstract theory, might have been of use in keeping mankind, if not exactly on the old beaten track, at least on a practicable pathway in the search after the political philosophies. Speculation is a tricky spirit, too often luring honest wayfarers into the golden quicksands of Utopia.

The antagonist zeal and self of action and reaction, have given life, but sadness, to the revolutionary scenes of which we quiet islanders have been undisturbed spectators for the last twenty months. The combat has ceased, with great loss on both sides, but stratagetically with no decisive result, and leaving the combatants pretty nearly as they were when they came to blows. If Liberty has lost something, Truth has gained a little. Truths of paramount importance to the liberties of men and nations have been painfully tested.

' ————— Two truths are told,
As happy prologues of the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.'

Free institutions must be based on practical principles; solid and lasting institutions can only be consolidated by time.

A regard for the authority of antiquity is a feeling as rational as it is grateful to the well-regulated mind; and to borrow the loose parlance of political language—it is a policy, liberal and conservative. For the hour of thoughtful retirement we cannot imagine a worldly topic more replete with interest than the history of institutions. In the study of them, reason is strengthened by authority, and action practically directed by example. The action of the present must rationally improve on the past, if mankind would individually read these teachings of practical philosophy in the things once new, now old, and value establishments once innovation, by the measure of a high-principled utility. It is a practical matter for the simple citizen who daily feels that progress outgrows establishment, and to the scholar seeking the causes of the decay of the liberties of early Europe it is a question of the grandest historical importance. In

England, we fear that true veneration for the wise and the brave men of old is fading away with other national moralities. The respect is Bæotian, the retrospect Attic.

Antiquity has dangerous rocks, on which many a gallant ship has suffered wreck ; but dark rocks may bear aloft bright lights to warn the mariner from hidden and more perilous shoals. The rude hand of time presses heavily on all things. Institutions, too, are the spoils of time ; dust and rubbish accumulate with the strength of growth. Because men make no effort to distinguish between encumbrance and defeat, they sneer at the wisdom of their ancestors. Abuse, with a plentiful rhetorical use of the commodity, is pleaded in justification of disuse. Some men would not scruple to pull down the columns of the Parthenon, because time and the barbarian had concealed their grand proportions in rubbish.

That free institutions must be based on practical principles is proved by the history of political institutions living and dead, and illustrated in the history of political speculation by the series of impracticabilities propounded from the days of Plato, the ideal republican theorizer, to Sieyès, the busy model constitution maker. How plentifully the crop has flourished in our own practical half century, we need not now pause to reckon. Institutions must be regarded as lawyers interpret doubtful statutes, with reference to the circumstances of the times in which they had their origin. The perfection of laws consisting in the largest amount of unshackled natural freedom to man, consistent with the safety and happiness of mankind ; we must judge the value of institutions by the effect they give to this great social principle. Has the commonwealth tranquillity, independence, prosperity ? Have the citizens freedom of thought, speech, action ? On the maximum affirmed depends the position of that state and the rank as freemen of its people. The fundamental principle of human government, that all power flows from the people, need hardly be enforced at this time of day, though venerable theorists of divine right, and liberal exponents of the paternal system, may be found at home and abroad. The principle is plain and practical. It is the application of the governmental rule of the household to the state. The man endowed with reason surely must know better how to manage his own affairs than his neighbour can. Of natural right the management of these belongs to him, and reason asserts it so long as that management is not in direct opposition to the laws which regulate society. Reason and law, therefore, concur in asserting that all men of sane mind are better able to manage their own affairs than anybody else is to manage them for them. This is the rationale of free government. Extend the rule from the family

to the community, from the community to the whole state, and we see at a glance the great principle on which self-government, local and national, is founded.

In the question of the authority of antiquity, the length of time for which institutions have endured is an important element of consideration. Debateable points may be raised on the value of historical testimony, but we may legitimately take as proved, that institutions of government which have endured for ages without material change in form, or departure from fundamental principles, have answered the purposes for which they were framed and put into legal force. Institutions may be laden with the gathered encumbrances of years, and still retain in healthy exercise the working system of the fundamental principles on which they were founded. So is it with our Anglo-Saxon constitution; dust and rubbish have somewhat marred its fine proportions, but the glorious frame-work which the great Ælfred laid, remains intact after protecting the liberties of our forefathers for a thousand years. In speaking of Ælfred as the framer of the constitution, we allude to him only as the architect who rears a spacious edifice of stately form from the ruder materials shaped to his hand; for the student of our history need hardly be told that established institutions of local self-government existed ages before the days of our wise lawgiver. They were probably in use amongst the Saxons ere Hengist and Horsa came into Britain, for it certainly was the governmental policy of the ancient Germans as far back as certain history extends. It was doubtless admiration of these rudimental institutions of freedom which animated the profound political genius of Tacitus to paint on imperishable canvass the rude manners, but free life, of that remote ancestry of great nations. 'The Germans,' says the great historian, 'were noble, magnanimous, and beneficent, without ambition to aggrandize their dominions, or invading those from whom they received no injury; rather choosing to employ their strength and valour defensively than offensively; to preserve their own than to ravage their neighbours.' Better praise a Christian nation could not desire; as the character of a rude heathen race, if historical analogies are to be allowed weight, that was undoubtedly the social result of free institutions of self-government.

These are strong facts in support of the authority of antiquity on the plain and practical consideration that a system politically sufficient to give national stability and individual liberty in rude times, when might was too often right, serving the same purposes through ages in which men progressed by slow degrees to refinement, is surely not to be despised by the man of intelligence in the most advanced stages of human progress. If the

antiquarian half of mankind could be persuaded to admire the pillars rather than the rubbish, and the other half to lend their activity to the task of removing it, political harmony might come from discords. The conservative would find a worthy object for veneration—the man of progress complete realization of his wishes in the most perfect and practical democracy which political wisdom has devised. We require no constitutional architect for the work of political reform, but a few skilful workmen to clear away the accumulations on a sound edifice founded on a rock. We want a people's party with conservative-radical principles and policy. It is nationally necessary for the development of our institutions to the requirements of progress—it is of European importance as an example to the nations now struggling for liberty.

There are two bright examples for the instruction of the nations. England on the west, and Hungary on the east of Europe, hold up the lights of freedom, in free institutions of local self-government, which have withstood the storms of ages.

Tory philosophers have lately made the notable discovery that sympathy is an abstraction.* By imperious ukase of the fourth estate, it is ordered to be forthwith blotted out of the category of the moralities. Happily for the world, popular sympathy for Tory philosophy is at this time of day somewhat abstract, and though at times that genial quality grows amiably eccentric, we can quote the consolatory declaration of starry Galileo. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that the moral power of sympathy depends much on the circumstances which attend its exercise. Is it instinctive, such as the savage feels for his death-stricken child, or tempered by reason, as when the heart of the wise man beats in hope for his kind? In the one case it gushes impetuously like the torrent, powerful but temporary in force; in the other, it is as a gentle stream spreading far and wide its gladdening and refreshing influences on humanity. Many true English hearts have lately throbbed with hope and fear for heroic Hungary. Words of sympathy for her glory and her misfortunes have fallen from eloquent lips, but the popular expression, we fear, has had no deeper spring than the instinctive feeling common to all men of admiration for bravery, and pity for misfortune. English sympathy for that gallant nation, to be useful and permanent, should flow from the more rational source of a political fellow-feeling for suffering copartners in the blessings of liberty, based on the only solid foundation—large and free institutions of self-government.

It was unfortunate for Hungary, as far as concerns a practical

* 'Times' and 'Chronicle,' *passim*.

expression of English sympathy, that the constitutional character of her struggle with the House of Hapsburg was not popularly enforced on public attention at an earlier period. The close resemblance in the leading features of her constitution to that of England is now well understood, but a more important point of family likeness in the respective local institutions of self-government, is little known out of Hungary. The political inquirer has now the means of obtaining an accurate knowledge of these points from the two excellent works mentioned at the commencement of this article. The first is a new and enlarged edition of a book published ten years ago, extensive in its range of information, pleasing as a record of travel, and accurate and intelligent in the descriptions of the institutions of Hungary and Transylvania. Mr. Paget was a close and reflecting observer, during a residence of some duration in Hungary, and the work has received the praise of great accuracy from distinguished Hungarian scholars and politicians. The second work is a masterly comparison, by a learned and acute lawyer, of the Hungarian constitutional system with our own. It is popularly written, and a valuable contribution to the cause of English, as well as Hungarian freedom. The fundamental points of freedom dependent on institutional establishments, are indicated with remarkable precision, and illustrated with clearness and force. The Hungarian question is now presented in entirely new points of view.

Some curious facts have been noticed in the general features of constitutional relationship between the countries, especially in the coincidence of the so-called grant of the *Bulla Aurea*, of Andreas II., five years after John signed the *Magna Charta* of England. The facts have been correctly stated, but the conclusions inferred as to the date of establishment are erroneous. The bull of Andreas, like the charter of John, was not a grant, but a confirmation of a system of government which had been in use in both countries for ages. Duke Arpad and his Scythian warriors as surely carried over the mountains of Transylvania, into the Slavonian plains of the Theiss, a rude kind of self-government, as our own Saxon ancestors did when they came from Scandinavia, and found a new home in Celtic Britain three centuries earlier. A rude military democracy, with a limited aristocracy of the bravest and strongest warriors, laid the foundation of those free institutions which received constitutional form in the times of Andreas and his successors. The failure of male issue from Stephen, the first king, who wore the holy diadem, so dear to all true Magyars, in the beginning of the eleventh century, led to the elective system of monarchy, long retained by the Hungarians, and to a more democratic departure in that respect from

the English parallel. Tumultuous assemblies of the chiefs and their followers, in time, gave place to the hereditary and official legislation of the magnates and high officers, and representation by and of the nobles in the Upper and Lower Tables of the Diet. But these points have been so recently clearly explained in various publications, that we may proceed at once to notice the principal local institutions of the country.

The most important institutions of local self-government in Hungary were (we must now, we fear, speak in the past time) those of the villages and the counties. The towns, unfortunately, allowed themselves to become the victims of the continued attempts of Austrian centralization. This, however, as Mr. Toulmin Smith rightly observes, was of less importance in an agricultural country like Hungary, than in a manufacturing country like England. Every village annually elected and paid its own magistrates and other officers; and through these apportioned and collected its own taxes, and managed all its own immediate affairs. It is important to note that all the inhabitants of every village had an equal voice in the management of its affairs. A chief magistrate was annually chosen, together with six assistants, or aldermen, having jurisdiction in the smaller civil and criminal cases arising within the village, from whose decision there was an appeal to the country.

The towns and cities lost their ancient freedom in the course of the last century, when Austria succeeded in overturning the popular constitution, making the councils self-elective and subservient to the bureaucracy.

The county establishments were the principal strongholds of self-government. Each of the fifty-two Vármegye, or counties, had a separate local administration, and constituted a kind of state within itself. With the exception of the Fő-Ispán, or lord-lieutenant, a crown officer, all the officials were chosen by the people every three years. The principal officials were the first and second Al-Ispán, or deputy-lieutenant, an officer corresponding to our sheriff; the Judex-Nobilium, or county magistrate, of whom there are four or five; the Notarius, or public prosecutor, with a large staff of receivers of state taxes and county taxes, collectors, fiscals, etc. Four times at least in every year, and oftener if necessary, the Fő-Ispán, or, in his absence, the Vice-Ispán, was obliged by law to call a public meeting of all the nobles* and clergy of the county. These meetings partook both of a political and municipal character. During the sittings of the Diet, the questions before the cham-

* That is, the persons clothed with electoral privileges. The Hungarian noble is frequently only a poor peasant.

bers, or tables, as they are called, were discussed, and instructions given to the deputies as to the manner in which they were to vote. In short, as Mr. Paget observes, 'the county meetings of Hungary are little less than provincial parliaments.' Their local power extended to every question of business which the government of the county could require. In these assemblies all the acts of the national legislature were regularly published, together with royal proclamations; but if, after due examination, these were found by the county meeting to be contrary to law, or in their tendency dangerous to liberty, they had the right to lay them aside and take no further notice of them.

'Important as the county meetings are in their immediate effects,' Mr. Paget remarks, 'they are still more so in training the people to think of, and act in, the affairs of the country; and I am convinced it is to them we must attribute the fact, that in *spite* of the censorship of the press, in spite of their isolated position, and many other disadvantages which they labour under, the Hungarians have sounder notions of politics, and a better acquaintance with their own real interests, than many of the so-called highly civilized nations of Europe. . . . It is an extraordinary fact, that Hungary, though exposed for so many centuries to constant war—though her throne has been occupied by men of genius, men born for power, and of despotic dispositions—though aliens in blood, in language, and in interest, have swayed her destinies—though princes whose rule was *absolute* in all the rest of their dominions have worn the crown of St. Stephen, yet has Hungary retained to the present time her ancient rights and institutions unimpaired. Where are we to search for the eminently conservative principle which has thus enabled her to resist so many dangers? I believe it is in the decentralization of the municipal system. The quarterly county meetings, and the discussions which take place in them, have diffused a knowledge of constitutional principles, and created a habit of exercising them, which nothing has been able to break through.' *

The reader even moderately read in our constitutional history, cannot fail to be forcibly impressed with the remarkable resemblance of these to the local institutions of England—the tythings, parishes, hundreds, boroughs, cities, and counties, as constituted by Ælfred and his predecessors and successors. It is less generally known that they still exist, by law established, though the most practically important of them have, as regards public policy, been allowed to fall into disuse. All persons, proprietors of freeholds of the annual value of at least forty shillings, are required by law to assemble in the folk-mote of the county once in every twenty-eight days, for the discussion of public

* The united physical force of Austria and Russia has since temporarily triumphed over the liberties of Hungary, but that fact does not affect the soundness of Mr. Paget's argument.

affairs, as well as for the transaction of local business. By earnest union and exertion on the part of a few reformers in each county, forty-three English local parliaments might be put in active operation in a month. Repeal the freehold qualification statute, the 7th Henry VI., cap. 7, gravely enacted, as the preamble sets forth, because 'manslaughter, riots, batteries, and divisions among the gentlemen, shall *very likely* arise and be,' and reformers will restore the ancient English principle and practice of *universal suffrage*.

Mr. Toulmin Smith, whose opinions as a constitutional lawyer are entitled to the highest respect, has taken a large and enlightened view of the general principles of local self-government. We have epitomized a few of them, in the following extracts:—

'The basis, and only possible solid foundation of free institutions in any country, must always be *local self-government*. The name of free institutions may exist; a national representative assembly may exist; a theoretical constitution, full of liberal pretensions, may exist; a free press may exist; nay, universal suffrage may exist, and even annual parliaments: but, unless there be a general, and active, and unshackled local self-government, free institutions can have no reality, law and liberty and property can have no assured securities; and the government will be merely a despotism, more or less oppressive, and more or less artfully disguised. This all-important truth has not been sufficiently seen and felt by those who, of late years, have taken the part of leaders in what is called "liberal policy" in this country. The consequence has been, that disappointment only has followed. . . . Let it be granted that even a representative assembly exists to manage all national affairs, it will yet be self-evident that it is not by instinct that men are able to form a proper judgment as to the qualifications or acts of their representatives. Such judgment, and the experience necessary to it, can never be got in any other way than by habitual and free discussion, on similar classes of subjects, among those who feel that they have an immediate interest in the result. It is by the independence of thought and conduct, to be only acquired by the habit of being continually called upon to express an opinion on, and to take an active part in, the management of the affairs of their own district, that men can alone ever be really fit to elect representatives to parliament, or to form sound and respect-worthy opinions of the conduct of such representatives. . . . The *primary fundamental principle*, then, of true free institutions, is, that *ALL local affairs* shall be managed and controlled *by local bodies only*;—*general affairs, affecting the common good of the whole community*, being those only with the management of which *the general representative assembly* has concern.'

If argument is thus politically cogent in support of the principle here contended for—we conceive that the question may be

greatly strengthened by purely moral reasoning, and on considerations peculiarly applicable to a trading people like the English. It must not be forgotten that, if self-government is politically a *right*, its active and constant exercise is also morally a *duty*. If trading occupations tend to cramp the mind, and the pursuit of fortune induces a selfish disregard of the welfare of others, no more practically efficient antidote can be found than the habit of regularly and frequently meeting together for the discussion of public affairs, which must necessarily excite social sympathies. Man is gregarious by nature. If association sometimes provokes discord, emulation stirs up and draws forth the graces and charities of humanity. The love of self grows in isolation. There is a time for everything; and even in the pursuit of mammon, man may be taught to devote a little with profit to the service of his fellows. There is more than the mere words express in that fine sentiment of the Greek poet—

‘This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will, deserves high praise,
Who *neither can nor will*, may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?’

He who neither can nor will, in a free state, is no true freeman.

Centralization is the political bane of our age. Its soul-cramping results have long been visible in the paternal systems and despotisms of Europe; the silent, but sure and rapid, progress which it is making in this country of free institutions, is a matter which should excite the most anxious care of those who value their ancient liberties. The great Prussian statesman, Von Stein—a man, above all others, well qualified to speak of the evil influences of bureaucracy—in a letter to Professor Arndt, when the German movement was assuming the form of a great fact, wrote these short, common-sense words:—“The true opponents of the good cause are to be found in the array of officials. All they want is to lead easy lives—to have good pay, to be sure of their places, and to continue undisturbed the mysterious scribbling work in which they pass their days.”* A centralized government is the political paradise of statesmen and their dependents. Bureaucracy, whether of German place-holders or English place-hunters, is dangerous to freedom. France, after sixty years of blood, and strife, and hate, has not yet made one practical step to liberty. Paris is still, politically, France. After all her democratic aspirations, she has gained republican despotism. A republic, with the fratricidal stain of

* Arndt—“Nothgedrungener Bericht aus seinem Leben.”

Cain on her front, she stands amongst the nations as a warning from error. Vain are forms, without the substance, of freedom. Call a national council, an assembly, a congress, a cortes, or a diet, in a land unblest by broad institutions of self-government, and the thing is a mockery and delusion. Even in democratic Norway, where the home-spun peasant speaks and votes in the national Storting, office-craft extends its blighting influence on personal liberty. The united exertions of freemen must be directed against the strongholds of the increasing forces of centralization.

On the 24th of March, 1848, the Archduke Stephen, Palatine of Hungary, wrote to the Imperial Court in these words:—

‘I shall at present attempt, in a few words, to bring forward the three measures by which alone I hope to be able to attain *any result* in Hungary. The first measure would be, to withdraw the whole armed force from the country, and *to leave it a prey to total devastation; to look on passively upon the disorders and fire-raising, and also upon the struggles between nobles and peasants.*

‘The second measure would be, to *enter into negotiations* with Count Batthyanyi *concerning the motions to be brought forward for laws*, and to save everything that can be saved. He is at present the sole hero of the people; and, if we delay longer, his star might likewise wane. But we must know beforehand what is to be done, in case he should not be satisfied, and resign.

‘Lastly, the third measure would be, to recall the palatine, and send a royal commissioner to Presburg, *invested with extraordinary powers, and accompanied by a considerable military force*, who, *after dissolving the Diet there*, should proceed to Pesth, and *carry on the government there with a strong hand*, as long as circumstances would permit.’

The patriotism of nobles and peasantry prevented the adoption of the first; for the second, there was no hope in the good Batthyanyi; the third was adopted, and Austria, with the aid of Russia, succeeded, at the cost of her own independence. How remarkably does that archducal letter explain the baseness and treachery of imperial policy. As English journalists have been loud in praise of the *liberality* of Count Stadion’s famous Constitution, it may be useful to analyze it a little, as respects the application to Hungary. Here are some of the constitutional salves for her wounds when hangman Haynau, tired of the knout, hands her over to the care of the bureaucracy. Mark the liberality of Statesman Stadion!

In that masterpiece of bureaucratic perfidy, the principle of political right is admitted with abundant liberality, but the exercise shackled by repressive laws, rendering it a mockery. The fifth section gives liberty to the press; but the repressive law, published a short time after the constitution was granted,

enacts penalties so heavy and so easily inflicted, that the censorship, in comparison, was a blessing. The same may be said of the law regulating the liberty of meeting and of associations, which may be suspended, according to section 12, not only in the case of war, but even in so-called disturbances in the interior of the country; and as any legitimate agitation may be baptized by this phrase, despotism slips through the back door, and kills the principle admitted at the entrance gate.

Section 1 of the Constitution for the empire of Austria declares that the kingdom of Hungary, with its provinces, are Austrian 'crown-land.' This sentence annihilates the Hungarian Constitution sworn to by fourteen kings of the House of Hapsburg. Hungary was never a crown-land of the empire of Austria, but an independent kingdom, the crown of which was conferred on the possessors of certain hereditary provinces, in which Hungary was never included, not even in the official denominations of the Austrian Government. It was always said, 'the kingdom of Hungary and the hereditary provinces;' for, in case of the extinction of the House of Hapsburg, the last heir had a right to bequeath the hereditary provinces to any reigning house he chose, but never the kingdom of Hungary, which had, in such a case, the right of electing a new dynasty. Therefore, the very inclusion of Hungary into the rank and number co-ordinate with the other provinces, under the name of a 'crown-land,' applicable to all, is *primâ facie* a revolutionary act on the part of the Hapsburg family, upsetting an act of settlement sworn to for three centuries, and thereby a legal forfeiture of all claim to the crown of St. Stephen.

Section 2 renders this odious act of revolutionary despotism even more flagrant, by declaring that 'these crown-lands form the free, independent, indivisible and indissoluble constitutional Austrian hereditary monarchy;' which means nothing less than an incorporation of Hungary into the Austrian empire, with all the consequences appertaining thereto.

Section 6 declares that, 'The limits of the empire and of the individual crown-lands, cannot be changed unless by special law;' which means to say that Hungary may be divided for the purposes of Austrian centralization and despotism into as many parts as the Government and the general Imperial Diet sees fit, although every king of Hungary holds the crown of that country under the special condition of preserving its integrity, and although, according to old laws, the king forfeits his royal dignity by violating that condition.

Section 4 says, 'The independence of the individual crown-lands is guaranteed within the limits fixed by the constitution of the empire;' *i. e.*, the independence of Hungary is abolished

because this constitution granted, and therefore revocable, wills it.

Section 12, 'The Emperor is crowned as Emperor of Austria;' *i. e.*, the crown of St. Stephen is thrown into the lumber-room.

Section 24, 'In no crown-land shall there be any difference between its natives and those of another crown-land, neither for administration of civil or criminal justice, nor in the ways and manners of justice, nor in the distribution of the public burdens.' A finely-worded way of saying that the rule of the bureau is better than the self-government of free institutions.

Section 47, 'Each member of the Imperial Diet has to take his oath of fealty to the Emperor and the constitution of the empire;' *i. e.*, a Hungarian sitting in that Diet is a traitor to his country, and still has the right to vote its laws.

Section 63, 'The deputies from all the crown-lands participate in the legislation on the affairs of the empire;' *i. e.*, Bohemian, Italian, or German deputies may vote the laws of Hungary, of a foreign country, of whose internal affairs they may know nothing. It would not be more absurd for the British House of Commons to begin legislating for Siberia.

Section 66, 'The constitution of the kingdom of Hungary shall so far be maintained, that the regulations which do not deal with this constitution lose their effect;' *i. e.*, the constitution of Hungary shall so far be maintained, as is compatible with the state of an Austrian province, blighted by Austrian centralization, and subject to Austrian taxation. Falstaff's allowance of bread to sack was nothing to this.

Sections 67, 68, and 69, separate the Waywodeship of Serbia from Hungary Proper, the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia from the provincial federation with Hungary, and Transylvania from her indissoluble union with Hungary, solemnly confirmed by the uncle of the present Emperor. These three outrages are of the most shameless ukase kind, contrary to sworn oaths and acts of settlement; justifiable and maintainable only by the laws of drum-head court-martial, and the boldest aggressions of revolutionary despotism ever recorded in the history of the world.

But all these things dwindle into nothing, when compared with the provisions of section 82: 'During the prorogation of the Imperial and Provincial Diets, and in case of urgent measures being required for the empire, or for one of the crown-lands, the Emperor is privileged, by his responsible ministers, to adopt the necessary measures which shall then stand provisionally in the place of laws, but he shall be bound to submit his motives and results to the Imperial Diet, or to the respective Provincial Diets.' By this one clause, all the benefits which

Hungary might have reaped after the loss of her independence, liberties, and privileges, are rendered a mockery; for cases of urgent measures will never fail to present themselves, and the provisional laws enacted by the free will of the Emperor will be announced in due form to the general Diet, but will remain in full vigor so long that their provisional character will be converted into a permanent one. And even should this not be the case, and should their provisional character cease after a lapse of only one year, there is no guarantee that Hungary and the co-ordinate provinces, enjoying the blessings of such a constitution, shall be free from the court-martial caresses of a Windischgrätz or a Haynau, when the Emperor, in his paternal wisdom, thinks it necessary, for the safety of his dominions, or the inflation of his pockets.

Section 87, 'The Emperor appoints lieutenants for the crown-lands. They are the organs of the executive power, charged to watch over the execution of the laws of the empire, and of the provinces to which each is appointed to conduct the internal affairs of the province.' This one clause sweeps away, with an audacious hand, all the old and glorious institutions of self-government in Hungary, born in the impenetrable mist of ages—sustained with wonderful firmness and elasticity against all the encroachments of bureaucratic perfidy and military power, and handed down from father to son as the most precious inheritance of the land. The laws of the empire will, of course, be accepted by the Hungarians, not even with a reluctant grace, and must therefore be enforced by the Lieutenant of Hungary with the whole machinery of centralization.

Section 102 says, 'All taxes and rates for the purposes of the empire and the provinces shall be imposed by law;' and 104 adds, 'The national debt is guaranteed by the empire;' that is to say, frugal Hungary is to be taxed by the deputies of over-taxed provinces, in whose financial burthens, the result of despotic misrule, she never was a partner, and whose national debt, the effect of the same cause, she never accepted.

We leave the reader to say, who were the revolutionists—the Imperial House of Hapsburg, or the freemen of Hungary.

But Hungary is curbed, not conquered. 'The spirit of freemen yet lives; and all the bayonets of Austria can never break it.' The brave Magyar is only 'biding his time.'

ART. VI.—1. *Memoirs of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Adam Averall, for nearly thirty years President of the Wesleyan Primitive Methodist Conference.* By Alexander Stewart and George Rivington. Pp. 432. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1849.

2. *A Memorial of the Ministerial Life of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, Irish Missionary.* By William Reilly. Pp. 318. London: John Mason.

THE case of the Irish Establishment is likely to occupy the attention of Parliament during the ensuing session. It is expected that Mr. Roebuck will bring the subject early before the House of Commons. We know not yet what ground the honourable and learned gentleman means to take—whether he will propose the abolition, or the reform of the Establishment—a total separation of the Church from the State, or only a modification of the present system, cutting off its excesses, and reducing it to the limits of the Church of England population, according to the Congregational plan,* which was in favour with the Whigs some years ago. Being, then, ignorant of Mr. Roebuck's purposes, we reserve our opinion of his measure till he brings it before the public. In the meantime it may be useful to examine the claims of the Irish Church as a *religious institute*, and see whether it has fulfilled the mission assigned to it by the legislature, or supposing the past to be forgotten, it is even yet in a condition to fulfil it; or whether, on the other hand, it does not present the greatest obstruction to the accomplishment of the object for the sake of which, chiefly, it was called into existence three centuries ago.

When we say the 'greatest obstacle,' we would guard against being misunderstood. The object for which the Anglican Church was established in Ireland, was the evangelization of the *whole* population—the instruction and spiritual guidance of the nation, including, of course, the conquered natives, who were, at the time of its foundation, deprived of their own pastors, and compelled by law to attend the parish churches, and listen to the Protestant service in English. We are told by Mr. Reilly, in one of the volumes before us, and the statement is often repeated by Protestants of Conservative sentiments, that the great obstacle to the evangelization of Ireland, or, in other words, the conversion of Roman Catholics, is, not the Establishment, but Popery, which

* From information received since this article was prepared, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Roebuck will take a broad and unsectarian view of the question, in which case he may rely on receiving our heartiest support.

they are accustomed to denounce in good set terms. This is about as reasonable as to say that the great obstacle to the sinner's conversion is sin, or to a man's restoration to health, his disease. The great work to be done was, and is, the eradication of Popery from the minds of its votaries, and the establishment therein of the principles of the gospel. This, together with the religious culture of the Protestant settlers, was the task imposed by the legislature, and for the performance of which the Church received the most ample funds.

The idea of an ecclesiastical establishment in the minds of eminent statesmen and churchmen in the middle ages, when the people all belonged to the same creed, had something in it patriotic and noble. They divided the country into parishes, that there might be a church at a convenient distance for all the inhabitants; that they might have a spiritual guide within reach, who would instruct them in the principles of Christianity, correct them by its discipline, console them in their afflictions, hallow the birth of their children, prepare the dying for eternity, and administer the rites of sepulture over their mortal remains. The State wished, in those ages, that every one of its subjects should have *a right* to a place in the parish church—that the serf and the pauper might there worship God on a footing of equality with the earl and the prince. They did not contemplate the diversity of sentiment which has accompanied the progress of freedom in modern times, nor did they apprehend that the civil government would so generally debase religion by making it subservient to its policy—too often short-sighted, selfish, and wicked.

It was, however, to carry out this idea of a State Church, that the Anglican hierarchy was established in Ireland on the ruins of the Roman. For this purpose, as we have remarked, they received funds the most ample, and every possible aid that they could desire, or the Government afford.

Previous to the Church Temporalities Act, 3 and 4 Wm. IV., c. 37, there were twenty-two bishoprics in Ireland, with a total income of £150,635. When the provisions of that act come into complete operation, the total income of the two archbishops and their ten suffragan bishops will be £67,539, being an average of £5,628 to each. Under the former state of things there were twenty-two prelates thus richly endowed, and having, besides, immense patronage; there was a body of dignitaries in each diocese also amply endowed, and a large body of clergy divided between them the tithes of the land, exacted from the Roman Catholic population, as well as from the Protestants. Never was an ecclesiastical body better furnished with means for the instruction of a nation.

Such were the Church's means and appliances for the evangelization of Ireland. Let us now see what some of the wisest men of the day thought of the practicability of the work undertaken. Spenser, in his 'State of Ireland,' describes the religious condition of the natives in the time of Elizabeth, and it is melancholy to find his description applicable to the present hour. He said that they were then 'all Papists by their profession, but in the same so blindly and brutishly informed, for the most part, that not one among a hundred knoweth any ground of religion, or any article of his faith; but can say his *Pater*, or his *Ave Maria*, without any knowledge or understanding what one word thereof meaneth.' Yet Spenser did not despair of the illumination of this ignorant people, provided the work were undertaken in the right spirit. He says, 'in planting of religion thus much is needful to be observed, that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed with terror and sharp penalties, as now is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it be understood, and its professors despised and rejected. And, therefore, it is expedient that some discreet ministers of their own country be sent among them, which, by their meek persuasions and instructions, as also by their sober lives and conversation, may draw them first to understand, and afterwards to embrace the doctrine of their salvation.'* But Spenser's plan was not adopted. The terror and sharp penalties remained in force—native ministers would not be trusted by the authorities—the native language would not be tolerated. Wherefore Protestantism was hated before it was understood, and its preachers rejected and despised. Vainly did that great statesman reproach the idle ministers that they did 'not look out into God's harvest, which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago.' Idle these well-paid functionaries still remained; and not only idle, but profligate, setting an example of anything but godliness and sobriety.

A few men, such as Usher and Bedell, endeavoured to rouse the Church to a sense of her responsibility, but with little success. Bishop Burnet, in his 'Life of Bedell,' states that this good prelate 'observed, with much regret, that the English had always neglected the Irish—had left them wholly in the hands of their priests. And, indeed,' he adds, 'their priests were a strange sort of people, that knew generally nothing but the reading of the offices, which were not so much as understood by many of them. Therefore he (Bedell) resolved to set about the apostolic work of converting the natives with a zeal and care that such an undertaking required. For they had no sort of notion of

* View of the State of Ireland.

Christianity, but only knew that they were to depend upon their priests, and were to confess such of their actions as they called sins to them, and to pay them tithes. He also thought the true interest of England was to gain the Irish to a knowledge of religion, and to bring them, by the means of that which only turns the heart, to love the English nation; and so he judged the wisdom of that course was apparent, as well as the piety of it.*

But not so judged the rulers of that day, whom Bedell tried in vain to persuade to 'co-operate with Christ in bringing his people out of the Romish captivity.' Dr. Mason, in his 'Life of Bedell,' remarks that 'the aggressive character which essentially belongs to the ministry of the gospel in spiritual warfare, and which formed a necessary part of it from the time our Saviour first issued his great missionary command, was but little understood, even until some years of the present century had elapsed, when our clergy, as it were quite suddenly, opened their eyes to perceive that the souls of all the inhabitants of their several parishes were committed to their charge; and who, it may be demanded, required their attention so much as the Romanists? They, far from being indifferent to religion, and devoutly bowing to the name of Jesus, were kept in the grossest ignorance by their nominal pastors, and were even taught to blend their devotions with idolatry, by those to whom the Protestants would have exclusively committed their instruction.†

Dr. Mason further states that 'Dr. Samuel Madden, a celebrated and influential philanthropist in A.D. 1738, warmly advocated the employment of a body of itinerant clergy to preach to the natives in Irish;' and that Dr. Berkley, Bishop of Cloyne, recommended the same measure; and even insinuates that persons conversant in low life, and speaking the Irish language, if well instructed in the first principles of religion, though for the rest on a level with parish clerks, or schoolmasters of charity schools, should be sent among the people.‡

But neither the civil nor ecclesiastical rulers of the day would think of anything of the kind, and, to adopt the words of Dr. Jackson, now President of the Conference, when John Wesley went to Ireland, '*Protestantism had fallen into a profound sleep under the shade of the civil power; and Popery, ever watchful and active for the attainment of its own selfish ends, was rapidly leading the body of the population into superstition and sin.*'§ For two centuries, then, this State Church had betrayed its trust

* Reilly's Life of Gideon Ouseley, p. 16.

† Mason's Life of Bedell, p. 267, 1843.

‡ Life of Ouseley, p. 103.

§ Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, p. 139.

and neglected its duty. Its well-paid shepherds did not seek and reclaim the lost. They did not even watch over the little flocks of Protestants which constituted their more immediate charge. They were, for the most part, gay, worldly men, who hunted, gambled, danced, and caroused, scarcely ever spending a thought on the immortal souls perishing around them. This is no misrepresentation. It is the account of the matter given by several of the most eminent of the Irish clergy themselves. Nor can the clergy of those times be excused on the ground that the Roman Catholic people were inaccessible and irreclaimable. That man of wonderful zeal, and of still more wonderful sagacity, the apostolic Wesley, found them quite otherwise. 'What a nation is this!' he exclaimed; 'every man, woman, and child (except a few of the great vulgar), not only patiently, but gladly suffer the word of exhortation!'

'Mr. John Wesley was the *first* of the noble band of Oxford witnesses who came from England to Ireland to unfurl the banner of the Cross. He reached it on Sunday, August 9th, 1747, and preached in Mary's Church. He had been preceded by Mr. Williams, one of his own preachers, in the early part of the same year. Mr. Williams's labours were wonderfully successful; and when Mr. Wesley arrived he found a people prepared for the Lord. He was followed by his brother Charles, who laboured successfully for a considerable period, throughout several parts of Ireland, as well as in Dublin. The success attending these labours of the brothers and their contemporaries, scarcely finds a parallel in England itself—"so mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed." In less than three years, this new doctrine spread with incredible rapidity. Not only in Dublin, and some of the larger towns and cities, but even through the rural districts, thousands of all classes received the word, "with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so." The thirsty land became springs of water. Masses of the lower orders of society, and many of the Roman Catholics themselves, became subject to the faith—several of the upper and middle ranks heard the joyful sound; and some of the "priests themselves believed, and put salvation on." It cannot be thought surprising that very dissimilar views were formed, and conflicting feelings awakened, by such novel and unheard-of proceedings as those referred to. While many of the clergy regarded, with peculiar and lively interest, the preaching of these devoted men, and frankly acknowledged the happy results produced in the religious character of the country, and of the Church itself, it was eyed by others with jealousy and alarm; and those who favoured this new religion, were ranked among the enemies of Church and State. In Dublin, and the adjoining counties, the whole community seemed affected. Many of the gentry, and some of the clergy, especially in the diocese of Meath, favoured Methodism, while the bishop and several of his clergy bitterly opposed it.'—*Life of Ouseley*, pp. 28—30.

One of the missionaries, Thomas Walsh, was eminently successful as a preacher in the Irish tongue. Dr. Southey thus refers to him, in his *Life of Wesley*:—‘The command of that language gave him great advantage. It was long ago said in Ireland, “If you plead for your life, plead in Irish.” The Catholics listened willingly when addressed in their mother-tongue. His hearers frequently shed tears, and frequently sobbed aloud, and cried for mercy; and, in country towns, the peasantry, who, going there upon market-days, had stopped to hear the preacher from mere wonder and curiosity, were oftentimes melted into tears, and declared that they could follow him all over the world.’

Notwithstanding the labours of the early Methodists, the Irish Church remained in a deplorable state of irreligion to the beginning of the present century. The Rev. Adam Averall, whose life now lies before us, was a man of great integrity and simplicity of character—firm, zealous, and, at the same time, gentle and amiable. He was educated for the ministry, and became a clergyman in the Established Church; to which he remained warmly attached to the end of his long life, though a sort of apostle among the Methodists. He had not great talents, yet his preaching was often attended with remarkable power. He was a most devoted missionary, and frequently travelled over the whole of Ireland, preaching to all classes, in season and out of season. We might fill up the space allotted to us with interesting and amusing incidents from his life, and that of Mr. Ouseley; but we refer to them chiefly for the purpose of illustrating the condition of the Established Church.

Trinity College is pre-eminently the school of its prophets. There they are trained for the awful work of the Christian ministry. In what state did Mr. Averall find the alumni of that institution when he was a student there? He says:—‘I lived very retired, and, in the intervals of study, spent much of my time in prayer and meditation on divine subjects. . . . *I did not know one in the college piously inclined.* If there were any, they were unknown to me.’* He became himself ‘filled with the spirit of the world; fond of pleasure, and eager in its pursuits. Pride and volatility were the distinguishing characteristics of his life,’ before his conversion. (Pp. 14, 15.) He went once to a charity ball, and danced down the first set. ‘But what a strange compound is man! While disengaged from the bustle of the dance, he entered on a religious conversation with the lady who was his

* *Life of Averall*, p. 11.

partner. She stared at him, pretended she had a headache, and begged to be conducted to another part of the room. He perceived that she thought him deranged; and began himself to think she was not much astray. He saw that religion and dancing could not be made to accord together, and he danced no more. Much about the same time he abandoned the card-table.' (P. 25.) He lived in one of the midland counties, and 'the country around him, at the time, was in a state of awful depravity; and the people were enveloped in moral darkness; and nothing but the aboundings of iniquity were to be seen on every hand. On his own property, convenient to his residence, but not then in his possession, was a common, which, from time immemorial, had been used as a hurling-green; and where, to his great annoyance, the Lord's-day was awfully desecrated. Here, every Sabbath during the summer, the ungodly and profane, from a distance of sometimes twenty miles, assembled, in vast numbers, to indulge in all manner of wickedness. While some would be employed in hurling (*hockey*), or at other games, several parties would all at once engage in dancing. At one time all would be noisy mirth; again they would divide into factions, become tumultuous, and fill the air with their horrid yells, in defiance of each other; and sometimes they have ended in a violent conflict.' (P. 35.)

His zeal was kindled against these abominations, and he manifested great courage in putting an end to them. 'In the parish in which he resided, there was no church, no resident clergyman; and the few scattered Protestants were as sheep without a shepherd.' (P. 37.) He sometimes travelled a long journey through the country, without meeting any that feared God. 'At Galway the clergy are as richly endowed as elsewhere; but in the year 1795, its religious statistics were as follows:—Population, 20,000; Protestants, 300; priests, 300. As many priests as Protestants!' (P. 105.) Again, referring to this town, Mr. Averall says, 'In Galway, population, and of course Popery, are greatly on the increase; but *Protestantism is much on the decline*. Out of the mere handful of Protestants, not amounting to more than one-seventieth of the population, it is said that, within the last ten years, one hundred and seventy have gone over to the Church of the Apostasy. Even here the Lord has a seed to serve him. We have fourteen pious, zealous, uniform members in society; but they are, in this Babylon of Ireland, like a spark isolated on an ocean of ice.' (P. 123.)

Such was the case of the richly-endowed Protestant clergy! This falling away from the ranks of the Establishment was then very general in most parts of Ireland, even in the metropolis and its vicinity. Protestant families would be for years without

seeing their minister crossing their threshold; and, but for extraneous agencies—first the Methodists, and then the Evangelical Dissenters, who directly instructed the people, and at the same time stirred up the clergy to do their duty—the Episcopalian community would be much smaller now than it is. Indeed, it is to these voluntary agencies that we must chiefly ascribe the vitality, if not the existence, of the Evangelical party in the Church, as well as the activity that now pervades the whole body.

At Dunmore, a bathing-place near Waterford, Mr. Averall fell into the snares of the ungodly. His 'dear wife' was a very self-willed lady, who abhorred extemporaneous prayer, as well as the rest of his Methodism; and taught their only child, a daughter, to do so likewise. Accordingly, they absolutely refused to go into family worship. Ultimately, the dear wife told him that, if he persisted in having religious meetings in the house, she would leave him; and she did leave him, on his refusing to yield the point, and never returned. Before this catastrophe, they went to the watering-place just mentioned. While at Dunmore, he says, 'I was led from a wish to conciliate my dear wife and daughter, as much as I could, and that I might not be accounted too austere, to join with them in their wordly associations.' He attended their evening parties, where cards and folly occupied the time. He did not play, but neither did he protest. But judge of his astonishment, when he had cards of invitation, with his name at the top, convening an immense party at his house. It was his 'dear wife' that did it all. How was he to act? Leave home? That would be unpolite and disrespectful. 'How were they to be entertained? Why, they were to entertain each other by playing at cards, and talking nonsense; they knew nothing—they desired nothing, better. But what must I do in my own house? Why, I must strive to amuse them in their own way; or I would be accounted a savage, incur their ridicule, and endanger my domestic happiness. Playing cards had been one of my besetting sins. I had of late been present where they were played, and on this evening I played cards! Oh, how unstable is man! How deceitful is the heart!—how desperately wicked!' (Pp. 76, 77.) The good minister soon recovered from his backsliding, and never relapsed again; but, perhaps, his stability may be ascribed, in a great degree, to the absence of his dear wife.

When we read the following anecdote, we cannot be surprised that at the 'division' among the Irish Methodists on the sacramental question, Mr. Averall clung to the Church. It mattered little to him who officiated at its altars, the grace was the same; and, on the other hand, it mattered little to the clergy

to whom they gave 'the body of Christ.' He received a notice that a neighbouring clergyman was about to preach against Methodism. He went to hear him:—

'The text was the answer of the devil to the vagabond sons of Sceva—exorcists,—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" I was able to bear with patience the gross abuse with which he loaded the characters of Messrs. Wesley and Whitefield, and their followers, and his shameful misrepresentations of their doctrines; but my soul was moved within me when he came not only to deny, but to deride the doctrine of the influence of the Spirit in the heart of man. He admitted that in the beginning of the Christian dispensation, the power of the divine Spirit in working miracles was necessary, in order to its establishment in the world. But now that it was established, it was absurd and presumptuous in any to pretend to divine influence, and that attendance upon the ordinances of the Church was all that was necessary to constitute a Christian. From these premises, he treated with sarcasm the knowledge of salvation by remission of sins, and ridiculed all who made any pretensions to it. *But notwithstanding he had over and over denounced us as heretics, schismatics, fanatics, and such like, as he sat in the clerical seat, about sixty of us remained to receive the sacrament at his hands!*'—P. 95.

From what has been already stated, the reader will be able to judge of the state of religion in Ireland at the close of the last century, under the most numerous and the most wealthy hierarchy in the world, in proportion to the number of their adherents. But the labours of the Methodist preachers gradually wrought a great change in the moral state of the people. Methodism was then different from what it is now. Then, the preachers were fiery and vehement. Weeping copiously themselves, they could dissolve a whole congregation in tears. Sometimes under their sermons multitudes fell down on their faces, and cried aloud for mercy. Frequently persons were carried away in hysterical fits, smitten with terror;—but all as suddenly, 'they found mercy, and rose rejoicing.' Notwithstanding this extravagance, there was a great and permanent moral change, which showed itself on the face of society in several parts of the country, and in the increased and more serious attention of the people upon the means of grace. Mr. Averall gives ample proofs of this:—'There has,' he says, 'been a great influx to us of people, who were utter strangers to religion, and who were in the habit of indulging in all manner of ungodliness.' (P. 59.) These became quite changed in conduct as well as profession. Mr. Averall was asked by the curate of Rathdowney to preach in that town. 'I have been preaching in it,' said he, 'twenty-five years, and never saw or heard of any being converted.' Mr. Averall tried, and for a year endured the greatest persecution, but at

last the place was reformed. Similar effects were produced by his labours in many other towns, and these were but specimens of what other preachers were doing all over the country, although Mr. Averall, being an ordained minister, in the line of the succession, was more followed by the people and magnified by the connexion. For many years before the disruption, his brethren sent him to represent them in the English Conference.

Before we dismiss this valuable record of a great benefactor of Ireland, we must, in justice, mention the fact, that from an early period in his ministry, he refused to receive any remuneration for his labours. When only *five years* old, he expressed great astonishment at a man being paid for preaching the gospel:—‘*Paid for it!*’ replied the child. ‘Is it possible that he is paid for telling the good news? Well,’ continued he, with great emphasis, ‘when I am a man, I will be a minister, and I will preach the gospel without any pay.’ (P. 4.)—Many years after, when, as a clergyman, he visited a family of friends, he found them assembled, ‘in silent waiting.’ After the meeting was over, while we were conversing together, he says, ‘a pious son of the venerable widow who was the head of the family asked me—“*Dost thou preach for hire?*”’ This brought his childish resolution to his mind, he felt condemned, and resolved never more to preach for hire. But be it recollected that Adam Averall was a man of property. To the last he continued to devote that property, as well as his time and labour, to the diffusion of pure religion in Ireland. Had all the bishops been like him, or even one of them in a century, what an amount of good the Church would have done!

The Rev. Gideon Ouseley came somewhat later into the field. He, as well as Averall, belonged to a respectable family. The latter was a native of Ulster, but Ouseley was a Connaught man, and had much of the genius peculiar to his countrymen; he was ardent, shrewd, ingenious, eloquent, and a man of indefatigable labour. He devoted himself to the work of a missionary to Roman Catholics under the Wesleyan Conference, and persevered in it for thirty or forty years, preaching at the rate of ten or twenty times a week, and at the same time travelling immense distances, and finding leisure to write numerous books, tracts, and letters, in refutation of Romanism. His estimable, competent biographer, the Rev. Wm. Reilly, for many years his companion in labour, may well ask, ‘Shall not his intense love of country, the indelible impression on his mind as to his special call, and his faithful, unremitting perseverance in it,—his deep and solemn conviction as to the *causes* of Ireland’s miseries, and his more than common power in exposing them,—his unbroken resolution amid appalling dangers,—his unparalleled exertions and success

in the ministry, afford demonstrative evidence that he was under a divine influence?' (P. 314). For a long time Gideon Ouseley was, perhaps, the most popular man in Ireland, next to Daniel O'Connell. His name was a household word, not only in the towns, but throughout all the rural districts. Previous to the public discussions from 1824 to 1829, during which time Pope and others came upon the stage, he was regarded as the Protestant champion, his discourses being generally controversial. He preached with great power in the Irish language, spoke freely on religion to Roman Catholics wherever he met them, and sometimes called on the priests themselves, and had friendly conferences with them; and, strange to say, some of them, in the kindest manner, gave him subscriptions for the building of Methodist chapels. He was instrumental in bringing a great number of converts from the Church of Rome, some of whom joined the Methodist societies, and some the Established Church. It was a circumstance favourable to the success of his work, if not necessary to it, that while he passed rapidly over the country, the local preachers and class-leaders, as well as the circuit preachers, followed up his labours by giving fuller instruction to inquirers, and encouraging them to persevere. The parochial machinery of the Established Church would have been most effective for this purpose, if the plan recommended by Dr. S. Madden had been adopted by the Bishops, and itinerant ministers had been sent by them through the country, preaching to the people in their native tongue. But no amount of spiritual destitution could induce them to adopt such an 'irregularity.'

'The character of religion in the metropolis, at the beginning of this century, was lamentably low,' says Mr. Reilly, 'and with very few exceptions, the country did not exhibit a much more cheering aspect. The biographer of the Rev. B. W. Mathias places on record some facts in connexion with the spiritual condition of the churches there, even when some years of the present century had elapsed;—accounts which I would not have ventured to originate, and which are here adverted to for no invidious purpose. A pious friend, writing to Mr. Mathias, then a curate in the county Down, draws a deplorable picture of the period of which we now speak. He says, "You are aware Mr. Hartley leaves Dublin . . . Plunket-street (Independent) is a close church, and the preaching in it is dogmatical declamation in favour of speculative points and forms, instead of upholding the great and essential truths of the gospel. Swift's Alley congregation (Baptist) have split on the essential doctrines of the divinity and atonement. The seceders of Mass-lane have no meeting-house, and those of Back-lane no minister; and alas, the gospel of Mary's Abbey (Presbyterian) is not the gospel under which religion can hope to flourish. . . . And as to all other Dissenting houses, gross error binds the ministers, and gross darkness the people. And if we turn our view to the Establishment, where

shall we find anything of the gospel, except in the Liturgy and prayers of the Church? *Not one* to testify the truth as it is Jesus, save an occasional sermon from any gospel minister who may chance to obtain a pulpit. Is not this a dreadful situation for so populous and wicked a city to be reduced to?"—P. 127.

When that good and eminent man, Mr. Mathias, took possession of the *Bethesda*, in 1805, he was the only Evangelical Episcopalian minister in the city. He was inhibited from preaching in any of the churches, and it was not till 1828 that he was licensed by Archbishop Magee. In the course of time, some distinguished Fellows of Trinity College adopted Evangelical views, and became zealous in their propagation; and thence arose the Evangelical party in Ireland. Some of that party, like the Rev. F. Trench, of Cloughjordan, are men of patriotic minds, sensible of the false position of the Establishment, and anxious to supply its lack of service to the country by extraneous and voluntary efforts. With this view, they some years ago established what was called the *Established Church Home Mission*, which admitted the preaching of Dissenting ministers, and even laymen. The Protestant population generally hailed it with delight, and its meetings were crowded by all denominations. But most of the rectors and vicars believed that their rights were invaded by these intruders into their parishes, and the bishops became alarmed for the cause of *order*. Accordingly prosecutions were instituted in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the *Home Mission* was overwhelmed and extinguished by law costs. Since then the clergy have increased, indeed, in activity, but their exclusiveness and party spirit have also increased. They are bitterly opposed to the National system of Education, and to all the liberal measures of Government.

They have lately adopted another mission to Roman Catholics on high Church and exclusive principles. The spirit in which it is conducted may be inferred from one of its meetings held recently in Exeter-hall, at which the Rev. Dr. Hugh M'Neill remarked, that among the circumstances favourable to them in Ireland, was the fact that famine had removed a million and a half of the Roman Catholic population, so that the priests could not boast so loudly of their numbers! However incredible it may seem, this sentiment was received with loud cheers by the audience. At a meeting held about the same time in Belfast, sentiments still more unchristian were uttered by some of the most spiritual-minded of the Evangelical clergy, who are also zealous in the work of missions to Irish Roman Catholics. These sentiments were called forth by the melancholy and memorable affair of *Dolly's Brae*. The Rev. F. Trench, above mentioned, wrote two letters to the speakers, and from these we shall make

a few brief extracts, that the reader may see whether the only party in the Irish Establishment which thinks of preaching to Roman Catholics, possesses the spirit which is essential to render their preaching available. On the contrary, they seem as eager for the use of 'force, terror, and sharp penalties,' as the persecutors in the time of Elizabeth. Nay, they are worse; for they would rid the country of priests, monks, and nuns, as St. Patrick is said to have rid the country of vermin and reptiles. We stand aghast when we read such speeches, and wonder where the speakers were educated, or how they managed to escape the humanizing influences of the age, or to exclude the spirit of Christianity from their moral atmosphere. Mr. Trench addresses them in the following terms:—

'Ever since I have been capable of forming an opinion upon the subject, it has appeared to me that the whole system of civil treatment of Roman Catholics, which you advocate, is directly opposed to the *very first principles of the Christian religion*, and, therefore, calculated to neutralize the purely religious efforts of all Protestants who desire to confer spiritual benefit upon their Roman Catholic brethren. Allow me, therefore, to submit to your calm consideration whether your late speeches have not given occasion to the world to suppose that Irish Protestantism is favourable to one of the most revolting massacres which has occurred amongst the faction fights of this country.'

Having quoted portions of Mr. Berwick's report, he asks—

'Are not these *the deeds of fiends rather than men*? Can it be your intention to justify such deeds? Would Christ have applauded his female disciples for leading the way forward to such bloody deeds? It does not appear by which party the first shot was fired, but, suppose the first blow to have been struck by the Roman Catholic party, is *retaliation*, and *such retaliation*, a Christian virtue? The Commissioner says, "The work of retaliation both in life and property, by the Orange party, was proceeding in a *most brutal and wanton manner, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all by whom it was perpetrated or encouraged*." Do you believe such conduct to have been a Christian duty? I will not believe it—but of this I am certain, that the public who have heard or read your speeches, and who do not know your better principles, could not come to any other conclusion. It is truly dreadful to think, that while there were so many professors of true religion present at the meeting, *a single expression of regret for that most disgraceful massacre was not uttered by any speaker!* In the annals of history I am not aware of a minister of the gospel being found in a more fallen state, than that of appearing to applaud men and women who would "shoot boys and girls, burn aged women, and stab to death inoffensive men in the sight of their families, and beat in *the brains of an idiot with the butts of their muskets*." Would to God, dear sirs, that in an assembly, apparently drunk with excitement, instead of promoting unholy and mirthful exultation, by reference to the female who supplied the gun-wadding from her under petticoat, you had taken up the words of

Jacob, and said, "Instruments of cruelty were in their habitations : Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret ; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united ; for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall." — *Genesis* xlix. 5, 6.

He complains of the impediments which Orange displays throw in the way of missionaries to Roman Catholics, and says that he recollects, as yesterday, the shame he felt fifteen years ago in seeing an Orange flag waving over the door of a church in the North of Ireland, where the gospel of peace and good will was professedly to be preached ; and then questions his brethren as follows :—

' For what does an Established Church exist, if not for the benefit of all who will avail themselves of its services ? If the door of that church had been bolted against Roman Catholics, a more insuperable obstacle to their entrance could not have been placed there. *Will you insult a man first, and then preach the gospel to him ?* If Protestants can doubt about the insult which Roman Catholics connect with such displays, let them read the words written a few days ago by a gentleman intimately connected with Roman Catholics, and who knows well their feelings. Mr. Sharman Crawford says :—" The Orangemen celebrate the battle which confirmed the Revolution (of 1688) as a commemoration of Roman Catholic degradation. In this way Roman Catholics view the Orange demonstrations, and must feel them as insults of *the most painful character which can be offered by man to man.*"'

He solemnly declares that, '*for the time being*, he would infinitely rather be the insulted Roman Catholic than the insulting Protestant ;' and strongly condemns the sentiment of Mr. M'Ilwaine as to the use of carnal weapons in resisting the ' encroachments of Popery in building chapels, convents, and colleges,'—showing its antagonism to the spirit of Christ. On another paragraph, Mr. Trench speaks with great indignation :—

" The time had come when this country ought to be ridded of monks and nuns, and all their trumpery, as St. Patrick had rid the country of all that was objectionable in the animal creation " (in allusion to the legend of St. Patrick driving all the vermin of Ireland into the sea). Dear sirs, words are things ; and words are things ' sharper than swords.' Those words have been read by monks and nuns, and my heart is grieved when I think of the alienation from true religion which they are calculated to produce. Truly the Church to which you belong might, with reference to you, sirs, in this matter, adopt the language of the patriarch, and say, " Ye have troubled us, and made us stink among the inhabitants of the land ;"—you have done what in you lay (unintentionally, I am sure) to alienate from the Church those we should love and most earnestly desire to win to Christ.

' My fullest persuasion is, that you have been instigated by Satan to do an injury to the cause of truly religious Protestantism, which a cen-

tury may not repair; and (what is of very inferior moment) you have helped forward the destruction of the Established Church to the heart's content of its greatest enemies.'

The second letter refers chiefly to the misrepresentations of the National Board of Education, by the reverend gentlemen above named, which misrepresentations are, he says, 'most grievous,' and their consequences 'awful in the extreme.' Then comes a piece of good advice:—

'Contemn it if you will, for taking the education of the poor out of the exclusive direction of the Established Church, or for acknowledging parental authority in religious matters, or for giving to Roman Catholics the best education which they will take—though it be not all which we desire for them—but do not persist in stating things as facts, the truth of which has been disproved a thousand times over, and which your *Presbyterian brethren all living round you are fully* and experimentally aware of. If confirmation of my assertion be asked for, I appeal to the published rules of the Board (a copy of which any person may obtain by asking for them). I appeal to the fundamental principle of the system; viz., "In religious matters, liberty to all, without interfering with the conscience of any."

'Then is it not a public scandal, unworthy, indeed, of any body of men, but, above all, unworthy of Christian ministers, that such mis-statements as to the most simple *fact* should be repeated and echoed from platform to platform, and, what is still worse, from pulpit to pulpit?'

The pretence, therefore, of having in charge the whole population, must be abandoned by the Established clergy. The Legislature cannot recognise it. On the contrary, it condemns all aggressive movements of one sect upon another. Whether it is right or wrong in this, is not the question. We have to do only with the fact. Parliament will not pay the Church of England for proselytizing Roman Catholics. It regards them merely as the ministers of their own people. Now these people are but a small fraction of the population, say one-sixth or one-eighth. But for the labours of Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, and others, this fraction would have been, to a large extent, ignorant of the first principles of the gospel. If, however, its own clergy were ever so faithful, they should be paid, if paid at all, by the State, only in proportion to the work they have to do. The Establishment can no longer answer the purposes of politicians as an engine of State policy. As such it has pierced the hand that leaned upon it. The existing dispute between the Government and the Orangemen, must convince any statesman that Protestant ascendancy is the bane of Irish society, and that it nourishes pretensions utterly inconsistent with a just and equal system of government. Now, so long as the Establishment exists as at

present constituted—so long as a sect of Christians comprising only some 600,000 or 800,000 persons, is maintained as the STATE CHURCH amidst a population of eight millions, the members of that sect will always think they have a right to ‘*special favour*’ from the Government (as the Orangemen express it, in their recent report on the armament of 1848), and they will still persist in maintaining that Roman Catholics are not loyal men—that they themselves are the only party that can be relied upon in an emergency, and therefore that the State should reserve for them all its patronage and its places of trust. This source of discord and weakness in Irish society, must, then, be got rid of at the earliest possible time, and in the mode that will least irritate the Protestants, and least elate the Roman Catholics. It is a delicate and a difficult task, but a task which the Legislature cannot much longer postpone. We shall look, therefore, with anxiety to Mr. Roebuck’s proceedings on the subject. It is unnecessary for us to guard against misconception by stating that we do not ask that any man should be deprived of his life interest in the Establishment.

ART. VII.—*The British Churches in Relation to the British People.* By Edward Miall. 8vo. Pp. 458. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.

WE need scarcely say that this volume merits all the attention which it claims. The name of its author proves this; and the gravity of the themes discussed affords, were it needful, additional and conclusive evidence. Mr. Miall is now well known. He has long been before the public as a single-minded and earnest advocate of truth, and has forced his own way into the esteem and confidence of a large section of his countrymen. The qualities of his mind are luminous; they shine out distinctly, have their own properties, and are clearly defined. There is nothing vague or impalpable about him. What he is, he is seen to be. He has nothing equivocal or two-sided in his character. His intellect is keen and searching, not satisfied with first appearances, or the outside show of things, but looking deeply into the inner heart, and laying bare its minuter and more latent forms of thought and feeling. As it is with the man, so is it with his views. They may be commended, or otherwise, but an ordinary amount of candour will suffice to guard from

misapprehension of their general drift. They lie upon the surface, so that to fall into any serious mistake respecting them is to betray gross remissness, or more criminal prejudice. No living writer lays himself open more unreservedly to his readers; and whatever opinion may be held concerning the views propounded, no doubt is felt as to the accuracy of the revelation made. It never occurs to any to doubt that the real personage is seen, or that he is thoroughly earnest in his advocacy. His opinions may be true or false, his judgments well-considered or hasty, his philosophy profound or cynical, but sincere he evidently is; and this conviction goes far to determine the sympathy of his readers. We have met with many who denied the accuracy of his views, who deemed him rash, one-sided, censorious—a man loving rather to censure than to praise, and whose views of life are gloomy and uninspiring; but we never met with one who challenged his truthfulness, and we should have marvelled greatly had we done so. We have dwelt the more largely on this feature of Mr. Miall's character, from its important bearing on the right treatment of the subject discussed in this volume. Whatever other qualities may be dispensed with, this one is absolutely needful to the task he has undertaken. Any doubt or misgiving respecting it—the barest suspicion of its absence, would go far to destroy all faith in his advocacy, and to induce our turning away, with something like contempt, from the solicitude and zeal professed. No very profound knowledge of human nature is required to assure us that if doubtful of the sincerity and earnestness of the advocate, we should readily evade, or very lightly esteem, the force of his admonitions.

The substance of this volume was delivered in a course of lectures at the theatre of the London Literary Institute, in November last. They were, however, from the first designed for publication, and no attentive reader can fail to perceive that they are more adapted to influence through the press than as orally delivered. They are, in fact, too weighty, too full of matter, too suggestive; they tax too severely the attention, and call for too close and continuous thought, to be well suited to a popular audience. They are better fitted to the quiet of the study than to the excitement of the lecture-room, and we are glad, therefore, that Mr. Miall's original purpose has been carried out. The volume contains eight lectures, or chapters, of which the following are the subjects:—‘Religious Life, and how it should be treated;’ ‘The proper Object and Means of the Church;’ ‘Religion of the British Churches;’ ‘The Aristocratic Sentiment;’ ‘The Professional Sentiment;’ ‘The Trade Spirit;’ ‘Social and Political Hindrances to the Success of the Churches;’ and ‘Remedial Suggestions and Conclusion.’ These

titles convey an accurate notion of the general drift of the volume, which must, however, be read before an enlightened judgment can be passed on the author's views. The purpose contemplated is, 'to call attention to the character of British Churches, as instruments for preserving and extending Christianity amongst the British people.' The importance of such an inquiry will be readily admitted, more especially when there is reason to apprehend that the condition of these Churches is not precisely such as could be wished, or as it ought to be. We are not disposed to underrate the present as compared with the past, nor are we solicitous to institute a comparison of this kind. There is another and less erring rule by which to judge. 'To the law and to the testimony.' Do the Churches of the present day resemble the descriptions of the inspired word? Do they exhibit, in due prominence, the qualities which Apostolic doctrine and precept are suited to produce? Are they what an attentive perusal of the divine record would lead us to expect? Do they answer the purposes of religious organization? Are they practically, as well as in theory, the means of extending the range, and of deepening the tone, of the religious sentiment? We confess to a somewhat painful impression on these points. We should be glad to think otherwise than we do, but the evidence of fact seems to us to necessitate a conclusion from which we shrink. The state of the British Churches is, in our judgment, feeble and unhealthy. Ignorance, worldly-mindedness, self-indulgence, a contentious spirit, narrowness of views, and respect of persons, are, to a lamentable extent, prevalent, so that it is difficult, in many cases, to distinguish between the Church and the world, save by the different class of vices prevalent in each. We are aware that nothing human is perfect, and do not, therefore look to the Church for utopian excellence. But making every allowance which candour can prompt, we are compelled to conclude that the failures of the Churches are so numerous and palpable, as to evidence a condition far below the requirements of the case, and to call for very serious and searching inquiry. Such a process is open to objection on account of the possible evils which may flow from it. Mr. Miall is fully aware of this, and has met it with his usual frankness and decision. He admits that serious temporary evils may arise from honesty in this matter,—that irresolution and half-heartedness may be encouraged, the timid be alarmed, the inactive and the selfish be emboldened, and infidelity itself exult in imaginary triumph. But while admitting all this, he wisely rejects the conclusion to which it is sought to lead him.

'We are not shut up,' he says, 'by the admission to an acquiescence in things as they are. We are only bound over by it to a watchful

care that we proceed to the task upon good grounds and with heedful steps. It may be that necessity is laid upon us. A comprehensive view of the whole case may force upon us the conviction that freedom of choice, in this and similar matters, is not offered to us, and that the duty of every man is determined for him, not by a balance of opposite contingencies, in computing which we are almost sure to err, but by the unchangeable laws of the dispensation under which we live, and which cannot, under any pretext, be violated with impunity.'—P. 9.

For ourselves, we have no doubt on this point, and are glad to find an ally in our author. For a long time past we have felt that in this, as in other things, 'honesty is the best policy.' Were it possible to keep from non-professing men a knowledge of the real state of things in our Churches, what good end would be answered? It might promote self-ignorance on the part of professors—might lead the Churches to imagine themselves purer than they really are—might afford an opportunity for the growth of existing, though unsuspected, evils—might foster, in a word, spiritual pride, while it deteriorated and undermined spiritual life. These things it might do; but who will say that they are desirable or worthy? But the ignorance of which we speak *cannot be secured*. The world is too clear-sighted to be thus deceived. It sees what Christian men are; it knows much of what Christian men do; and the system on which the Church is understood to act—of keeping within itself the knowledge of the misdeeds of its members—awakens a suspicion that such misdeeds are more numerous than they really are. Faith in the integrity of the Church is thus destroyed. Exposure, rather than sin, is regarded as the object she dreads; and her reputation for sanctity, where such exists, is attributed to a fortunate escape from detection, not to the practice of the virtues of her lord. Away, then, with the chimera by which Christian men have deluded themselves and each other. Let the free air and light of heaven penetrate the enclosure of the Church, that Christians may feel the sense of obligation which is imposed by the presence of others, and that the world may learn the groundlessness of their suspicions and the integrity of the Church. 'The body,' says our author, 'of which Christ is the Head, was never meant to be nursed and petted into that extreme delicacy, as to need being curtained in from all the airs which might possibly blow upon her. Hers is a constitution which will best thrive, and become most robust, when most in contact with that atmosphere to which the wisdom of God has evidently adapted it. Let free thoughts visit her—free utterances disarrange the primness of her attire—let her taste the freshness of honest opinion, and feel the force of faithful reproof, and face even the chill of unfriendly criticism, . . . and she will be all the more likely

to nourish that vigour, and attain that bloom and beauty of health, which will at once fit her for active exertion, and enhance the purity and lustre of her charms.'

In the spirit of these remarks, Mr. Miall proceeds, in his third lecture, to analyze the state of religion in the British Churches; or, rather, to point out some of its more prominent defects. The earlier lectures might, we think, with advantage, have been abridged. They form, undoubtedly, a good introduction, and have the great advantage of placing the author's attachment to evangelical truth distinctly before his readers. Yet they partake—the second especially—too much of a sermonic character, and detain from the consideration of those points to which the treatise is devoted. Waiving, however, this point, on which the author's judgment may, after all, be sounder than our own, we proceed to the third lecture, the tenor of which may be gathered from a single sentence, the correctness of which we would gladly question, were it in our power. 'No thoughtful man,' he says, 'it is presumed, tolerably acquainted with the general state of religion in Great Britain, will regard it as fairly and adequately expressive of the spiritual power of the gospel.' This sentence embodies the general doctrine of the lecture, which is not illustrated by a minute specification of defects and evils, but by a strong and ably reasoned exhibition of three or four points which are regarded 'as constituting the disease in its primordial and essential principles.' These are stated to be an inadequate perception of the ultimate drift and purpose of the gospel economy, a substitution of law for love as the spirit of Christianity, and an exaltation of the letter above the spirit. Each of these is a source of kindred evils, which the author traces out and illustrates at some length. His reasoning is eminently worthy of attention, and is, moreover, distinguished by a moderation and candour which, combined with its obvious integrity, are well suited to awaken serious thought, and to lead to profitable conclusions:—

'In closing this review,' says Mr. Miall, 'I would again remind the reader that my purpose required that I should point out wherein the Churches as they are differ from what all will admit they should be. In this lies the secret of their comparative inefficiency. Attention, therefore, has been concentrated upon what is morbid in their condition and action. There is, of course, another side of the picture. There are features to awaken thankfulness and hope—indications of life—signs of activity—evidences of success. Perhaps, too, with a view to make myself intelligible, the language I have employed may have over-coloured some defects. My aim has been to leave upon the mind a general impression in unison with the actual state of things. My observation may have been too limited—and exceptions to what I have laid down may be more numerous than I have admitted—more cheering than I am at present prepared to believe. But however this

may be, I apprehend that the sketch, incomplete and one-sided as it may be, is sufficiently accurate to suggest serious and useful reflections. Beyond all question, the evils I have attempted to exhibit, exist to an extent which greatly militates against the triumphant prosecution of that glorious mission which organized Christian communities have in hand. To do their Lord's work as it ought to be done, they must purge themselves of the offensive leaven, whether or not it be true, that it pervades the whole lump.'—Pp. 173, 174.

The fourth lecture on 'The Aristocratic Sentiment,' evinces the peculiar powers of the author in a very favourable light. It is evidently the result of much profound thought, and traces, with admirable skill, the more subtle forms of the evil described. We shall not dwell upon it, as we have another object in view. The course pursued is thus stated by Mr. Miall, from which our readers may form some opinion of the value of the lecture itself:—

'It will be convenient,' he says, 'to range the observations I wish to make on this subject in the following order. I shall attempt to describe, as precisely as I am able, what I mean by the Aristocratic sentiment—I shall endeavour to show that it has nothing in common with the genius of Christ's gospel, but is directly opposed to it. I propose offering some illustrations of its existence and action, in the Churches of our land—and I shall point out the obstructive influence it exerts in relation to their enterprise and success.'—P. 181.

We are glad to find our author entering a strong protest against the style of preaching now prevalent. It lay fairly in his way to do so, and he has rendered good service to truth by the manner in which he has met it. We are no defamers of the ministry. On the contrary, we greatly respect it. We hold the office in honour, and could readily point to living men, whom we love and revere, for the fidelity with which they discharge its many duties. But speaking of the class at large—not of the ministry, but of ministers—we are compelled to acknowledge that it wants many qualities which are essential to public acceptance and success. In some cases it is at once feeble, jejune, and cold-hearted; a thing of minor proprieties, of well-balanced phrases, of verbal correctness, or of elegant speech. In other instances, mental poverty is veiled under an affected phraseology, or mental serfdom is betrayed in the strange gibberish by which credit is sought for free thought and independent faith. In either case, and in many others which might be named, the popular mind remains unaffected. There is nothing in the pulpit to command its reverence, or to lay hold on its sympathies. It listens with indifference and incredulity. There is no mental fellowship between it and the preacher, none of that overpowering sympathy, the omnipotence of which is admitted, though its philosophy

may not be solved. To this want of unison between the pulpit and the pew, in reference at least to one class of hearers, Mr. Miall thus adverts :—

‘Possibly, their emotions may be elicited by prayer—seldom, we should think, by the discourse. It may be excellent, persuasive, pungent—but, in multitudes of cases, it will also be cast in a mould which none but the educated can appreciate. Let it not be said that this is owing exclusively to their ignorance. “The common people heard” our Lord “gladly”—the early reformers won their way to the inmost hearts of the lowliest of men—and even those who in our day are judged to be too uncultured to profit by the ministry of God’s word from the pulpit are sufficiently intelligent to derive interest from a public political meeting, to appreciate the points of a speech from the hustings, and to feel the force of an argument when put to them in private. No! it is not altogether ignorance which prevents them from following the generality of preachers. It is the entire absence of colloquialism from the discourse—an absence imposed upon the speaker by that sense of propriety which the aristocratic sentiment engenders. The etiquette of preaching prescribes an exclusively didactic style—and an address, the aim of which is to save souls, is supposed to approximate towards perfection, in proportion as it is free from conversational blemishes and inaccuracies, satisfies a fastidious and classical taste, and flows on in one unbroken stream from its commencement to its close. The consequence is, that whilst some few are pleased, and, perhaps, profited, the mass remain utterly untouched. Oh! for some revolution to break down for ever, and scatter to the four winds of heaven, our pulpit formulas and proprieties, and leave men at liberty to discourse on the sublime verities of the Christian faith, with the same freedom, variety, and naturalness, with which they would treat other subjects in other places!’—P. 212.

We come now to the fifth, and, in our opinion, the most valuable lecture of the volume. Had we followed our own inclination simply, we should have confined ourselves to it; but something was due to our readers and to Mr. Miall, and we have, therefore, endeavoured to give an insight into the other lectures of the series. The title adopted, ‘The Professional Sentiment,’ though better than any other which occurs to us, does not fully, and at once, describe its subject. The want of precision in this case does not, however, lie at the author’s door. He has chosen the best term which the language supplies, and the sense in which he uses it is soon obvious to his readers. This lecture is far more likely to awaken opposition than all other parts of the volume, though some of them will be sufficiently unpalatable in certain quarters. In many cases we can imagine that the volume will be thrown aside when the views here advocated are ascertained; and, in others, its author will be charged with heresies of which he is evidently

innocent, on the ground of opinions here propounded. From all the parties concerned, we crave—as due alike to the author, to themselves, and to the truth—a thorough and candid examination of the views advanced, and of the reasonings by which they are sought to be enforced. ‘The simple object before us,’ says Mr. Miall, in mapping out his course, ‘is, to take this abstract idea of necessary authority in organized associations into the light of the New Testament, and patiently endeavour to ascertain how far it gives encouragement to that which we propose in the present chapter to analyze, illustrate, and condemn—to wit, *the Professional Sentiment*.’ Such an inquiry is obviously legitimate and befitting. It does not transgress the bounds within which human research should be limited; there is nothing rash or presumptuous in it; nothing which indicates an irreverent spirit, or a prying into mysteries concealed from human sight. It is, moreover, thoroughly practical—affecting, in very various ways, and frequently with great intensity, the religious complexion and movements of the age. Hence, the claims it has on our best and dispassionate attention. It would, in truth, be difficult to point out any theme which is more urgently commended to the gravest consideration of Christian men. We shall endeavour faithfully to exhibit Mr. Miall’s views on the points in question; and all we ask, on their behalf, is, that they be taken as a whole, and be fairly estimated by the evidence adduced. It is obvious, at the outset of such an inquiry, to remark, that the ministry occupies a disproportionate place in the thoughts of Christian men. The estimate formed of it is not in keeping, either with its own importance, or with the views entertained of other things. We say not this in order to its disparagement, but as denoting a simple fact,—the contrast, rather than the similitude, between the written word and the popular apprehension of our day. Mr. Miall has adverted to this fact, and the following passage puts the case clearly:—

‘When one sits down to study the New Testament with a view to ascertain what it teaches us on the subject of the ministry, one is almost startled to find so little, and that little so incidentally introduced. Looking at the vast and towering superstructure which subsequent ages have raised, and the surprising importance which Christian men, of nearly every denomination, have attached to clerical agency, it is certainly matter of wonder that the scriptural basis upon which the whole system is thought to repose, is so strikingly narrow. Modern notions respecting what we term the sacred office, and the various functions and responsibilities pertaining to it, find themselves very much, and very oppressively, alone, when wandering over the ground of inspiration. Were it possible to blot out of our minds all the views which have found an entrance there from sources which few

will pretend to be sacred, and some of which do not lie above the region of depraved passions, and to take our impression from the few hints left us on record in the word of God, it is certain that very little indeed resembling in the least our present conceptions would be the result. The extremely simple ideas developed by Scripture on this head, are even now, in most Churches, choked up and concealed by some portion of the *debris* which the turbid current of ecclesiastical history has everywhere left behind it. It is well for us to bear this in remembrance, whenever our investigations lead us into this region—because here, more than anywhere else, the views of the Churches have been exposed to the force and sweep of human corruptions.’—Pp. 235, 236.

Such language must, of course, be offensive to a large class of our countrymen. But it is not simply to priestism and its avowed advocates that it is so. Were the whole truth divulged, it would be found, we are persuaded, that many others—vast numbers in truth—recoil from the view thus enunciated as one opposed to their convictions, and adapted to reduce the Church to anarchy. Men who shrink from Puseyism as inconsistent with the spirituality of religion, and the freedom of human thought—nay, many Dissenters, both in name and in practice—invest the ministry, not in express terms, but in thought and feeling, with certain mystical qualities which cannot be harmonized with the few and simple statements of the New Testament. This condition of feeling may be traced in a thousand latent and subtle forms. It oozes out when least intended, and is frequently betrayed by the very speech which is supposed to indicate humility and self-mistrust. Now, the lecture before us is admirably adapted to correct this error; and it does so with great calmness, and a patient consideration of scripture evidence, and of the testimony of fact. Mr. Miall contends that, according to the New Testament, Churches ‘are to be under government of some kind, and that such government is to be exercised over them by appointed officers.’ These officers are designated overseers and elders, and the functions with which they are invested are described by terms which denote authority. The prominent idea is that of moral control, exercised by certain individuals, for the welfare of the whole body.

• What I do *not* find in the New Testament, is, that to these elders, or overseers, to whom is given the presiding authority necessary to all human organizations, spiritual as well as secular, the work of *teaching*, whether in the Church or out of it, is exclusively vouchsafed. Whilst, on the one hand, Christian disciples generally are exhorted to edify one another, and, wherever the gift of teaching is bestowed, to exercise it freely, it is implied, on the other, that although aptness to teach is a desirable qualification of a bishop, or elder, it is not absolutely requisite that he should be engaged in this work; for Paul, writing to Timothy,

says, "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine." Ruling, then, in the Churches, in apostolic times, was not identified exclusively with teaching, nor teaching with ruling. "Feeding the flock," a phrase employed to describe the duty of an "overseer," although it naturally includes the public ministration of the word of life, has, probably, other references equally pertinent. There can be little doubt that "oversight" usually carried with it in those times, "aptness to teach," most of the virtues qualifying for the one being also necessary to the other. There can be, I think, as little, that the work of tuition was not peculiar to those who had been called to presidency. Just as in our own day, a talent for debate may be set down as a high qualification of a cabinet minister, although his special office is that of administration rather than oratory—so, in the first ages of the Church, it was not unnatural to point out, as one qualification of the ruling power, ability to labour with acceptance and profit "in word and doctrine." I will not push this train of remark beyond my original intention. That which I wish to point out just now is—that the writings of the New Testament do not authorize the conclusion that it is the prerogative, or the peculiar and exclusive duty, of any class in the Church of Christ, to communicate to others the gospel of God—nor that either the revealed will of the Lord, or the preservation of order, or the necessity of the case, sanctions the committal into the hands of him who presides over a spiritual community, of a monopoly of those instructional ministrations whereby the Church itself is to be edified, or the world converted—nor that any one thing which is now deemed to be essentially clerical, exclusively appertains to the office of bishop, or presbyter, or pastor, or minister, designate it as you may, but *presiding* over the body—nor that, in a word, the essential and distinctive idea which the sacred writings attach to the spiritual "overseer," is leading the devotions of a Church; preaching the word, dispensing the ordinances, visiting the sick, and engrossing all spiritual functions; but without shutting him out from a due, and, perhaps, a prominent share of these engagements, *governing* the Christian community, taking care that Christ's law is obeyed, and so ordering affairs, as that Christ's purpose may be accomplished.'—Pp. 337—339.

The special conclusion brought out by the reasoning indicated in this passage, is, an avowal of unbelief in what is termed *the sacred order of the Christian ministry*. It is difficult to define this phrase. It bears many meanings, which shade off from each other, according to the position, temperament, and knowledge of its utterer. A general notion, however, is conveyed by it, which all, more or less, clearly understand, and that is seen in the broad, palpable, distinction which is drawn between the clergy and the laity. To the one is assigned a monopoly of religious services, while others are required to maintain the silent and reverential posture of disciples. And even by Dissenters this most unfounded and absurd distinction is not wholly discarded.

They have renounced its grosser forms, but its subtle spirit lurks amongst them. Lay preaching may be encouraged; but the administration of what are termed the 'sacraments,' is almost universally regarded as the exclusive vocation of the clergy. We have known good men to be greatly scandalized by the deacon of a church, in the absence of its pastor, having administered the Lord's Supper to his brethren. Let Dissenters say what they may, the difference between such a notion and Puseyism is one of degree, not of kind. We heartily concur, therefore, with our author when he says, 'I do not believe that Jesus Christ ever instituted such an order in his churches—or that the apostles anywhere hint at its existence. In sacred *offices* I do believe, and for them I cherish a profound respect—in a sacred *order* I have no faith whatever. To my view it is at variance with the genius of the gospel, in opposition to the intimations of the New Testament writers, and productive of the most pernicious results.' According to Mr. Miall's view, eldership or episcopacy in the primitive Church 'did not necessarily imply teaching; nor did teaching, of necessity, involve 'eldership, or participation in the exercise of the governing functions.'

'Gathering up,' he says, 'the few scraps of information scattered through the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, and reading them by the light of that collateral knowledge which we obtain from these and other sources, it seems probable that the first meetings of Christian Churches were mainly devotional, interspersed with free interchanges of thought upon the grand theme which filled and fired every heart—that in these spiritual interchanges, gifts of teaching were soon developed—that as order began to be felt necessary, and experience and apostolical direction enforced attention to it, teaching was distinctly associated with office, and they who had been set apart to this work gave themselves as uninterruptedly to it as possible. A Church presided over by a bishop, or bishops, themselves generally "apt to teach," and possessing among its members some qualified by the gift of utterance to edify the body, who, when recognised as such, were appointed to the office of teaching and exhortation, and whose labours, "in word and doctrine," in common with those of the elders, were regulated by the authority to which all did deference—seems to me to come nearest, in point of form, to those organized Christian societies to which Paul addressed his several epistles. All the believers in one city or town associated together in spiritual fellowship, meeting statedly for prayer, praise, and the breaking of bread—not necessarily in one place, but often in several—and instructed, more or less formally, by men set apart for that purpose, in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, or stimulated by exhortation to all holy living and enterprise, governed by spiritual rulers, most of whom were themselves qualified to expound the word of God, and bound every one of them to use such gifts as they had, in winning the unbelieving to the faith of Christ, answers, I think, pretty nearly to the *tout ensemble* of such a Church

as New Testament hints, put together with intelligent and reverent care, would present to our view. I cannot see a shadow of probability that the instruction of each association of believers, the proclamation of the gospel to an unbelieving world, and the spiritual oversight of the body, constituted the peculiar functions of a special officer, in whom a monopoly of religious teaching was vested.'—Pp. 245, 246.

The practical conclusion derived from these premises, is unfavourable to the single pastorate as now existing in our churches. Were the views advocated followed out, we should have 'many more Christians in the sacred office—none whatever of a sacred order.' A similar distinction would be maintained as is traceable in apostolic writings, and the function of teaching would, in consequence, be often found apart from that of the episcopacy. In many cases the two would be united; but in others, and, perhaps, the majority of instances, their functions would be separately, though harmoniously, exercised. In each case the authority of the Church would be supreme—the ruler and the teacher being alike called to their respective offices. We are aware of the strong feeling which exists against this system—founded, however, not on scripture testimony, but on its supposed practical failure. The most violent opponents do not allege that it contravenes apostolic directions, or is out of keeping with the spirit of apostolic procedure. On the contrary, it is difficult to evade the favourable conclusion to which many parts of the New Testament seem to lead. Express statements sometimes, and obvious implications at others, appear, at least, to favour the theory, and cannot be divested of such an import without doing violence to some of the most fixed rules of interpretation. Were we, in this matter, shut up to scripture testimony, the case would be easily resolved. We could not long hesitate. Our judgments would be constrained to acquiesce in a vastly different system from what obtains at present, and the evils supposed to be inherent in it, would be found to be but the incidents of a defective and unworthy administration.

We have, in truth, done all in our power to prejudice the working of the system advocated. We have only tried it in part, and that in a way least adapted to elicit its virtues. Our procedure has been just such as it should have been, if we had proposed to prejudice the popular mind against the system, and to render it impracticable. In the first place, we have sought to associate individuals in all the multifarious duties which are included in the modern pastorate—thus increasing the hazard of collision, and inviting the operation of those various influences which spring from the partialities and weaknesses, as well as the worse passions, of their people. It were sheer folly to suppose that there are not, in every congregation, some

foolish, ignorant, and bad tempered people; and it is scarcely wiser to expect that such qualities should not operate deleteriously on the intercourse and procedure of two men thrown together in so many and such delicate positions. An act, a word—nay, a look—may be misconstrued; and who shall say the evil that may be made of it by a censorious, or even by a foolish, observer? Is it, therefore, any marvel, considering what human nature is, and what are the materials composing our churches, that suspicions, envyings, jealousies, should frequently be engendered between the co-pastors of a church? The points of their contact are too numerous for permanent confidence; there is no division, as there ought to be, in their province and functions; each has to do the same as the other, and it is not in human nature to forbear from comparisons, which foolish people will express, with clear notice of their preference. Nor is the case mended when, instead of a co-pastorate, one becomes an assistant minister to another. The position—to say nothing of other objections—is an unhealthy one, and as filled amongst us is productive, though not of the same, yet of analogous and equal, evils. But we cannot dwell on this point, and therefore pass on to remark, that we not only seek—when departing from a single pastorate—to associate individuals in *all* the complex and delicate duties of the settled ministry; but, as if concerned to insure their alienation, we rarely think of such a conjunction until one of the parties has passed the meridian of life, and is obviously unequal to the engagements devolving on him. We unite age and youth, caution and impetuosity, mistrust and confidence, the conservatism of threescore years and ten with the movement spirit of opening manhood; and then wonder that there is want of sympathy, the absence of that unity, the ideal of which is so beautiful, though its embodiment is so rarely seen. We confess to no surprise on this point; the result is better than the wisdom of our measures entitles us to look for; and instead, therefore, of condemning a multiplication of pastors, we contend rather for a more rational arrangement of our plans. It is not to the honour of senior ministers to talk as some of them are accustomed to do; nor ought the churches to wait till they have exhausted the energies and worn down the strength of their pastor, before providing for his aid, and their own instruction.

We were prepared to find that Mr. Miall regards the system of ministerial education now prevalent as exceedingly defective. In this we agree entirely with him, and have, on various occasions, expressed our strong conviction on the point. There is far too much of the hot-house system in our procedure. We make the way of access to the ministry too smooth, hold out induce-

ments which tempt many from their proper calling, and inundate the churches in consequence with a shoal of feeble and unqualified preachers. We know not a more pitiable class, or one which operates, however unintentionally, with greater mischief, on the religious interests of the day :—

‘The modern process,’ says Mr. Miall, ‘which terminates in giving to a vacant church, a minister of spiritual things, and which qualifies the subject of it for taking the oversight of a Christian community, is usually after this sort. A youth, generally from fifteen to two or three and twenty years of age, is happily, and through the mercy of God, brought into a state of sympathy with the gospel, receives the life-giving message, and rejoices in its salvation. Powerful emotions of gratitude sway his heart. To display that gratitude most fully and efficiently is the sacred impulse of his new nature. He burns to consecrate his life to God, and experience has not yet instructed him that he may do so in *any* honourable calling. His thoughts and desires turn towards the ministry—the case, probably, of the majority of young men, not hopelessly excluded by personal or circumstantial qualifications, in whom the great change has taken place previously to their settlement in life. Events favour his wishes and ripen them into decision. He seeks and obtains an introduction into a theological seminary, where, in company with others like-minded, he travels through a routine of study, classical, mathematical, philosophical, exegetical, and theological, exercising himself, occasionally, in delivering discourses from neighbouring pulpits, and shielded, more or less carefully, by the regulations of the place, from the numerous temptations with which society abounds. At the close of his course, extending over three, four, or five years, an invitation commonly awaits him from a destitute church, which, having approved of his aptness to teach, calls him to “the oversight,” and receives him as an “elder.”’—Pp. 250, 251.

Now it is obvious to remark on this passage—assuming only its substantial correctness—that the parties referred to must be, to a great extent, untried men. Their age prevents a different supposition, whilst the station from which they are ordinarily taken, precludes the possibility of their possessing extensive knowledge of men or things. Their introduction into a theological seminary is, therefore, little more than an experiment, and that, too, of a very grave and hazardous kind. So little, for the most part, is known of their character, that no human foresight can predict the issue of their training. The general result may be good, but the exceptions are so numerous as to prove that some serious defect must exist, the detection and removal of which should occupy the best attention of our churches. But this is not all. The evil of failure would be comparatively trifling, if it were easy to dispose of those ministerial candidates who, at the close of their novitiate, are proved to be inefficient. Our churches would, in such cases, be relieved from what now constitutes a serious incumbrance, and the character of the

ministry would be cleared from much misconception. Such, however, is not the case, as every one acquainted with the state of things amongst us well knows. There are large numbers of estimable men, bearing the name but wanting the prime qualifications of the ministry,—retaining, with almost childish fondness, the title of the office, yet waiting in vain for any call to exercise their gifts for the edification of others. Circumstances have placed them in a position, the requirements of which they cannot meet; and they are, in consequence, exposed to bitter mortification, and, in many cases, to the privations of abject poverty. Now this evil results from various causes. It is deemed for instance discreditable—a mark of religious lukewarmness and carnality—for an individual to relinquish the ministry after having once undertaken it. Dissenters are not—in terms, at least—believers in the inviolability of holy orders; yet there is no small infusion of this heresy amongst them. They repudiate it in words, while they cherish something like it in spirit; and good men, therefore, of tender, but unenlightened conscience, shrink from betaking themselves to other avocations, in which they might earn an honest livelihood and do good service to religious truth. But further than this, the education we give is strictly professional, and occupies just that portion of time in which preparation is ordinarily made for future life. We do not allude to this as in itself objectionable, but simply as involving an evil from which the individuals in question, and our churches at large, suffer grievously. ‘An education,’ as our author justly remarks, ‘in a great measure technical, having consumed exactly that portion of life within which a choice of calling is feasible, leaves a young man, at the end of his preparatory course, even when he has discovered his original mistake, nearly precluded from altering his destination.’

We have, on former occasions, entered our protest against the supposed incompatibility of secular engagements with the Christian ministry, and the more we reflect on the matter, the deeper is our conviction that this notion has been productive of most serious mischief. It is one of the forms under which ‘The Professional Sentiment’ denounced by our author, is exhibited, and has contributed, beyond doubt, to enfeeble the ministry, and to deprive the Church of a large amount of available and working talent. We cannot, however, prosecute the subject at present. It is a large one, and merits separate consideration. The social wretchedness engendered by the present system—to say nothing of other considerations—ought to secure for it a searching and grave examination. Let an honest mind be directed to the inquiry under the influence of religious considerations, and the result elicited, though it may astonish, will greatly benefit the Church.

Our limits are so far exceeded that we can barely glance at the remaining 'Lectures.' The sixth contains much practical wisdom, which men of business will do well to consider, while it scatters to the wind some of the misconceptions of a contracted and unintelligent piety. There is no such incompatibility as weak-minded religionists allege, between secular avocations and spiritual duties. The notion of there being so is a product of that wretched system which separates off religion, as though it were a thing by itself, having rule within given limits, and being defiled and rendered worldly by contact with earthly things. So far from being so, the proper province of religion is the shop, the market-place, the exchange, the bar, and the senate. The ordinary avocations of life may be prosecuted in a religious spirit, and its duties be discharged in the temper of a profound and reverential piety. That this may be difficult we admit, but until it is to a good extent realized, Christianity will not gather to herself the sympathies and the confidence of mankind. We have no notion of that piety which is limited to the closet, or to the place of worship. In order to its healthy manifestation, religion must be seen, in every walk of life, a thing of charity and righteousness, breathing love to man, as well as reverence, and submission, and gratitude, to God.

To the two remaining 'Lectures,' entitled 'Social and Political Hindrances to the Success of the Churches,' and 'Remedial Suggestions,' we can barely allude, which we the more regret as the train of thought they embody, while strikingly appropriate, is distinguished by much originality and force. To one point, however, we must allude, as it constitutes, in our judgment, the most important and pressing requirement of the day. We refer to the periodical press as a means of extending moral influences over the public mind. Our churches are strangely regardless of this matter. Religious men treat it with indifference, and when urged to a wiser course, vindicate themselves by arguments which betray the grossest ignorance, or a very defective view of religious obligation. Mr. Miall thus describes the evil to be corrected, and we hope for an early opportunity of entering at large into the subject.

'I verily believe that nothing has exerted more power, in this country, to crush all the holier virtues out of our Churches than our newspaper press, metropolitan and provincial. For let the mode of its operation be considered. It seldom, or never, comes before us as an avowed foe offering battle to the Christianity of our land, but it is ever at our elbow, like Mephistopheles, as a friend, a guide, a counsellor. Were it to blaspheme, we should spurn it from us—were it to assail our faith, we should repel it with indignation—but it does neither—it does worse. It takes as the topics of its discourse, all the events of the day, of whatever character. It dresses up the narration of them

in the most piquant style. It intersperses with statements of fact its own reflections. It puts its own character and purpose into apt phrases, which pass unchallenged into the mind, and deposit poison there. It talks, often too, in a fascinating strain, on matters which seem to offer themselves most incidentally, reasons in logical fashion, soars into eloquence, sparkles with wit, comes close home to the feelings, and gradually establishes itself in the confidence. Occasionally it delivers itself of a religious effusion, and very seldom, indeed, makes any allusion to divine revelation without displaying tokens of reverence. In this insidious and unsuspected manner it attends you day by day, infusing into your mind, quite imperceptibly, its own spirit. And that spirit, for the most part, I hesitate not to say, is execrable. The epithet is a strong one, but facts warrant it. I select the "Times" journal as an illustration, and, although all others fall below it in power, many others resemble it in its utter want of virtuous principle. Now, I ask any religious man to watch the influence of that organ upon his own mind, and I venture to predict that its *tendency* will be felt to be much as I am about to describe. He will be tempted to look at all the great realities of life as matters which it is lawful to play with as convenience may dictate. Whatever veneration for truth he may entertain, will gradually become less sensitive, and he will come to consider lying, as theft was regarded by the Spartans, to be infamous only when done in a bungling style. He will perceive in himself a disposition to sneer at all the sterner exemplifications of virtue, to accept calumny as naturally due to heroism, to make light of moral principles when they stand in the way of party objects, to disbelieve in human magnanimity, to make grimaces at all the grander passages of a people's history, to smile most obsequiously upon what the gospel condemns, and jest most mockingly at what the gospel enforces. In short, if he were to yield himself up to the full effect of the deleterious atmosphere with which that journal would surround him, he would sink into a talker upon all conceivable subjects, without faith, without heart, without conscience, without a single object before him, or guiding principle within him, to make his talents subservient to man's elevation.'—Pp. 450—452.

In taking our leave of Mr. Miall, which we do with regret, we tender him our best thanks for the good service he has rendered by the publication of this volume. Much as he had previously done, this is undoubtedly his best work. It displays to great advantage the special qualities of his mind—is at once cool, transparent, and earnest, fearless in its exposition of the views embraced, and eminently skilful in the reasonings by which they are supported. There is, moreover, an entire absence of asperity and dogmatism from its pages. The deep seriousness of the themes discussed, has had a healthy influence on the author, and his treatise is in consequence earnest, yet candid, explicit in its sentiments, yet catholic in its spirit, an able exposition of what is deemed the truth of God, without a particle of that bitterness which theological discussion too frequently engenders.

ART. VIII.—1. *Report of the Freehold Land Conference.* Birmingham, 16th November, 1849.

2. *Speech of Mr. Cobden at the London Tavern Meeting, November 26, 1849.*

3. *The Times, November 28, 1849.*

4. *The Morning Chronicle, November 28, 1849.*

5. *The Spectator, December 1, 1849.*

THE protracted struggle of the Anti-corn-law League exhibited some of the more striking peculiarities of the English people. Slow to move, and sometimes submissive, if not patient, under the most grievous wrongs, they are capable, when once fairly aroused, of a determination and pertinacity which we shall seek in vain amongst the characteristics of any other nation. The struggle to which we have referred was no new one. It was but a continuation of the contest for popular right against aristocratic monopoly and usurpation, in which our forefathers were engaged when battling for municipal institutions and the rights of conscience. During its progress, however, some entirely new elements of agitation were introduced, and resources developed, which proved the practical spirit, and indicated the commercial habits, of the people. The creation of forty-shilling freeholds was one of these. A glance at the history of that movement is important. In 1843 Lord Morpeth, who had been one of the most popular members ever returned for the West Riding of Yorkshire, was defeated on the question of free trade. The League, which had at that moment acquired great power, felt this triumph of the Protectionists, in a constituency which had always been considered as an index of public feeling, and which comprised within its boundaries some of the most important seats of manufactures, as a serious blow. It stung them to effort. They found that it would require five thousand new votes to win back the lost ground. Mr. Cobden, whose attention had been directed to the subject of the forty-shilling freehold qualification, and who had the sagacity to detect the inherent and practical power of a movement for the extensive acquirement of that suffrage, went into the West Riding, and boldly proposed to the men of Yorkshire, that they should add that number of votes to the register, by qualifying a sufficient number of themselves and their neighbours as freeholders. In two years it was done, and

Lord Morpeth was returned at the next election without opposition! South Lancashire was by the same means rescued from the Protectionists. East Surrey furnished another memorable instance of success. Considerable exertions and much progress had been made in other parts of the country, when Sir Robert Peel seized a favourable opportunity, and, by repealing the corn laws, put an end at once to the agitation for free trade and, for a time, suspended the Freehold-land movement.

We do not ascribe the triumph of free trade to the creation of county votes. That event was not attributable to any one cause, but to a combination of causes. The mere fact of sending a few votes to the House of Commons was very small in itself. The numerical strength it added to the popular party would have enabled that party to do nothing against a determined resistance from the men who had manifested a disposition to uphold protection, at whatever risk, who had shown, moreover, an incapacity of even apprehending, to its full extent, the peril in which their obstinacy placed the country, and who had an immense majority in the house. The direct influence of a few county votes could not, therefore, be very great, but they had their effect, notwithstanding. There were those at the head of the Protectionist party who saw at once that such a movement differed much from the platform displays, and public demonstrations, which they had affected, and perhaps could afford, to despise. It indicated a moral purpose, and an earnestness with which it would not do to trifle, and against which, when enlisted in a righteous cause, it was unavailing to contend. It taught a new lesson in agitation. It was seen that an experiment thus successful would be improved by a young generation, who might adopt it as a means of obtaining other necessary reforms. This conviction no doubt strengthened the force of other potent considerations, and enabled the minister to carry his measure.

The League was dissolved, but the spirit which it had awakened did not die. In a short time Mr. James Taylor, of Birmingham, a working man, endowed with the hardy spirit of his class, proposed a modification of the plan of the League, as a means of aiding the movement for parliamentary reform; and also, which, to his practical mind, was not a secondary object, of improving the habits of the working classes. Mr. Taylor had been actively connected, for many years, with temperance and other societies in his native town. He is one of those who believe that freedom consists in something more than franchises, and his energies have been directed to the improvement of the domestic and social condition of his class. Honour to such men, of whom the working classes have presented not a few examples. The history of the Birmingham Society is so well known, that

we need not devote space to it. We prefer looking at the general movement in some of its least familiar aspects, and, if we find it necessary to administer a word of counsel or caution, we disclaim all sinister intentions. We enter upon our task with a widely different feeling from those who, according to the 'Spectator,' 'dealt in a very damaging kind of lenient criticism, patronizing support, or open quizzing.' We believe it to be a most useful and valuable means of aiding the reform movement. It is constitutional. It is suited to the trading spirit, to the daily pursuits, to the tastes of the people. It is introduced at a time when there is a prevalent desire among the more sober, and thoughtful, and better paid of the working classes, to acquire a little property. As a means of conferring a vote, it is unobjectionable. If a working man is prepared to lay by from his wages a small sum for the purchase of a freehold, surely there is no one so blindly conservative as to wish to deprive him of the vote acquired by such a process, nor so foolish as to discourage so laudable a step. We advocate the justice and expediency of the franchise, irrespective of property; but, while property qualifications exist, we hold that this means of enlarging the basis of representation is safe and legitimate, and can in no way compromise the principle for which we contend.

We have considerable faith in the Freehold-land movement. We do not believe that it is the ONLY means which can be employed to obtain redress of grievances. We do not think it even the PRINCIPAL means. Least of all, are we prepared to concede that the energies of the Reformers should be devoted exclusively to this one field of effort. If the free-trade struggle was in some degree indebted to the Freehold-land movement—the Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bill, and other great measures, have been carried without it. The same power that overthrew bigotry in the one case, and the boroughmongering system in the other, is capable of as great things in the future as it has accomplished in the past. All agencies must be kept at work. The movement for Parliamentary and Financial reform, under the leadership of Sir Joshua Walmsley, must be supported—the efforts of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association are required—the labours of the Anti-state-church Association must not be relaxed. They will all find the Freehold-land movement an important auxiliary—a valuable ally. It would form but a poor substitute for any of the existing confederations. The skilful general, if we may be allowed a warlike illustration, adopts every kind of machinery that can be made available. His skill is shown in making each do its appropriate work. Exclusiveness has been the bane of our political movements. We ourselves have always been disposed to regard a man

in the light of a charlatan who invites our attention to any one specific for the removal of our social ills. We cannot think highly of the genius of that man as a politician who proposes to confine his exertions to any one agency for the accomplishment of great ends. The evils of our present system are so multitudinous, as to require every practicable means to subdue them.

Before entering upon the subjects to which we wish more particularly to call attention, it may be well to look at the work which the Freehold-land movement has had cut out for it by Mr. Cobden. It is furnished in the following instructive extracts from his speech at the London Tavern meeting:—

‘It appears that the total number of county votes registered in 1847 was but 512,300; and of these “the boasted array of force, about which we have frightened ourselves so much, amounts only to 108,790 tenants-at-will in the fifty-two counties of England and Wales. Why, half the money spent in gin in one year would buy as many county freeholds as would counterpoise these 108,000 tenant-farmers.—[loud cheers.] What resources have we to aid us in the process of qualifying for these counties? I shall surprise you again when I inform you how very few people there are who are qualified for the counties. I will take three for illustration—three or four of the counties at random. There is Hampshire; there are in Hampshire, according to the last census, 93,908 males above twenty years old. The registered electors in the same county amount to 9,223; so that only one-ninth of the adult males are upon the register, and 84,685 are not upon it. In Sussex, there are of males above twenty years old, 76,677; of registered electors, only 9,211, or one-eighth of the entire number of adult males; 67,466 adult males are not voters. Take the purely agricultural county of Berkshire: Berkshire has 43,126 males above twenty years old; 5,241, or one-eighth, was the number of registered electors; 37,885 are not voters for the county. In Middlesex, the numbers rated are as follows: males above twenty years old, 434,181; registered electors, 13,781, or one-seventeenth; 420,400 not being voters. In Surrey, the males amount to 154,633: of these, 9,800, or one-sixteenth, is the proportion of registered electors: and thus 144,833 are not voters. Why, if only one in ten of the men who are not qualified to vote in London and Southwark would purchase votes in the neighbouring counties, it would almost suffice to carry every good measure that you and I desire. In round numbers, there are sixteen millions of people in England and Wales; there are four millions of adult males above twenty years of age. There are 512,000 county electors in the fifty-two counties of England and Wales; so that, in round numbers, at this moment there is but one in eight of the adult males of England and Wales who is upon the county register, and seven-eighths of them have no votes. That is our ground of hope for the future. It is to induce as many as we possibly can of these unenfranchised people to join this association, or some other association, or by some means endeavour to possess themselves of a vote.’ ”

Such being the work, what is the machinery about to be employed? The press has suggested many difficulties. We begin with that of the 'Spectator,' who complains that the mode is circuitous, and that it is done by stretching an Act of Parliament. To our minds there is much more simplicity, infinitely less trouble, and more safety to the purchaser of a small property by this means, than by any of the ordinary modes with which we are acquainted. The plan, it is true, is a mere expansion of that of the building societies. The rules are certified under the Building Societies' Act. The principles are the same. The building societies are required, to suit the technicalities of an Act of Parliament, to assume a name which does not represent their business, and which actually misrepresents it. They do not exist for the purpose of building—the funds are not subscribed, nor can they be legally employed, for such a purpose. What, then, is their object? They are savings' banks, and mutual benefit loan societies, and nothing more. A number of men unite together, and pay in, weekly or monthly, a sum agreed upon. As soon as the fund in hand reaches to a sufficient amount, it is lent to one of the members. The preference is decided by lot, by rotation, or by competition. The member who obtains the appropriation may build a house or buy property, which, if approved of by the society, will be held as security for the payment of the capital advanced to him. It is this plan of raising and lending money which the various freehold land societies have adapted to the business of qualifying voters by the purchase of freehold estates. As societies, they do not purchase property. The mode, however, is simple enough. When an eligible property is decided upon, the trustees, or some two or three responsible men, will purchase it with their own money, and hold it at their own risk, until it is subdivided and sold to such of the members as are entitled to advances of money. Every member will select his own lot, and may reject as many as he pleases. When he has chosen one, of which he approves, the money will be advanced out of the funds of the society, to pay the price, and the title will be held by the directors until it is repaid, which may be done at any time. We see no uncertainty or danger about the process, if the directors possess the necessary amount of skill for conducting the most ordinary every-day business with credit and despatch. If a failure is made, it must be brought about by the most arrant folly or stupidity. There is an advantage possessed over the building societies, in which every individual has to seek out a property for himself, very few having the requisite knowledge or experience. There is loss of time, risk, and uncertainty. In the case of the freehold land societies, the whole business is done on a large scale—and the individual has

merely, when all is in a state of readiness, to take or refuse the allotment offered him. Having previously looked upon the building societies with some degree of favour, we have been pained at the blunders, mishaps, and losses, which have befallen them. In the case of the freehold land societies, there is much less pretension. A man is not promised large profits. The chief advantage is, that he will obtain a small plot of land at the wholesale price—and that as there are no large profits to be made exclusively by any class of members, all will be taxed a small proportion to pay the cost of management. The allotments, when first obtained, will be worth considerably more than they will cost, even in the money point of view. We see no reason why the freehold land societies should not be made available for all the purposes for which a working man saves his earnings. The investment is always safe. If the allotment is not to the taste of the shareholder, or does not suit his convenience, he can refuse it. If he has not procured it, and any sudden exigency arise, he can withdraw the sums paid in. In the event of any sad necessity, after he has obtained his allotment, it will be marketable, and will generally realize more than the amount paid for it.

There are some matters of importance to be fairly considered by the directors of these institutions, as well as the members. We urge one or two, more particularly as we feel assured that a great many of the artizan and labouring class will avail themselves of this means of procuring a freehold. Many of them wish to save, and it is but right that every honest facility should be given to those who have but too few opportunities of rising in the social scale. The directors must always keep in view the desirableness of selecting property which will be of permanent value to the members. If a working man obtains a freehold, which confers a barren vote, and is unprofitable in other respects, he will soon become dissatisfied; if it pays him a rent, or yields its value in produce, he will be encouraged to further effort, and his example will influence others. It must not, therefore, be looked at as a political engine only. To the working man, we would say, look out for a profitable investment; be not hasty in the selection,—get a plot of ground that will serve as a site for a house, a garden plot, or one that may be let, and thus pay an interest. Get the vote by all means, but it will not be diminished in value by its being productive in other respects. We cannot too strongly enforce our opinion, that whatever gives social position to the artizan class—whatever cultivates among them feelings of self-respect, confers a moral power upon them which is, after all, the true source of all political power.

It has been urged, that seasons of depression will come, that

exigencies will arise, and that the working man will sell his freehold, or withdraw his deposits, to provide for the wants of his family. No one would plead an exemption, on the part of the members of freehold land societies, from the casualties, and misfortunes, and fluctuations which ever and anon arise in this country. What is the objection intended to be conveyed, and which would be equally good against savings' banks, or any other mode of depositing savings? Is a man to make no effort to-day because some unusual misfortune may befall him to-morrow? Is he to make no provision this year, because there is a possibility that in the next he may be thrown out of employment? We say, encourage the effort, he is better for making it. The desire to improve his condition once awakened—the habit of saving once commenced, will operate favourably upon the conduct, feelings, and character. It will always be a question with a prudent man, as to the mode of investment for his savings. These societies are, to our apprehension, much safer than savings' banks,—any serious defalcation is utterly impossible, as the money will be employed as it accumulates. We have painful evidence, in more cases than one, of the loose and irregular way in which the institutions under the sanction of government, and which hold the small savings of the poorer classes, are managed. When a man gets his freehold he is safe—no subsequent loss can affect him. Under all circumstances, the investment is better adapted to the various wants and necessities of the people, than any other practicable mode of acquiring small properties.

It has been objected, that those among the working classes who might be induced to take shares, would soon tire of subscribing and withdraw. Experience tells a different tale. The great difficulty has always been in getting that class of people to begin the habit of saving; there is comparatively little, however, in getting them to continue, having once begun. Whatever may have been the failings of the people in this respect, their habits are now undergoing a salutary change. The advocacy of the temperance cause, although conducted too much in a sectarian and narrow spirit, has had the effect of showing the people the advantages of economy. One writer on social questions, who speaks from an extensive knowledge, assured us, that he never knew among the pauper class, an instance of a man who had in the course of his life saved and put by a pound. The experience of our building societies, mismanaged as many of them are, shows how eager the working classes are to obtain, and how tenacious they are to retain, a little freehold property. The Birmingham Freehold Land Society, short as its history has been, is an answer to the surmises to which we now refer. A new spirit is abroad among our population; in a thousand ways it is effecting an almost

imperceptible, but effectual revolution in their feelings and character, one in which all good men must rejoice. Some object, too, because there are labourers and artizans who are unable, from scanty employment and poor wages, to seize upon the opportunities which the freehold-land societies afford. It is a melancholy truth, that the great bulk of the agricultural labourers, the Nottingham and Leicester stocking-makers, and the Spital-fields silk-weavers, are too low in circumstances to avail themselves of this agency. We lament this state of things. Whatever may be the nature of our remedial agencies, there is always a class they will not reach. Even the suffrage on the broad basis of the People's Charter would exclude the criminal, the mendicant, and migratory classes. Were the forty-shilling freehold proposed as a new basis for the representation, we should object to it; but as it is to be used for obtaining one much more extensive, we can see no possible objection to the use proposed to be made of it. If the stocking-maker, or labourer, is unable to procure a vote by such means, that is no reason why the carpenter, or well-paid artizan, or the sympathizing middle-class man, should not place himself on the register in order to give practical effect to his remonstrance against bad government. It is well to look at the capabilities of the working classes; we could prove, if necessary, that many of those who are said to be too poor to put by a shilling a-week for the purchase of a freehold, spend more than that sum upon articles of pernicious indulgence. It has been most carefully calculated, that nearly twenty-six millions of money are spent annually by the working classes alone in various kinds of intoxicants. One of the most gratifying aspects of the Freehold-land movement is, that it will divert from the channels of waste, some portion of this large sum, a sum which if spent in the purchase of assured physical comforts would give smiling homes to many thousands of families, and impart a stimulus to every branch of useful employment. We have before us the result of an inquiry made in the town of Preston, giving the average weekly earnings of 131 men in one establishment, amounting to £154 16s., and showing that 119 of them, the others being abstainers, expend £11 7s. 9d. each in drink every year. In Ashton-under-Lyne, a careful inquiry elicited the facts, that while there were £14,000 spent annually in intoxicating liquors, there were only £2,000 spent in education, and £2,410 deposited in the savings' bank. The sum spent in clothing was £26,410. These are, of course, approximate calculations—but those who look at the resources thus profligately cast away, will be at no loss to discover an immense power in the hands of the working classes, and that it is a high, solemn, and pressing duty to rouse that power into healthy and vigorous action.

We should have been glad to have furnished some calculation as to the probable extent of the societies' operations. The data on which such would be founded is necessarily imperfect. We find that there are twenty-seven county constituencies with an average number of electors below 3,000. There are twelve with an average below 5,500; and twenty more, with an average below 6,000. There is, surely, no reason why every one of those should not be speedily won from the enemies of progress. There is no reason why Hertfordshire, West Surrey, South Essex, West Kent, and East Sussex, should not be made safe during the next year. The question may occur—where is the power to accomplish it? Without taking into account the trading classes, who will greatly help this movement, we may look, for a moment, at the money power of the working classes. As one means of ascertaining the extent of that power, we may look at the number of depositors in the savings' banks. In 1844 it was above one million—the amount of deposits above thirty-one millions of pounds sterling. The returns of the fourteen savings' banks in the metropolis gave a total of 135,124 depositors, and nearly four millions of pounds deposits. These are nearly all small savings—above one-half of the sums are under £20. Some of the returns show remarkable results. It has been said, that the agricultural labourers cannot save for such an object, even did the desire exist. An analysis was made of the depositors in the Exeter savings' banks in 1829, and, out of 20,875 individuals, 808 were small farmers, the total amount of whose deposits was £41,721, 8s. 1d. It appeared that 2,082 were agricultural labourers and husbandmen, with a total of £70,688 3s. 10d.; 478 were tradesmen and small shopkeepers, with a total of £26,643 2s. 8d.; 2,378 were artificers, mechanics, and handicraftmen, with a total of £94,668 13s. 8d. From the general return, furnished by Mr. Tidd Pratt in 1827, from 273 savings' banks in England and Wales, the total number of depositors was 288,798. Amongst them were 9,082 small farmers, and 29,020 agricultural labourers. The numbers of each class have increased since that period. The number of persons connected with building societies—and these, again, are of the middle and working classes—is not less than 500,000. The sums involved in these transactions cannot be estimated; but they must be immense. Let us look at another instance of the power of the working classes. In the beginning of the year 1846, the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows had 251,727 members; the total income for the year being £325,200 11s. 1d. Without going into the statistics of various other societies, the facts we have mentioned will furnish an index to the power of the people in a pecuniary point of view; and will show what the Freehold-land movement may effect, if the energies of

the middle and working classes are enlisted in its behalf. Already we find the number of shares taken in the National Freehold-land Society is above 2,000; the money in hand above £3,000; and, in addition to this, above 200 persons have given notice that they are ready to pay down the price of the qualification as soon as it may be offered to them. We select this as a favourable instance; as the metropolis has generally been considered much behind the manufacturing districts in reform-spirit, and action.

We wish success. We have one word of caution and advice. There will be a tendency to multiply societies. Every additional society having a separate machinery will add to the general cost of management, and increase the risk of mishap, through inadvertence, ignorance, or inexperience. We would recommend all the smaller places to attach themselves to a great centre, rather than establish independent societies. Everything can be accomplished by one large district society that could be expected from a number of societies, and at a much less expense. This hint will not be thrown away upon those who seek to promote the great object in view. We have watched the progress of various movements, and we have generally found mixed up in them, a number of men who grow impatient of the slow and steady steps by which great results can alone be effected. In this instance we feel relieved from all apprehension on that score. We have looked with extreme and jealous care upon the machinery, and its adaptation to the end. We look to the men who have to put it in motion and control its action; and with both we are well satisfied. We know that uprightness of motive, and good character, are not all, but they are among the first requirements. Without these qualifications men of talent are dangerous—the higher the talent, the greater the danger of its being used for selfish or unworthy ends. In the leading and responsible men at the head of the Freehold-land movement, we have men of character, men of acknowledged probity and honour. They are men of industrious and business habits. They are, moreover, favourably known to the public by their attachment to, and labours in behalf of, civil and religious freedom. These are our guarantees for good faith and efficient services, and we cannot withhold our meed of approbation and support. We shall watch the progress of the movement with intense interest and expectation. We regard it as more than a political agency. Whenever the object for which it has been more particularly designed has been effected, it will leave behind its good effects in the character of the people, and affect most beneficially that of future generations. When the temporary power it may have created has compassed its ends, or is forgotten in the more exciting topics of some new

agitation, the social and moral advantages will continue to be felt. We look to the young men of England as the hope of the future. They are the depositaries of our expectations. This instrumentality, worked by them, may assure, not only to their posterity the rights of citizenship, but to themselves the proud satisfaction that, by habits of providence, temperance, and thrift, they have accomplished a great work, laid the foundation of solid independence, and given to their children an example of which they need not be ashamed. The triumph will not be the less satisfactory even if it may have been obtained at the expense of some sacrifices and privations.

Events of the Month.

THE last year of the first half of the century will commence in a calm—one of those calms, however, which tell of a storm past, and of a storm impending. Europe, wearied with two years of incessant insurrection, snatches at Christmas an auspicious and appropriate moment of rest; but the pause has no likeness to a settlement. Revolution is in repose; but the repose is surrounded with perplexities.

France claims first attention, as presenting a condition chiefly anomalous. Louis Napoleon has seen, in December, the first anniversary of his election to the presidency; and his finding himself still president is in itself a striking fact, since it was prognosticated, by all parties, that in twelve months from the date of his elevation he would either have been emperor, or state prisoner. In his one year of office he has accomplished much—he has retained power; and France, at the end of 1849, after consummating some two or three revolutions in twenty-four months, is indebted to the *vis inertiae* of the nephew of the emperor for a reviving financial position, an improving trade, and that general sense of social security which is interpreted in the steady quotation of the funds. The great need of France, after the fever of the disorders of February 1848, was a government which should not proffer the provocations of party supremacy; and it was because the nation encountered, and still finds, a compromise in Louis Napoleon, that this mediocre gentleman obtained and maintains popularity and adhesions. France may not offer to Europe that dignified and consistent aspect which the French politician would desire; the republic may be ridiculed which exiles or excludes from power all the republicans, and which selects as its first magistrate one who twice attempted to snatch at a French throne; but before the 'proprieties' comes the necessity for order, and order was to be secured only by the temporary setting-aside of all parties, and the exaltation, until the crisis of an era of extreme contentions had passed away, of a man who could not of necessity be a partisan of any one of the leading factions, and who, also, by the exceptional

circumstances in which he was placed, guaranteed at once moderation and a government. From Louis Napoleon there was expected only one virtue—filling the president's chair; but the constitution permits of some functions of more moment than are connected with the pomp of public appearance, and he has availed himself of his prerogative to dismiss a ministry which, possessing the name of Odillon Barrot, was the surety to the nation of liberalism as contrasted with the imperialism signified by the name of Napoleon, and he now rules alone—dictating to the National Assembly, and issuing commands to the country. The results of the expulsion of the Odillon Barrot ministry are but now beginning to be comprehended. The only ground on which the public could have anticipated a rupture between the president and his cabinet, containing leading liberals, if but so-so republicans, was in reference to the presumed imperial, that is to say, reactionary policy of the president; and a rupture of that kind would have been no doubt fatal to the further presidential career of Louis Napoleon. But Louis Napoleon now stands as the liberal, who has ejected a reactionary cabinet; and with more absolute power in his hands than it was ever supposed it would be safe to give, he, in consequence, has arrived at a popularity exceeding that originally conceded to him. The politicians are all equally at enmity with him. To the pure republicans his very name is odious; and while he has spent December in liberating crowds of the convicted insurgents of June, he gains nothing in their favour so long as the Ledru Rollins and Louis Blancs are exiled, and so long as such men as Lamartine can detect nothing of a republican tendency in the decrees of the republic. The Legitimists, in whom the Orleanists are said to have now included themselves by the abnegation of their own claims, can see no progress towards a restoration through an absolute and republican president. The statesmen, the writers and orators, who wait upon events, and who would make themselves necessary in all crises, can accord no confidence to a *régime* in which their virtues are not recognised, and which has intimated that it can do without even M. Thiers. Politicians, however, are not peoples. Louis Napoleon remains master of France, not because of his place, but because of his popularity; and he will be permitted unreservedly to snub his cabinets, and to defy the Assembly, if he but have the sense to assent to the republic, and to refrain from any *coup d'état*, until he have completely accomplished his mission, which is to interpose between parties for three years.

It is, however, very doubtful if the negative policy, in which he alone will experience safety, will be continued. Louis Napoleon is essentially a small man, and he is clearly losing himself in intrigue, the resource of small men. He has somewhat risked the *prestige* of his past popular proceedings by reimposing the taxes on potable liquors. His defence, through M. Achille Fould, is that the government cannot do without the revenue which those taxes return, and that direct taxation is not possible; and a very good defence it is. The only valid reply given, is that made by M. Jules Favre, to the effect that the business of the president should be to economize, and to reduce what we should call the army estimates—the enormous forces maintained by France being palpably unnecessary. The Assembly, by a majority of upwards of

200 votes, has passed the proposition of the ministry, thus abstaining from the triumph to which the recent conduct of the president tempted it; and thus, for the present, the ministry of MM. Hautpoul, Lahitte, and Fould, can jog on without the apprehension of any immediate climax in their many financial difficulties.

This will be an extremely unpalatable measure to the great mass of the people, and there is no appearance of an intention to meet the threatening unpopularity by any of those fiscal reforms so long called for in France, and which would more effectually silence Socialism than any of the expedients as yet made use of. Socialism, however, is not altogether unnoticed. The president is busy in founding 'banks for mutual assistance,' on principles in conformity with the aspirations for the improvement of the working classes which he uttered from his prison at Ham; and his plans for 'associate-founders,' and 'associate participators,' by means of which he hopes to bring the middle classes and the poorer masses into friendly alliance for the organization of the labour-market, are meeting with much the same reception which, in England, greets the great projects for national salvation which emanate from the statesman—like Mr. Sidney Herbert. He seeks, in this way, not only to appease the principle of the Communists, but he takes other steps to put them down, should they be meditating any attacks on his government. He is actively employed in carrying out a very bare-faced system of centralization, and in adopting all those ideas of Louis Philippe, which meditated the safety of the State through the multiplication of functionaries. These measures have the double advantage, while they defeat Socialism of strengthening his own personal position. The gendarmerie has been instructed to resolve itself into an instrument of espionage. The prefects have been requested to take to themselves imperial privileges, to control the march of education by assuming the power to cashier, or to appoint the teachers in the public schools, and to nominate the mayors, which hitherto has been the attribute of the municipal councils. All over the country, too, for the same ends, there is being effected an hierarchic organization of the petty offices of state-machinery—postmen, gamekeepers, *et hoc genus omne*. There is no disguise about this intrusion into the ordinary administration of the person of the president; and within the last week or two, the tone of the Paris press has betrayed dangerous symptoms; the press, not Socialist, such as the 'National,' fighting indirectly the battle of Socialism in its resentment against proceedings which tell too plainly of anti-republican hopes. The national pride is also being inconveniently appealed to in respect to the foreign policy. France is fast receding into the helpless attitude, as regards all her foreign relations, which was the chief grievance in the last years of Louis Philippe's reign, and from which it was the boast of Lamartine to have rescued her. Under Louis Philippe, peace was necessary to dynastic ambition, and the interests and honour of France were sacrificed in all quarters. Under Lamartine, France fought by her principles, and was the ally of all the democratic movements throughout Europe. Under Louis Napoleon, France represents no principle, and is excluded at once from the alliance with monarchies, and from the sympathies of the 'struggling nationalities.' This is not to be concealed, and it is one of the perplexities in which the year

begins, that the foreign policy of Louis Napoleon remains a mystery. We could judge better of his aims at home, if there were any decided indications of his purposes abroad.

Italy is to France what Ireland was said to be to England—the great difficulty. The Roman question remains open—a solecism being committed in the performance of high mass at St. Peter's, on Christmas-day, in the absence of the Pope. His holiness has seen the new French envoy, who sought an audience, both as commander-in-chief of the French troops and as minister plenipotentiary; but the Papal court remains at Portici. The pious courtiers who surround the Pope induce him to postpone his return, in the hope that a change of government will soon take place in France, and that he can then regain the Vatican without any restrictions on his reactionary desires. 'I will guarantee, on the part of my government, the performance of the stipulations you make, if your holiness will return,' said General Baraguay d'Hilliers. 'But will you guarantee the existence of your government?' was the Pope's retort; and there the matter rests. The intervening parties are thoroughly sick of their intervention, and now earnestly regret that they did not leave Mazzini and Mammiani to themselves. The Spanish troops have left, after spending some eight millions of dollars, fruitlessly, in the interests of the holy Roman Catholic Church; and the French officers are weary of the hatred of the people among whom they are bivouacked. The Pope himself is more unpopular than ever at Rome; for the government acting for him has restored an exploded corn-law, and so tendered an unpleasant foretaste of what may hereafter ensue. Beaten out of Rome, the liberalism of Italy looked with anxiety to the results of the elections of the new Piedmontese Assembly. A liberal majority would have revoked the treaty with Radetzky, recalled an Austrian army, necessitated French intervention, and raised a general war. The Piedmontese government have, however, succeeded in getting about one hundred Conservatives against some seventy-five Liberals; and are, therefore, safe for the present. The most notable incident in connexion with the elections, is the return of Mammiani, the former constitutional leader at Rome, by the people of Genoa. It was intended to make him leader of the opposition; but it is now said he has been refused letters of naturalization from the Piedmontese government—this, it is supposed, being the result of suggestions made by an envoy from Portici. Austria, safe in this direction, has added to her political triumphs a commercial victory of no little importance. She is annexing an immense territory to her customs-union, and thereby doing all that she could do by actual conquest. The commissioners have been appointed, and have, doubtlessly, completed their work; and with Modena, Parma, and Lucca, and, perhaps, Tuscany and the States of the Church, covered with her custom-houses and offices, she has procured for herself, hitherto confined to the Adriatic, in Italy, a continuous access to the sea, and has, furthermore, shut us out from a trade estimated as worth two millions sterling annually to us. This is a terrible falsification of the prediction made by Count d'Azeglio, as to free-trade and the reciprocity we were to experience in Italy, and, both politically and commercially, is a serious injury to the prospects of the whole Peninsula. It is, in all

respects, an unpleasant checkmate to Lord Palmerston, and a significant comment on the laudatory heroics which great 'leading' journals at home have lately been in the habit of bestowing upon Austrian policy.

The Viennese cabinet is fortunately not so prosperous in all its operations as in this. It is successful in Italy and in Hungary, but at the price of alienation from Germany. In Vienna itself it is unable openly to face German opinion. During December the state of siege in that capital has been rigorously enforced; a popular paper (the 'Presse') has been crushed; and a leading liberal, Otho Hübner, has received twenty-four hours' notice to quit the city. The emperor's birthday came, but no amnesty was issued; and in Hungary the only mitigation in the political persecutions has been the substitution of sentences of imprisonment for life for the penalty of death. The complications of Austrian politics have been increased by an insurrection of a rather alarming character in Servia, news of which reached London as we were going to press. A Russian Consul is charged with being the fomentor of the disturbances. The Austrian regiments on the frontier are said to have joined. The accounts are incomplete: if true, the chances must be regarded as stronger than ever against the protraction of the existing Austrian system. There has unquestionably been a great 'reaction' in Germany, but the body of the German people have adhered to their liberal developments; and the alliance of Austria with Russia has shut out the former, effectually, from all political co-operation with North Germany on any common basis. With all her capitals subjected to the state of siege, with the suppression of every portion of the press but that which can be made useful as a medium for the translation of articles from 'The Times,' with military rulers everywhere in her dominions, and even in Austria Proper, with the promised constitution postponed, it was not probable that her government would see with any satisfaction the convocation of a parliament, to determine the question of German unity at Erfurt. The King of Prussia, despite the Austrian protest, has summoned the delegates, and a new diet will meet early in 1850, by which it is to be hoped the attempts made in the revolutions of 1848 will be definitively completed. It is of minor consequence whether Frederick William repent or not; whether the 'Drei-Königs-Bund' be broken up or not; whether the King of Saxony resist the demands of his enraged subjects or not; whether, as threatened, or not an Austrian army march upon Dresden for the protection of the king. The people have got beyond the restraints of monarchical caprices; and, whatever becomes of the parliament of Erfurt, the failure now of the effort to accomplish the popular wish would be followed by terrible punishment for every one of the seceding kings. The events at Berlin show this. The trial and acquittal of Waldeck, the trial and acquittal of Johann Jacoby, and the universal joy with which those defeats of the Prussian government have been welcomed throughout the whole of Northern Germany, suggest that the era of 'reaction' is over, and that the democratic feeling is no longer to be trifled with. The last sittings of the Prussian Second Chamber, and the tone which has marked the closing revision in both chambers, of the constitution, indicate, beyond mistake, that a new feeling is awakened, and that the people will no longer wait upon the

king. The Manteuffel ministry, up to this time, have lived upon a conspiracy, of a somewhat Titus Oates character, against the democrats; and the agencies of that conspiracy have now been completely exposed at the trial of Waldeck. The discontent at Dresden points to a similar state of feeling; and it is clear that the kings will have to stand aside and let the German unionists rush into each other's arms. It appears to be as yet undecided whether the Prussian democrats will abstain from voting under the octroyed electoral law, in the elections for the Erfurt Assembly. They took this course in the elections for the Prussian parliament; but this sort of protest against the proceedings of governments is suicidal, and will be peculiarly mischievous, if adopted, in the present instance. The whole German question, the fate both of Austria and of Prussia, turn upon the proceedings at Erfurt, and the event will be looked forward to with deep interest.

The probabilities of war depend, it would appear, much more upon the result of the decisions which may be come to at Erfurt, than on any entanglement arising out of the protracted differences between Russia and the Porte. War, it seems admitted, can only be imminent through Russia, either directly or indirectly, as an ally of Austria; and if the Czar be anxious for war, he will, assuredly, not choose, so long as he has an alternative, the 'casus belli' offered at Constantinople in respect to the refugees. The rumours as to the Russian policy are, as usual, indefinite. One account states, that the Emperor is making an extraordinary levy for 1850—to the extent, in the Polish provinces, of twelve men per thousand, and in the rest of the empire, of eight men per thousand, of the population—amounting to a much greater force than would be required to fill up the gaps made in the Hungarian campaign. Another account gives, as positive—and it is to be found in a paper under the influence of the English cabinet, that the Emperor Nicholas is reforming his tariff at our suggestion—reducing, very considerably, the import duties on our cotton goods, and getting counter advantages from the British Board of Trade. The demeanour of his representatives at the Porte amounts to little. If he had intended war in that quarter, he would not have delayed so many months in the useless exchange of diplomatic formalities. The demand which is reported to have been made, on the part of Russia, for the expulsion from the dominions of the Porte of all refugee Poles, including, of course, the refugees of 1830, is hardly credible. The Sultan remains firm in his protection of the Hungarians; and acts, it is believed, on the advice, throughout, of Sir Stratford Canning, who has an English squadron still placed at its disposal, in case of armed intervention being necessary. What course the French cabinet have taken in the matter, beyond the first protest, is not known. There are charitable people who pretend that Louis Napoleon is in sad want of money, and draws bills on the Ural Mountains.

The frequent cabinet councils at home during the last month are supposed to have had some connexion with the difficulties attendant on the Turkish question. The foreign policy of England has become necessarily hazardous, and Lord Palmerston may naturally require counsel more than once a month from his colleagues. England is without an ally on the Continent, Portugal excepted. The French and English

cabinets acted together in the protest against the insolence of Radzivil; but the coalition was evidently momentary, and, at the moment, not very cordial. From Vienna and St. Petersburg Lord Palmerston is dealt with as a declared enemy; in Berlin he has no *point d'appui* to work from; at Madrid and at Naples he is equally detested. The alliance with Turkey is indispensable, but not very gratifying. Isolated in Europe, the foreign minister has a difficult game to play, to say nothing of the trouble he has got into in the Nicaraguan territory; and it is, no doubt, exceedingly disagreeable to have a Lord Grey at hand, as a colleague in the council, to enhance his embarrassments.

The Protectionists insist that the cabinet councils are all about a fixed duty on corn, which Lord John Russell is to propose at the meeting of Parliament. Whether or not they depend on this hope of reaction having set in in high quarters, it is certain that they have made desperate efforts, during December, in getting up agricultural demonstrations. They have held important meetings, at which they have secured the enthusiastic ignorance of the farmers in their favour; and having demonstrated, at each successive meeting, how impossible it was that any twenty of them could agree in a remedy for the universally-admitted distress, they have closed their campaign with a compromise which has united the two antagonistic clubs—the National Society, and the '17, Old Bond-street Association'—and bestowed unlimited lead in the House of Commons on Mr. Disraeli, who, by a vigorous exercise of his ingenuity, has managed to produce a plan to which every one of them objects. Up to the last week or two, they had everything their own way, and talked to the world without evoking an answer. But the Free-traders have at last spoken out; and Mr. Bright, at Manchester, followed by Mr. Cobden, at Leeds, have summed up the discussion in a manner which has left faith in reaction out of the question, and will send the whole corps of rent-reasoning landlords to Parliament in an excessively maimed condition. The Irish landlords purpose making a desperate effort in the next session to save themselves by a re-imposition of protection, so far as Ireland is concerned; and it is with these men the English Protectionists contemplate allying themselves in their last struggle. It is likely enough that the House of Lords will show signs of retrogression; but Mr. Cobden hints—let them beware of the revolution which will follow any attempt to raise rents at the expense of the food of the people—and the hint will probably be taken meekly. There will be hot debates; but the Protectionists have no chance.

The reformers have taken for granted, that they have no work to do over again, and are advancing rapidly on the protectionists of other things than corn. In the recess, three reforms have been decided on, as the demands for the session—colonial reform, financial reform, and parliamentary reform. The occurrences in Canada, and at the Cape, have given immense encouragement to the colonial reformers, and it is venturing little to predict that Earl Grey will not hold office many months longer. The prospects of financial reform are as favourable. The saving in the expenditure of the African squadron, which can no longer be maintained, if France declines to continue the treaty by which she bound herself to aid us, will leave a large margin for a re-

duction of taxation, and many small financial nuisances, such as the paper duties, the advertisement duties, the tea duties, will fall in. A reduction in the rate of interest is spoken of as a necessary measure, and as justified by the probable permanent excess supply of gold in the money-market; and this would obviously induce a sweeping revision in the whole system of taxation.

The National Reform Association proceeds triumphantly in its course. In the report which the council of the association have just published, they claim to have awakened public opinion to the suffrage question, and to have made this public opinion immediately potent for public good. There is some truth in the claim; the association has certainly awakened the middle-classes to their interests and duties in this matter; and in consideration of so much good done, some little boasting may be permitted. In a pamphlet, which has just appeared, entitled '*Prospects of Reform: a Letter to Sir J. Walmsley, M.P.*' this claim is discussed and admitted; but the pamphleteer warns the council that they are not indebted for the enthusiasm they have elicited to any peculiar virtue in the restricted principles they have proposed, and that they will be unable to sustain this enthusiasm if they do not rally reformers round a confessed truth—manhood suffrage. Perhaps this is too early, the association looks for support to the whole middle class, and must, no doubt, win that support at the outset by a quasi-moderation; but to suppose that any *national* appeal will ever be made to Parliament for so limited a suffrage as that shadowed in Mr. Hume's motion is obviously absurd; and in good time we shall hear Sir Joshua Walmsley and his friends speaking in a plainer language than they are permitted to use at present. The council intimate in their report, that they will recommence their labours with vigour in the new year, and that they will convene a national conference of reformers in February. It is to be trusted, that all earnest and honest men will give their best aid to this association. It agitates *the* question—a reform of Parliament; and whatever the limitations it may make use of at present in its programme, it is entitled to the countenance and approval of all reformers.

THE case of Gorham *versus* Phillpotts is just now giving another, and pretty vigorous shake to the tottering edifice of Church-of-Englandism. The discord which now reigns in the law-favoured land of tithes, church-rates, and creeds—the utter failure of all formal confessions of faith, canons, and articles, framed for the accomplishment and conservation of theological uniformity, are every day becoming more apparent. The Church, in reference to opinions, is a vortex of confusion dire. Not even as to the meaning of the language of her own creeds and articles can her surpliced sons agree. All pledged to believe in them as true and holy, they are now right busy wrangling as to what they really mean—concord is at an end—the mere show of harmony is gone, clean gone for ever. No two sects amongst Dissenters are more truly antagonistic in their views than are the Archbishop of Canterbury and meek Henry of Exeter. They flock together, but not birds of a feather are these same Episcopalian priests; that is to say, as far as

opinions are concerned, though of course we except from this assertion their conviction of the convenience and desirability of State-Churchism, and THEIR RESOLUTE DEFENCE OF THEIR VESTED INTEREST IN THAT PORTION OF THE NATIONAL FUNDS WHICH IS ANNUALLY EXPENDED FOR THE AGGRANDISEMENT OF A SECT, INSTEAD OF THE EDUCATION AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PEOPLE. Indeed, matters have come to such a pass, that the lamb-like Bishop, and his pertinacious opponent, Mr. Gorham, can only be regarded as the representatives of two rival parties amongst the clergy, who are animated by feelings of a mutual rancour, and as much believe in the necessity for each other's downfall, as John Knox believed in the call in his own day for the annihilation of Popery, and the triumph of a struggling Protestantism over those mighty forces of fashion, prejudice, and worldly authority, which resisted its influence and ignored its claims. It has long been evident that faction has reigned amongst our State clergy; that their nominal uniformity of opinion has been the veriest farce, inasmuch as diversity the most diversified—a diversity ranging from the sternest Puseyism to the most fervid Evangelicalism, from the most scrupulous Calvinism to the merest Arminianism, Deism, Arianism, and Latitudinarianism, has been the order of the day. By a GOLDEN chain has this mass of incongruities been united. Episcopalian cohesiveness has been, to a great extent, the offspring of a love of the things which are temporal. We have had few withdrawals, just because NO PAY is the irrevocable concomitant of secession,—for though the principle of ‘once a priest, always a priest,’ is now and then insisted on, as in the case of Mr. Shore, still the daring rebel against ecclesiastical authority must soon find, to his cost and discomfiture, that though the Church relaxes not her claim on him, yet he has ceased by his act of contumacy to possess any claims on the Church. The Sectarian House which the State built is divided, nay, up in arms, against itself. The State Church is practically playing the incongruous part of an unpaid missionary of the Anti-state-church Association. Henry of Exeter emulates Edward Miall as a promoter of the Church's separation from the State. The work just now ‘goes bravely on,’ and, with a strange species of infatuation, the clergy themselves are among its most efficient supporters.

The quarrel between the bishop and Mr. Gorham may be fairly regarded as symptomatic and illustrative. It demonstrates a want of harmony within the pale of the Church, which must impoverish and destroy her; and it shows, so clearly that he who runs may read, that creeds, articles, and canons, the much-lauded safeguards against ‘heresy and schism,’ have been tried and found wanting, and become, when associated with the rewards and prizes of state patronage, impediments to healthy, individual thought, and premiums to hypocrisy. Bishop and clergyman have avowed their belief in the same creeds and articles; bishop and clergyman are pledged to support such creeds and articles as the truth of God. Bishop and clergyman officiate at the altars of the same Church, and derive their emoluments from the same state-provided source. And yet, bishop and clergyman are at issue as to what those articles and creeds MEAN, which they have pledged themselves so solemnly to believe in; or, in plain and unvarnished language, these two state-endowed teachers are wrangling as to WHAT DOCTRINE

THEY ARE PAID TO TEACH. Now, really there is something very humiliating in this exhibition; something which is calculated to supply the sarcasm of the sceptic with new venom, to lower the character of religious ministers in the estimation of the masses, and to justify to more ill-educated minds, the vulgar taunt that the gospel, ostensibly the parent of harmony, is rather the creator of discord and strife. It is argued, we know, that this disputation is caused by the want of harmony between the teachings of the rubric and the teachings of the articles; granted, but bishop and clergyman have deliberately avowed their belief in BOTH RUBRIC AND ARTICLES, and hence, if such rubric and articles contradict each other, why then bishop and clergyman have avowed their belief in a contradiction, and so blown hot and cold with the same breath. We do not deem it necessary to say anything now respecting the falsehood of the dogma of baptismal regeneration, nor do we for a moment question, that such popish doctrine is inculcated in the rubric, for our so-called Protestant Church doth boast of a SEMI-POPISH liturgy. The point on which we take our stand is simply this—that both bishop and clergyman have subscribed to this rubric—that it was through the portal of such subscription they entered the priestly office, and qualified themselves for the reception of the good things of state patronage,—that if such subscription was the result of personal thought and examination, they must have known full well the dogmas to which they subscribed; and so subscribed as sincere believers in a contradiction(?), or self-seeking hypocrites, intent upon place and pay; that if such subscription was a mere formal act, performed because a necessary preliminary to a clerical career, why the act was one we dare not trust ourselves to characterise, and no good, no grace, no holy influence could be expected to follow the labours of the men who could perpetrate it.

It just then comes to this—and we appeal to the case of ‘Gorham *versus* Phillpotts’ to bear us out in our assertion—each clergyman, knowingly or unknowingly, solemnly avows his belief in articles and in a rubric which are hostile to each other in point of doctrine, before he enters into holy orders. We mean not to accuse the whole of our pious Christian clergy of falsehood or hypocrisy in the matter, though we do regard them as victims of the State-church principle, which has warped their judgments, reduced the most solemn acts to mere beggarly formalities, and sapped the foundation of the manly belief and genuine piety having its true foundation in the soul of each disciple of that most spiritual and unostentatious religion which lights its lamp of faith, meek hope, and long-suffering, at the Redeemer’s cross. To the formality, the trifling with sincerity, the warping of conscience, the equivocation, quibbling about natural and non-natural senses, and other Jesuitical meddling with truthfulness—to each and all we point, and say, ‘A State Church hath done this’!!! Yes, to the State-church principle may be fairly ascribed the production of the moral evils and anomalies to which we now refer with feelings of sadness, mingled with feelings of indignation, that in this foremost land such things should be. The influence shed abroad by the State Church of these realms is conventional, worldly, and not moral or religious. That which should be viewed as a field of honest labour, is transformed,

by the deadening and corrupting touch of government, into a mere arena for the development of ambition, and the investiture with wealth, station, and command, of the successful competitors in its heated lists. The golden image of patronage is set up conspicuously, and, be the mind ever so pure, be the conscience ever so faithful at the outset of the career of the young candidate for ecclesiastical favour and promotion, the shadow of that image darkens his pathway, and shuts out the clear, bright sunshine of apostolic zeal, ingenuousness, and self-devotion, that else might light him to heights of dignity, compared with which cathedral stalls, lawn sleeves, and mitres, are mean indeed. Thus does the State corrupt the men who might widen and deepen the Church's influence over the popular mind, infusing into her a power, the power of spiritual life and truth, against which sensualism, selfishness, and hope-chilling scepticism could make no way. It is vain, and worse than vain, to anticipate the advent of an elevated, and really regenerated State, until we have gloried in the spectacle of an emancipated Church.

Such is the moral we deduce from the Gorham case—a moral, which we would commend to the serious thoughts of Churchmen and Dissenters. To our minds, it matters comparatively little whether ultimate defeat or victory be the fate of Mr. Gorham. It is useless our grappling with effects, whilst the cause remains untouched by our endeavours. There can be no such thing as Church Reform, until State bondage is thrown off, and the Church is free.

The doings of Sir James Brooke amongst the savages of Borneo appear to us to demand the stern reprobation of every Christian and philanthropic man. That such cold-blooded massacre should be tolerated by a civilized government, and its perpetrator be allowed to retain possession of his misused power, is to our minds a monstrous perversion of justice, and a sad compromise of the honour and consistency of the nation. If these are the only means by which the foundations of civilization can be laid, barbarism subdued, and territory acquired, why we are then prepared to say that the perpetuity even of savage life itself were a less evil than the toleration of such enormities, and the establishment by means thus unholy of British influence and sway in the untamed wilds of the barbarian. But the man who really credits the assertion that out of such worse than barbarism, a genuine civilization, a civilization worth struggling for, can be evolved;—the man, who sees in war's deadliest instruments the rude pioneers of a refinement as yet to dawn; such man is a dreamer indeed, and has read the history of the past without caring to interpret the moral which it teaches to the present and the future. It is one thing to subdue, it is quite another thing to govern, the domain of the wild man. To crush opponents by killing off all who may chance to provoke antipathy, is not to vindicate law, or establish order. A province may be devastated by fire and sword—towns may be depopulated—an infuriated soldiery may be let loose upon defenceless clans—amid seas of blood may civilization's banner be unfurled, and her so-called armies raise victory's shouts—but it all, alas! amounts to a mere triumph of barbarism—a victory of

savage over savage, and a compromise of those benign principles and heavenly charities propounded once by a voice so holy and divine, which may be all summed up in that one passage, which such men as Rajah Brooke will do well to ponder over, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' We have perused with feelings of pain and indignation the history of colonization. We know that cruelty, rapine, vice, and wrong, have but too often followed in the white man's train—that the savage, stripped of his possessions and scorned by his haughty conquerors, has many a time and oft borne awful testimony against his so-called Christian invaders at the judgment-seat of God. These things we know, and muse on them with a blush of shame—but we still assert that never in the whole progress of colonization, no, not even by the notorious Warren Hastings himself, were fouler, or more savage atrocities committed, than have recently been perpetrated with the consent, and under the especial direction, of that most fortunate of adventurers, Rajah Brooke. Surely our philanthropists will speak out on the subject, and denounce this massacre in terms equal to its enormity! Surely it is too late now for such things to be done with impunity, though among savage hordes, and in far distant seas! We oppose not colonization, but we denounce bloodshed—we repudiate slaughter, and we warn Rajah Brooke that there exists in Christian England a moral power in public opinion, which can brand the tyrant who degrades his nation by deeds which would disgrace even savages, and which are as utterly hostile to the progress of everything like civilization, as they are repugnant to the spirit of the gospel of peace and mercy. This is a subject which should not be allowed to drop, for it concerns our national honour, our benevolence, our Christian faithfulness to the cause of humanity. We shall return to the matter in our next number. In the mean time we hope public expression will be given to the feelings of indignation and disgust which the Borneo massacre has excited.

The movement of Mr. Sidney Herbert, though pregnant with but small results, when those results are compared with the huge aggregate of social misery and privation, has helped, and is helping, to force the 'Condition of England Question' on the attention of the people. It is vain to extol our modern civilization whilst its beneficence is so partially distributed, and its palace walls do but serve to prop up the hovels of a downpressed pauperism. A civilization, which, snugly cushioned, and richly adorned in Belgravia, can coolly tolerate the sinks and stews of Wapping or Seven Dials;—a civilization, which awards to tens of thousands their miserable shilling for sixteen hours of toil—

' With fingers weary and worn,
With eye-lids heavy and red ;'—

a civilization which too often imparts to harlotry the aspect of a terrible necessity, and dooms multitudes to the home of the pauper, the grave of the suicide, or the foul career of prostitution;—a civilization, so partial, so cold, so little quickened with the divine love of the gospel;—such a civilization doth indeed need CIVILIZING, and we therefore hail with

joy the endeavours of all who unmask its deficiencies, and remind their fellows that the age of 'whited sepulchres' has not yet passed away. The times demand a practical, good-working religion. Our Christians may well buckle on the armour of social reformers, and so live the sentiment embodied in our own Milton's prayer:—

'Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress,
By just and equal laws.'

It is no use blinking this momentous question, for, in spite of the pooh, poohings of ten thousand 'peace, peace' chimeres, it will make itself heard, in the shrill, sharp cry of hunger—the maddened yells of drunkenness, and the hoarse, defiant tones of discontent and crime—in all the varied voices of those moral abominations which are the shame of our civilization, and the retribution of our selfishness, oppression, and torpor. More, much more, might be added, but our space is exhausted, and we must therefore conclude, at the same time promising to return to the subject in our next number.

Brief Notices.

Lives of Illustrious Greeks. For Schools and Families. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THESE 'Lives,' twenty in number, are selected from Plutarch, with the omission of sundry digressions, and the substitution of reflections better suited to a Christian than to the Greek moralist. The volume 'is offered to instructors as an attempt to depict the vivid scenes of Grecian life, unaccompanied by the errors of heathenism, and mingled with such thoughts as have been suggested by the study of them to one who is himself a parent, and also teacher of the young.' Such an attempt is praiseworthy, and when judiciously executed may answer a valuable end. It requires, however, to be narrowly watched, and to be kept under the control of a sound judgment. Such is the case with the volume before us, which we, therefore, cordially recommend for adoption as a school and family book.

The Life of Alfred the Great. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS is one of the Monthly Series of the Tract Society, and will be read with advantage by our young friends. By means of these small volumes, published at sixpence each, the society is diffusing much valuable information in a form best adapted to benefit the popular mind. The subject of this volume is well chosen, and the manner in which it is treated merits commendation. We hope the society will continue to infuse into our popular literature the salient elements of religious truth.

Text Book of English Literature. By the Rev. John Hunter, Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea. London: Longman and Co.

WE should scarcely have thought that there was a famine of books of this sort, but perhaps a body like the National Society must have its own text-books—and if they are all as good as this one, there will be no reason to regret their determination. As a lucid, philosophical, exposition of English grammar for the use of upper classes in schools, we have rarely seen its equal; while it is so constructed, as that by omissions made at the discretion of the teacher, it may be used for mere beginners.

A Necessity of Separation from the Church of England, proved by the Nonconformists' Principles. By John Canne, Pastor of the Ancient English Church in Amsterdam. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, by the Rev. Charles Stovel. 8vo. London: printed for the Society, by John Haddon.

THE *Hanserd Knollys Society* is honourably fulfilling its vocation, by the republication of some of the most valuable treatises in our language. Those already issued are unrivalled in their own department, and must be attentively studied by all who would understand and accurately appreciate the views and history of the earlier Nonconformists. The 'Necessity of Separation' was published at Amsterdam in 1634, and was designed to expose the unsoundness of the basis on which the Puritans rested in their controversy with the hierarchy, and the obligation imposed by their principles to secede from the Establishment to which they clung. 'Resting his arguments,' as Mr. Stovel remarks, 'for the Separation he urged on their own principles, as stated by the Nonconformists in their own writings, he crushed them with what they themselves had advanced in print, and gave them no choice except that of proving their own statements, and thus supporting his conclusions, or that of relinquishing all claims to respect by falsifying their own affirmations.' In pursuing this argument, considerable skill and unsparing severity are evinced. The author was intimately familiar with the writings under discussion, and follows out his conclusion without compunction or mercy. He was earnest and truth-loving, and the spirit of the age gives an aspect of asperity and bitterness to many of his statements. 'We believe,' he says, 'their principles to be true, and if there be no Nonconformist that will defend them, we will.'

Canne's treatise is ably edited by Mr. Stovel, who has prefixed to it an *Introductory Notice* of 114 closely printed pages. This notice bears all the characteristics of his mind, and displays considerable research and pains-taking. With all the pleasure, however, which its perusal has afforded us, we are free to confess our judgment, that much of it is out of place, and would have been as appropriate—in many cases more so—to a score of other treatises. We refer particularly to the earlier part, in which there is a great display of historical research which we would willingly have exchanged for fuller biographical notices of the author. The tendency to enlarge what ought to be very

brief, and to substitute matters of general history for what is pertinent to a particular individual or treatise, is a fault observable in the former publications of the society, and from which, clearly, the present is not exempt. The Council will do well to guard against this in future. In the event of a second edition, we strongly recommend Mr. Stovel to suppress the *Explanations of library signatures*, and the *List of authors consulted*, which he has given. No intelligent reader, conversant with the history of the period treated of, can fail to smile at the parade thus made of extensive research.

A Memorandum of the Wonderful Providences of God to a poor, unworthy Creature, during the time of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, and to the Revolution of 1688. By John Coad (one of the sufferers). London : Longman and Co.

WE are indebted to Mr. Macaulay for this publication. The manuscript from which it is printed might have perished, and its graphic sketches have been lost to the world, had it not fallen into the hands of that gentleman in the course of his inquiries into the sufferings of the adherents of Monmouth. 'The best account,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'of the sufferings of those rebels who were sentenced to transportation, is to be found in a very curious narrative, written by John Coad, an honest, God-fearing carpenter, who joined Monmouth, was badly wounded at Philip Norton, was tried by Jeffreys, and was sent to Jamaica.' Encouraged by this reference, the proprietor of the manuscript has given it to the world in the small volume before us, and every student of our history will thank him for having done so. It portrays, with much simplicity, and with luminous truthfulness, the views of many of Monmouth's adherents, and fully sustains the prevalent notion of the terrible cruelties inflicted by the military and judicial agents of the Court. It is a personal narrative, in which the Protestant zeal and pious resignation of the writer are blended with a graphic sketch of the atrocities practised in the name of justice. We need not recommend its perusal. All who are interested in this period of our history, and desire accurately to estimate its character and actors, will gladly avail themselves of John Coad's narrative.

Scripture Illustrated, from Recent Discoveries in the Geography of Palestine. By the Author of the People's Dictionary of the Bible.

Scripture Vindicated against some Perversions of Rationalism. By the Same. London : Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

THE former of these pamphlets is occupied principally with a somewhat detailed account of the extraordinary variations of the surface levels of Palestine ascertained by the more recent scientific travellers. The light which these variations, now for the first time in many cases determined, throw on the constantly recurring scriptural expressions 'to go up,' 'to go down,' is well exhibited, and the plain argument

from such minute local knowledge for a Jewish origin of the sacred books forcibly put.

The second selects for battle-field with the rationalists, the connected miracles of feeding the five thousand and walking on the sea, and for combatants Paulus, Strauss, Gfrorer, whose theories are examined and dissipated in a most masterly manner.

We notice these two pamphlets with great pleasure on account of the happy mingling in them of minute, exact acquirement, and large, broad views. Accurate scholarship, and strong acute intellect, sufficient to keep the scholarship in its place, with the addition of an admirably lucid nervous style, render these brief performances worthy of a wide circulation, and will insure them a careful perusal.

The Earth's Antiquity in Harmony with the Mosaic Record of Creation.
By James Gray, M.A. London: Parker.

MR. GRAY sets out with laying down some sound general principles of interpretation as regards the scriptural record of natural facts. He then enumerates, clearly and briefly, the chief evidences derived from geology for the antiquity of the earth; and next proceeds to show that, by the severance of the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis from the succeeding narrative, room is afforded for the whole of the cycles of the pre-Adamite earth. He examines, critically, the whole Mosaic record; and, by the process which is now familiar to all Biblical students, establishes the incorrectness of the ordinary interpretation of that narrative by which it is made to detail the incidents of the first creation of the world. A chapter of moralizing closes the whole. There is nothing in the book that has not been long submitted to the public; and, while we acknowledge the elegance with which much of it is written, we can only explain the author's having thought it necessary to publish it, on the supposition that he had not, until recently, had his attention turned to geological investigation, and concluded that, what was new to him, must needs be so to everybody else.

Twenty-five Village Sermons. By Charles Kingsley, Jun., Rector of Eversley, Hants. London: Parker.

WE have seldom seen sermons so beautifully adapted to the character of their hearers as these. Mr. Kingsley speaks in strong, homely words, which never sink into vulgarity, and never soar to the stilted affectation not uncommon in the pulpit. He calls plain things by plain names, and his religion has not dwelt in a study till it has forgotten the common speech. He uses illustrations drawn from his hearers' daily habits, speaks to them of their faults and cares, so that they hear, 'every man in his own tongue wherein he was born, the wonderful works of God.' The same kind of excellence distinguishes the subjects and sentiments as marks the style. Throughout, the great aim seems to be, to show the sacredness of common life—to teach how all things have a religious aspect—in a word, to carry the world to the pulpit, that the hearers may carry the gospel into the world.

We have not so much of this kind of preaching, that we can throw aside any specimens of it, from whatever quarter they come; and, though there are some things here which we cannot accept, they only slightly detract from the merit of the volume, which we warmly recommend as an admirable specimen of village sermons—homely, without being vulgar; plain, without being commonplace.

William Penn and Thomas B. Macaulay. By W. E. Foster. London: Charles Gilpin.

IN this pamphlet an attempt is made, and, as far as we have had time to examine the question, we should say successfully, to disprove 'the charges made in Mr. Macaulay's "History of England" against the character of William Penn.' The accomplished defender of the divine right of Whiggism, the apologist for all the past doings of the political house now represented by 'The Happy Family,' AT PRESENT so snugly lodged in Downing-street, to the sore discomfiture of all reformers who care aught for genuine reform,—this gentleman, we say, saw fit, in the course of his much-belauded, and, perhaps, much-overlauded work, to blacken the fair reputation of the man held in reverence by his successors, as one of the benefactors of his own day, and a worthy example for the imitation of posterity. It is impossible for any person previously acquainted with the character of William Penn, to peruse the sweeping charges of Macaulay without perceiving that those charges are as truly contradicted by the whole spirit of Penn's life, as they are manifestly unsupported, save by the most flimsy, confused, and unsatisfactory evidence. A mind like that of the ex-member for Edinburgh is utterly incapable of appreciating the stern, unflinching, and courageous assertion of personal convictions, of which, what is now called Quakerism is the embodiment. The man of policy—the trim, clever, showy hero of party—whose whole life amounts to an expediency, cannot dive into the depths of such a soul as the soul of George Fox; for, living in the shallows of a child of this world, how shall he appreciate the marvels in the depths of the children of light? Wise in his generation, how shall he do justice to the rough, yet self-devoted, who became the fools of their own day, that they might prophesy, though in sackcloth, to the present, and so herald the advent of a better future? For our own parts, we should protest against a man like Macaulay being allowed to sit in judgment on men like Fox or Penn, for between the martyr and the dilettante soul, 'an ancient grudge' exists, the latter doth love to feed. The clever, flashy, hanger-on of faction, is ever one of the readiest, and the bitterest in his pooh, poohings of the great and good, the men knowing no party save humanity, and no cause save the cause of truth and God. A jury of Macaulay's would, without even retiring from the box, much less being locked up for the night, return a verdict of folly, or insanity, against all men who denounce expediency as infidel, and brand the temporizer as an enemy of his age and race.

It could hardly be expected, therefore, that Quakerism should receive anything like favour at the hands of Macaulay, who belongs to

a school of philosophy and morality as distinct from that of Dymond, as the doctrines of Epicurus are distinct from those of Zeno; and, inasmuch as human nature is very weak and fallible, and even the brilliant historian is no exception to this general rule, we feel justified in conjecturing that he would expose any little indication of frailty on the part of the forefathers of a class whose unbending adherence to principle has not unfrequently troubled both himself and his party, with rather more eagerness than impartiality would dictate, and with less of compunction than charity would desire. Indeed, when we remember how much, during the last few years, Thomas B. Macaulay has been thwarted, checkmated, and wounded, by the visionaries and impracticables (?), who will persist in lauding consistency as a virtue, and denouncing compromise as a vice—it is not difficult to imagine that the bare ghost of a truckling Quaker would, whether consciously or unconsciously, be welcome to his eyes, as a sort of ‘Roland’ for the odious ‘Oliver’ of his victorious opponents.

We are not meaning to assert that the moral dignity of modern Quakerism would, in the least degree, have been compromised, had the historian succeeded in substantiating his every charge and implication against the reputation of William Penn; for every age, unfortunately, produces its crop of men who are worse than their principles—whose creeds find no commentary in their lives. Apart from the question of truth and fact, we hold it to be sheer folly to be morbidly sensitive on such points, for, in spite of all men’s sensitiveness, the stern fact remains, that the spirit of evil has established his dark throne within the pale of all earth’s sects, and found his victims there.

Now, as far as the question of fact and evidence is concerned, the pamphlet of Mr. Foster is, to our minds, a quite sufficient answer to Macaulay’s charges. He has looked up his authorities with great diligence and skill, and confronted them with the meagre, and most arbitrary reasoning and statements of the historian, and the result of a careful study of his pamphlet, and some little personal investigation of the matter of which it treats, is a conviction, on our own parts, that William Penn has been assailed on utterly insufficient grounds, and that his accuser has been led, knowingly we do not say, by his own personal prejudices and animosities, to too sweepingly condemn one who, had he been a contemporary, might, perchance, have denounced Maynooth grants, State-churchism, class legislation, Whiggism and all; nay, even have gone the length of contributing to ‘the bray of Exeter Hall.’

We doubt not, for one moment, that Penn may have been faulty—we simply contend that he was greater than his age—that, in reference to that age, he played a benefactor’s part, and hence, that he claims the reverence of his successors of all names and creeds. We ask not favour, but simply justice for the man; and deny that such justice has been done him by Macaulay. We contend that, on evidence so confused, so vague, so suspicious, not even the humblest actor on the stage of the past could, in common fairness, be condemned, much less a man whose memory has become identified with the states of a new world—whose principles have been affectionately conserved by the consciously benefited amongst his successors, and whose name has been hitherto associated with a wisdom, frankness, perseverance, and

moral worth, which demand, and in the long run receive, the homage of mankind. We have no space to add more, save that all who have perused Macaulay's charges, are morally bound to study Mr. Foster's able, industrious, and on the whole, satisfactory defence.

The Christian Life. By Robert Montgomery, M.A. London: Arthur Hall and Co.

TRUE poetry has to do with the spiritual, the universal, and the eternal; and has no part nor lot in the material, the local, or the transient. Broad-sweeping, deep-seeing, are the souls of all genuine poets. The bard sings at the suggestion of a mind which, full of harmony to overflowing, seeks vent for its fond imaginings in 'words which burn;' and so creates those things of beauty which are joys for ever, and become the inspirers of all who are possessed of a kindred genius, and who, therefore, comprehend and appreciate the poems through which, be he living or dead, the poet appeals to humanity, and invokes the honour and the sympathy of its sons. Poetry may clothe itself in verse, but it by no means follows that verse is poetry; for a man may acquire the art of stringing words into stanzas, and even try his hand at the construction of some epic, who is about as little acquainted with the burning inspirations of the Muse as some good, prosy old gentleman, whose whole life has been passed in the company of self-acting mules, and whose thoughts have been absorbed by considerations relating to those mighty three, trades' £ s. d. Verse-making is no more a necessarily poetical occupation than dressmaking, brickmaking, or any other purely mechanical species of labour. Given, poetry in the soul; and the outpourings of that soul must be poetry, whether assuming the form of the poem, the painting, or the highly-wrought and impassioned discourse. Glorious John Milton would have been as true a poet, even though 'Paradise Lost,' the imperishable, had assumed the form of prose; and, for aught we know, Pollok's 'Course of Time,' in the shape of orations, had been as grand and stately as it now is. Poetry was within them—they had drunk at the holy fountains of the Muse—huge, gorgeous thoughts and imaginings burned, like celestial fires, on the altar of the soul—and hence poetry became the necessary result of their spiritual activity, and, to have produced anything less than poetry, we believe they would have found impossible. Such being our own view concerning the nature of poetry, we cannot recognise a huge mass of so-called poems as poetry at all. To us, they rather seem like very thin, sometimes pretty, sentiments in a state of jingle—or prose on the simper—or the frog of common places, with horrible contortions endeavouring to swell into the ox of the sublime. Were many men who persist in favouring the world with their attempts at poetry, but content to confine themselves to the less pretending form of prose, good sense and taste would be spared many a pang, and their success as writers might be as complete as their failure is now unequivocal. Verily, something more is needful for the production of genuine poetry than what phrenologists would call a full development of the organs of language, ideality, constructiveness, and SELF-ESTEEM.

Robert Montgomery is, unquestionably, possessed of some poetic power; though such power is in no sense equal to his ambition, nor sufficiently commanding to account for the popularity his poems have enjoyed. A want of ease and repose is visible in the whole of his productions. He seems ever on the strain and fret; most frequently mistaking fine words, and a rhetoric tortured into the merest bathos, for poetical force and grandeur. There is more strut and studied dignity in the gait, so to speak, of his muse, than of that natural, unobtrusive power—a power which commands without effort, and rules without noise, or fuss, or fume, the hearts to whose affections it appeals—we mean the power which belongs only to real genius, and may be traced in the productions of our laurel-crowned bards, whose works become the inspiration and pride of ages, and quicken, whilst they colour and direct, the aspirations of a venerated world. This remark applies very forcibly to our author's more ambitious works. They are laboured, turgid, painfully verbose, and overcharged. Tolerably fine passages here and there occur, which prove at once that our author possesses some share of power, but has over-estimated such power—is very ambitious, but at the same time destitute of a severely-educated taste. We are quite willing to admit that a vein of religious feeling runs through this gentleman's productions; but contend that it is one thing to be influenced by religious feeling, but quite another thing to be endowed with a first-class poetic power. Pious men are not always poets, nor (with a sigh we pen the admission) are poets always pious men; though the poetry of such men—we mean that genuine and enduring poetry, which will outlive the memory and the influence of their weaknesses and sins—is ever the creation of what is best in them; the offspring of those qualities whose germs, revealed in individual character, demonstrate humanity to be a noble thing, though in ruins. Hence, therefore, the truth of our remarks upon Mr. Montgomery, as a poet, is not shaken by the plea of the religiousness of his sentiments. Even the piety of Cowper, without the genius of Cowper, will not suffice to qualify a man to play the part of Cowper's successor; and we imagine no one, except some friend—from whom Robert Montgomery might well pray to be defended—would, for one moment, dream of comparing 'Satan' with 'The Task'; a 'cut' as cruel as to compare Edwin Atherstone's very meritorious 'Fall of Nineveh' with John Milton's 'Samson,' or 'Paradise Regained.' The object for which, we are told, the volume before us is published, is in itself so good and commendable, that criticism is well nigh disarmed. And, indeed, it contains, here and there, some pleasing poetry, in the midst of a great deal more which is morbid, unsound, and bombastic. It is a great pity a man, possessed of some poetic power, should drag down his muse to the earth, as does our author in this volume, that she may draw the mammon-crowned car of State-churchism, and apologize for those State-priests, who, although vouched for by our author as quite 'authentic,' we believe much need revising and correcting—nay, REFORMING ALTOGETHER. The poem on 'The Gunpowder Treason,' is but an echo of all the old worn-out nonsense about Guy Faux, and the good (?) King, holy Church, and so forth. The following

lines will serve as a fair sample of the moral pointed, and the tale adorned:—

‘And well, on this day, doth our Church decree
 Anthems of love, which heave our hearts to thee,
 Celestial watchers! whose soul-reading eye
 Did from yon heavens the miscreant plot descry;
 And, by that wisdom saints exult to own,
 Forewarn’d the empire, and preserved a throne.’

Such doctrines as these are not only very unpoetical—the cause of much ‘envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness’—but, happily, very much out of date. Guy Faux-day feelings have gone, as far as the majority of people are concerned, to where one of these days such poetry as that now quoted will be found, we mean—oblivion.

Still the book has its beauties, though sadly defaced by glaring defects and extravagances of style and sentiment. ‘The Dying Girl’ is the best thing in the volume, and must be read with deep emotion by all who have watched the progress of that mocking malady whose catastrophe he describes. We have written freely of our author’s writings, but with no sort of ill-feeling towards himself. May he correct his faults, and enhance his excellences, as his experience widens and deepens. He may, perchance, then win a reputation less equivocal than that in which he now rejoices, and cease to deserve the cool sarcasm of the reviewer, who described his poetry, in a single phrase from ‘Hamlet,’ as ‘words, words, words.’

The Nile Boat; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row. 1849.

ILLUSTRATED works are now the order of the day. Material and utilitarian as this age of ours most undoubtedly is, it is inspired with a love of the beautiful and artistic most intense in itself, and productive of results which adorn our picture halls, and drawing-room tables, give form and life-like reality to the ideals of the poet, to the descriptions of tourists; and which familiarize us with scenes consecrated by the chronicles of the historian, and still more by that species of traditional interest investing lands adorned and scenes enobled by the mighty ones of old. The author and engraver more generally go hand in hand now, than at any previous period in the history of literature; and, although many so-called ‘illustrations’ are simply embodiments of bad taste—ornaments which disfigure, but do not adorn; yet, on the whole, the illustrated works now so much in vogue, are satisfactory proofs of the progress and popularity of art, and are calculated to create a love of the beautiful in the reader’s mind. It is not surprising that an unusual interest should encircle the East, ‘neath whose dreamy skies religion and science woke to life, and those solemn events transpired, whose influence was destined to be felt, not only by after ages, but through eternity itself. The very name of Egypt is a charmed one to the student of science, art, and civilization! Cradle of an old civilization!—guardian of that strange,

mystic lore, the rude alphabet of a philosophy, which has since assumed a surer basis, and a nobler form—possessed of so many crude conceptions of truths the sublimest, and principles the most undying—guessing at many of religion's divinest conceptions—grotesquely bodying forth ideas, at length rendered clear and bright by the blaze of that revelation, of which prophets, apostles, and evangelists were the depositories—once, so mighty and imperious, now, so fallen and abased—beginning and suggesting so much, maturing and perpetuating so little,—once, the world's empress, now, but a tomb; what wonder, we say, that Egypt should be regarded with emotions of solemn interest, by all who love to trace the mysterious line which connects what is with what has been, and be thought of by all enlightened minds as a mighty presence now passed away! It is impossible to take up a work on Egypt without travelling back in imagination to the period when her priests were at once the philosophers and the rulers of her barbarian hordes—musing themselves 'neath midnight's starry dome into possession of a sort of primitive science—devising and upholding the ceremonies of a purely sensuous religion—dictating, and yet in a way enlightening—thus playing the seemingly antagonist parts of enslavers and instructors of the benighted millions, who blindly crouched beneath their iron sway. To read of Egypt is like contemplating the resurrection of some city of the dead, or like grouping our way amid the mists and ruins of an older world, so strange the scenes to which fancy transports us. It may be a work on Egypt the modern which solicits our perusal, yet still our thoughts wander back to Egypt the ancient—we lose sight of the busy crowds of living beings whose hum resounds around us, and instinctively busy ourselves with the relics of an old nationality which are scattered there. It is the ruined, and not the living, Egypt which enlists the sympathies, and draws forth the curiosity of the student.

The work before us is a valuable addition to our illustrated literature. Both the engravings and literary matter are sufficiently excellent to disarm the critic, however much prone to carp at trifles. The author, Mr. Bartlett, lays claim to nothing like originality, nor do we know that in such a work originality is desirable, even if possible. Still he has executed his task in a spirited and interesting manner, and produced a book which is at once very instructive, and very amusing, and, in reality, much better calculated to beguile what is vulgarly styled an 'idle hour,' than the senseless and mind-impoverishing trash supplied by the general run of works of fiction. Some of the descriptive portions of the book would not suffer from comparison with the best passages in any work of like character with which we are acquainted. They are vigorous, graphic, without the least tinge of exaggeration, or apparent straining after effect. Though our author disclaims all idea of having striven after the erudite in the preparation of this volume, still it affords the reader many a glimpse of the old, dust-covered Egypt of antiquity, and records customs and doings, which, though strange enough when thoughtlessly surveyed, may be fairly viewed as the types of thought and conception, whose archetypes may be traced amid the moral and religious elements of an after civilization. It is a book we would recommend to our readers, as free from cant and mys-

ticism on the one hand, and loose speculation, arrogant and daring dogmatism concerning matters enwrappt in mystery, on the other. Its tendencies are religious—its tone earnest and devout. It is the production of a man who is no mere hireling book-maker, but who writes under a sense of the responsibilities of authorship, and aims at the improvement of the taste and morals of society.

The engravings are beautifully executed, and the whole work is produced on a scale of elegance which will render it an ornament to the drawing-room table. It is needless we should add more, except, perhaps, that if any of our readers contemplate making presents during this festive season, they could not possibly select a more appropriate work.

The Great Redemption: an Essay on the Mediatorial System. By William Leask, Author of 'The Footsteps of Messiah,' 'Views from Calvary,' &c. &c. London: Benjamin L. Green.

Views from Calvary. By William Leask. London: John Snow.

It is scarcely to be expected that with such a theme before him as redemption, an original thinker should on all points coincide with the stereotyped ideas of the many, whose faith is an unreasoned one. Such persons, and they are too frequently found even among the teachers of Christianity, may be disposed to cavil at many of the expressions and trains of thought—denouncing them as unguarded, if not fringing on the heretical. There is little which is more unjust in itself, or more injurious to the strong-minded and ardent, than finding individuals to whom office has given assumption, but who during life have been sustained by the fruits of other minds, opening full mouthed against a book, because not in the same phraseology, or according to the same plan as those which they have relied on as standard works—and in the use of whose pages they have shown an abundant liberality. This class will unquestionably find in this volume some things to condemn, and others, at which they will attempt to sneer; while those competent to judge, because capable of appreciating thought, will find much to admire, and more fitted to be, and which will be made by them, a study as to the means of obtaining access to, and power over, the general mind.

We endorse not all the opinions of the writer. There are parts in the volume which we think crude, and others rash, but we regard it as one, which while of high aim, reaches far onward to the realizing of its purpose. It is crowded with enlarged views expressed in burning words; there is clear reasoning without the formalities of logic; there is eloquence and pathos, which must make it a standard work, valued by the scholar and endeared to the Christian. It must give its author not only a foothold, but a firm standing place among Nonconformist writers, and raise him in the expectation of the churches; to which, if we mistake not, this is only an earnest of what he can, and encouraged by them, will do for their instruction and adornment. He is one of those upon whom while anticipating changes in our social relations, we look hopefully, believing that his mind will burn out among the beacon-lights.

We hail this book as among the harbingers of a new era in religious literature—when systematic theology, having shaken off its quaint and cumbersome, antiquated attire, shall no longer, as now, be the exclusive heritage of the student, but the property of all; and when, in consequence, changes, to meet an advanced and enlarged state of general thought and perception, must pass over our religious publications, and methods of religious address—both becoming suited to the manhood, instead, as they have too long been, to the infancy of human intellect. We discern erroneously, the signs of the times, if we see not a ministry and literature arising which, while surpassing the past in earnestness, will surpass it in mental vigour and popular influence.

We regard popular instruction in systematic theology as of the first importance. But by the exhibition of its parts in isolation—by the continued restoration of a few of its common-places—while other parts of equal importance are left in undisturbed obscurity—the links that bind them unseen, as forming one great system worthy of divine wisdom unillustrated—the path of division, if not of heresy is paved, while there is no growth of thought worthily preparing man for that world where the expansion of his mind will be the soul of his enjoyment.

Under the influence of such views, we cordially commend this volume to our readers. The language is glowing, but not laboured; it is crowded in every page with thoughts, but not obscure; there is earnestness and ardour, but naught of fanaticism. The connexions existing between essential doctrines are clearly and plainly exhibited; and the whole of the 'Great Redemption' unfolded, in its bearings on God's glory, and the elevation of humanity to dignity and blessedness; and this in a manner which shows its author to be equally a master of thought, as of expression.

We trust that the manner in which this volume may be received, will stimulate Mr. Leask soon to open another vein in that mine of sanctified thought, with the stewardship of which God has entrusted him.

The small volume entitled, 'Views from Calvary,' is one intended principally for the young, and the patronage of Christians is sought for it as a CHRISTMAS, or GIFT BOOK. This patronage, if given, will be bestowed on what is valuable. It is a book which may be expected to kindle emotion in young hearts, and, by moulding their feelings, to prepare them for clear and profitable consideration of the fundamental truths of the 'glorious gospel.'

Sunday Evening. By the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. London: Longman.

'TWELVE short sermons for family reading,' are contained in this little volume, which are principally practical, and adapted to the simplest capacity. They were read, with one exception, we are informed in the dedication, in the household of the Duke of Sutherland,—the author being chaplain to that nobleman; and admirably were they adapted for

the purpose. They will be found useful in the domestic service on a Sabbath evening, or as a loan-book for visitors of the poor. Without meaning to say that these sermons indicate any great amount of mental vigour, we are assured they will do good in the way contemplated by their author, and hence cordially recommend them.

Financial Reform; a Pounds, Shillings, and Pence Appeal to the Business Men of England. By J. Grossmith, Merchant. London: Strange.

THIS appeal is calculated to do good service to the cause of Financial reform, by directing the attention of 'business men' to the trickery and injustice of which they have but too long been the uncomplaining victims, and showing the extent of the burdens weighing down the energies of trade, and drying up the springs of industry, for the especial delight and aggrandisement of the magnates and do-nothings of the land. We much like the idea of a trader standing forward as teacher of his brother traders. We see no sort of reason why the merchant should prison his thoughts within the confines of the counting-house, and refuse to take part in the great movements of the day; for, we are assured, the business-talent and common sense which mark the successful tradesman are necessary to the force and practical success of every agitation carried on in a commercial country; and that one great want of the legislature of this nation is, that of a few more business men to take part in its deliberations. It was the practical skill of tradesmen, no less than an awakened sense of justice on the part of the people, which gave force and victory to the Anti-corn-law movement, and qualified it to breast the tide of aristocratic prejudice and selfishness. It was because 'the business men of England' arrayed themselves against the usurpations of 'our old nobility,' that the League ignored their pretensions, and released a nation's industry from their relentless clutch. And it will be when, instructed by such thinkers as Mr. Grossmith, 'the business men of England' unite in one imperious demand for 'Parliamentary and Financial reform;' it will be when our counting-houses send forth their agitators, and the trader is filled with the vivid consciousness that, though a trader, he is a citizen too; it will be then, and not till then, that class-legislation will become an impossibility, and its offspring, financial injustice, depart, amid the wailings of the coroneted few and the victory-shouts of the enfranchised many.

For these reasons, we hail the appearance of such works as the one before us, as harbingers of 'the good time coming.' It abounds with startling facts, and arguments, which the opponents of reform will find it far easier to pooh, pooh! than to gainsay. The following are the propositions stated, and defended:—

1. THAT IN CONSEQUENCE OF EXCESSIVE TAXATION, THREE, OUT OF EVERY SIX DAYS' LABOUR IS ABSORBED BY THE STATE.
2. THAT A TRADESMAN MAKING £1000 A-YEAR, AND LIVING UP TO THAT AMOUNT, PAYS £500 IN TAXES.

3. MAN'S LABOUR, WHETHER TRADESMAN OR ARTIZAN, IS DOUBLED BY TAXATION.
4. IN ADDITION TO THE NATURAL, THERE IS REQUIRED AN ARTIFICIAL CAPITAL, IN THE PROSECUTION OF TRADE FOR THE GOVERNMENT, RATHER THAN FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.
5. THAT FROM COMPETITION IN GOODS OF EQUAL VALUE WITH THOSE OF OTHER COUNTRIES, ENGLAND IS DRIVEN TO ARTIFICIALLY HIGH PRICES BY TAXATION DESTRUCTIVE TO OUR FOREIGN COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.
6. THAT THIS TAXATION IS NOT ONLY NEEDLESSLY EXCESSIVE IN AMOUNT, BUT UNJUST IN PRINCIPLE, AND THAT THESE EXCESSES, AND THIS INJUSTICE, ARISE FROM THE LEGISLATIVE EXEMPTIONS IN FAVOUR OF THE LANDED INTEREST.
7. THAT THESE REAL GRIEVANCES, ONE AND ALL, ARISE FROM THE ABSENCE OF A FAIR REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM.

The spirit of the work is earnest, liberal, and just. It is impossible to peruse it without being convinced of the sincerity and benevolence of its author, and feeling that a higher sentiment than the love of notoriety, or the hope of worldly gain, has stirred him to his task.

Sketches of the Crusades. By G. E. Sargent, London: Partridge and Oakey.

A NOT very profound or philosophical, but nevertheless an interesting volume, is the one before us. It is well fitted for the perusal of young persons, who seek to obtain some glimpse of the doings of those dark and ignorant times, when the religion of sense and passion was in the ascendant, and the holy charities and humanities of the gospel were crushed 'neath the fiery power of a dominant priestcraft. Without the smallest particle of belief in the possibility of such a thing existing as a fighting Christianity; deeply assured, as we are, that those armed fanatics, who shed seas of blood in the desecrated name of Jesus, were utterly unacquainted with the spirit of his gospel; we are, nevertheless, disposed to believe, that there was much chivalrous heroism displayed in those wild outbursts of passion, which shook Europe to her centre; and that in the chronicles of the Crusaders we shall not search in vain for vivid illustrations of the power of ideas, when once such ideas are, as it were, burnt into the minds of multitudes by the red-hot frenzy, or wild, passionate earnestness of some gifted fellow. Peter the Hermit was doubtless a fanatic! the victim of superstition in one of its most virulent forms, and of passions the most brutal! Still this man was mighty, because enthusiastic, determined, and fearless—a sort of middle-age ranter, half priest, half soldier—speaking rude, yet vigorous poems, to crowds all breathless with wonder, enthusiasm, and hope,—who listened only to gaze passionately into each other's faces, as with flashing eyes they grasped their swords. Many an instructive lesson may be gathered from the chronicle of those strange outbursts by the young student of human nature; lessons which may help to arm him against the seductions of modern bigotry, by affording him impressive illustrations of the evils

which grow out of its sway in the human soul. From a study of the excesses perpetrated in the name of religion by priests and fanatics, in the ages of the past, may the student acquire a wisdom preparing him the more effectually to fulfil the duties of the present, and so benefit the future, which each man, great or small, doth help to fashion. Mr. Sargent's view of the crusades is a religious one, and many of his comments on the false principles then propounded, and iniquities perpetrated, are discriminating and true. Without pretending to the profound, or straining after the eloquent, he has produced a very readable volume, which we gladly commend to the study of the young. We may add, that the style in which the work is brought out reflects the highest credit on the publishers.

Literary Intelligence.

MINOR NOTICES.—WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

‘An Introduction to the New Testament.’ By Samuel Davidson, D.D.
London: Bagster & Sons.

[We much regret having been unable to do justice to this able, profound, and liberal volume, in our present number. It is admirably adapted to meet the wants of these speculative times, when in so many minds flippant doubt, or denial, are confounded with philosophy,—and scepticism, clad in new garments, and wearing a new mask, stalks fearlessly abroad. We hail Dr. Davidson as one of the ablest and most judicious champions of Christian truth, and hope in our next to do ample justice to the claims of his work.]

‘Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.’
By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol. I. London:
Hamilton, Adams & Co.

[A very handsome volume, invested with a sacred interest in the eyes of Christians, and, indeed, all who honour genius, and appreciate moral worth, whatever their views on matters theological. Unable to take up the subject this month, we are anxious to lose no time in recommending our readers to procure this book, which abounds with choice extracts from the earlier correspondence of the true-hearted Dr. Chalmers; throwing much light on the progress and development of an intellect destined to exercise an influence so important on the Church of his own day, and to transmit to posterity a legacy so precious.]

‘Biblical Commentary on the Gospels.’ By Hermann Olshausen,
D.D. Vol. III. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

[This work is translated by Rev. Thomas Brown, Kinneff, and Rev. John Gill, Witham, and is adapted especially for preachers and students, to whose notice we commend it, as another contribution towards the

defence of Christianity, against its modern antagonists. It is a book for the learned, and not for the people generally, and will be found a valuable addition to the library shelves of our biblical critics.]

‘The Seventh General Council, the Second of Nice.’ Translated from the original by the Rev. John Mendham, M.A. London: William Edward Painter.

[The student of ecclesiastical history will devour this volume with avidity, though we question whether a large portion of it will be found very palatable or digestible. It was at this council the worship of images was established, and the gospel has defaced by the admixture with its pure essence of the coarse elements of an earlier paganism. Altogether this is a curious, though revolting book—revolting, because exhibiting the corruptions which the gospel had to endure at the hands of unregenerated human nature. It is well worth the perusal of the student of the history of religion; though we rather fancy its publication has been, in some measure, dictated by the no-popery spirit,—a spirit which is not unfrequently somewhat *popish* in its own peculiar way.]

‘General History of the Christian Religion and Church.’ From the German of Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

[The fifth volume of a very elegant library edition of a work, too justly celebrated to need our commendation.]

‘The New Testament.’ By Clement Moody, M.A. London: Longman.

[This is the first part of an edition of the New Testament, ‘expounded and illustrated, according to the usual marginal references, in the very words of holy Scripture; together with notes and translations, and a complete marginal harmony of the Gospels.’ The present part extends to the end of the Acts of the Apostles. Without being able to dilate at length on the merits of this edition, we can only say, that though the task undertaken by the editor was an arduous one, he has executed it with considerable ability, and his work will be found of great use in families, and, indeed, may very profitably be consulted by Bible students in general. It is printed in a fine bold type, and as an edition, reflects much credit on the publishers.]

‘The Thoughts on Religion, and Evidences of Christianity, of Pascal.’ With Introduction, Notes, &c. By George Pearce, Esq. London: Longman.

[This work, we are informed in the title, has been ‘newly translated and arranged,’ and ‘large additions from the original MSS. introduced.’ There is so much in the writings of Pascal to excite inquiry and quicken thought, that we would gladly see them, in spite of all their crudities and errors, in the hands of modern religionists. Of the present edition, we can only say, it is marked by care on the part of the editor, and liberality on the part of the publisher.]

‘Recollections of a Parliamentary Career, from 1833 to 1848.’ By John O’Connell, Esq., M.P. London: Richard Bentley.

‘An Introduction to the Study of the Mind; designed especially for the Senior Classes in Schools.’ By Daniel Bishop. London: Longman.

[Contains much useful matter, which the teacher may find of service in pursuing his avocations.]

‘Tales and Sketches of Scottish Life; with Poems.’ By Pastor. London: Groombridge and Sons.

[A little, unpretending volume, full of beauty and truth, and fraught with moral purpose. We would gladly see it in the hands of all young persons.]

‘Windings of the River of the Water of Life; in the Development, Discipline, and Fruits of Faith.’ By George B. Cheever, D.D. London: John Wiley.

‘Government by Commissions Illegal and Pernicious—The Constitutional Principles of Taxation; and the Rights, Duties, and Importance of local Self-Government.’ By J. Toulmin Smith, Esq. London: S. Sweet.

‘Juvenile Depravity—£100 Prize Essay.’ By Rev. Henry Worsley, M.A.

‘An Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of Juvenile Depravity.’ By Thomas Beggs. London: C. Gilpin.

‘The Moral Statistics of Glasgow.’ By William Logan. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

‘A Second Gallery of Literary Portraits.’ By George Gilfillan. London: Groombridge and Sons.

‘A Few Suggestions on Consumption.’ By Robert Hull, M.D. London: Churchill.

[A book abounding with practical suggestions, which will be found most useful by parents, and the guardians of youth. Though we cannot think the spirit in which Dr. Hull refers in his introduction to the ‘nonsense of Homœopathy,’ ‘sensual Mesmerism,’ and ‘Hydropathy,’ at all in harmony with the charity and modesty ever distinguishing true science, we are, nevertheless, fully ready to admit the general value of his work.]

‘Scripture Doctrine of Christian Perfection.’ By Rev. Asa Mahan. With an Introductory Preface by John Stevenson. London: Partridge and Oakley.

[A neat edition of a popular American work, which, having reached a tenth edition on the other side of the Atlantic, is now reprinted under the auspices of Mr. Stevenson, for the edification of our home Churches.]

‘Letter and Spirit; a Discourse on Modern Philosophical Spiritualism in its Relation to Christianity.’ By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Jackson and Walford.

‘Antidote against Arminianism.’ By C. Ness. (Seventh Edition.)

‘Memorials of Bertie’s Brother and Infant Sister.’

'The Teacher's Offering.' 1849. London: Ward and Co.

'The Book of Joel.' London: Samuel Bagster and Sons.

[The book of Joel is here offered to the Hebrew student in parallelisms, for the purpose of showing the importance of 'a poetical arrangement of the prophets.' In this opinion we thoroughly concur, and cordially join with the editor of this edition, in the hope that this very neat specimen may lead to the publication of other parts of the prophetic Scriptures in the same form.]

'The Family Economist.' Vol. II. 1849.

'Cottage Cookery.' By Esther Copley. London: Groombridge and Sons.

[The 'Family Economist' is one of the most practically useful teachers of the working classes which has made its appearance in these modern times. The volume before us well sustains its previous reputation. The little volume on 'Cottage Cookery' will be found of the greatest possible use to the poor, and, indeed, to all who desire to study simplicity, economy, and, we may add, *health*, in such matters.]

'German Literature.' By Joseph Gostick. Part II. Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers.

'Suggestions on Female Education.' By A. J. Scott, A.M. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

[This little work contains thoughts and suggestions most important. It may startle some; but, on the whole, it will do good, by stirring up discussion on a point but too much neglected. We shall, probably, make it the basis of an article in some future number.]

'Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights.' Vol. 1. London: Groombridge.

[A volume for the especial benefit of the young, which we think calculated to answer the end proposed.]

'Of Induction, with especial reference to Mr. J. Stuart Mills' System of Logic.' By W. Whewell, D.D. London: J. W. Parker.

'Popery and Scotch Episcopacy Compared.' By John Cunningham. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail.

'Religion, the Church, and the People.' By John Hamilton Thom. London: John Chapman.

'A Letter to the Editor of the Journal of Sacred Literature, in Reply to Two Articles by S. Davidson, LL.D.' By J. Scott Porter. London: Sims and M'Intyre.

'Le Petit Gausseur; or, First Chatterings in French.' London: Effingham Wilson.

[Will be found useful to young persons seeking to acquire the power of conversing fluently in French, to whose attention we commend it.]

'Evangelical Training; in a Series of Lessons on some of the names and Titles of the Lord Jesus.' By William Munsie. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

'A Month's Visit to Connaught and its Mission Stations.' By the Rev. J. W. Taylor. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

[An interesting, well-written narrative; but rather too much

tinged with the 'No Popery' spirit in parts to obtain our entire approval.]

'Effective Preaching. A Sermon delivered to the Students of Horton College, on their re-assembling, August 1st, 1849.' By the Rev. Isaac New. Printed by request of the Committee. London: B. L. Green.

'The Sabbath: its Relation to the Temporal Well-being of the Working Classes.' A Prize Essay. By William Watt. Aberdeen: George and Robert King.

'The Gladiator. A Tale of the Roman Empire.' By Martha Macdonald Lamont. London: Longman.

'Un Anno di Emigrazione. Reminiscenze di Enrico Lavelli, Ex-Corredatore dell' Operago Milanese.' Londra: John Chapman.

'Rudimentary Dictionary of Terms used in Architecture, Building, Engineering, Mining, Surveying, &c.' By John Weale. London: John Weale, 59, High Holborn.

'Southey's Common-place Book.' Second Series. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. London: Longman.

'The Life of Christ. Illustrated in a Series of Twelve Lectures.' By J. G. Rogers, B.A. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

'The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey.' Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Vol. 1. London: Longman.

'The Christian Life: a Manual of Sacred Verse.' By Robert Montgomery, M.A. London: Arthur Hall and Co.

'The Great Redemption: An Essay on the Mediatorial System.' By William Leask. London: B. L. Green.

'Views from Calvary.' By William Leask. London: John Snow.

'Protestant Nonconformity.' By John Angell James. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

'God in History.' By Rev. John Cumming, D.D. London: John Farquhar Shaw.

'The Second Reformation.' By Rev. B. S. Hollis. London: Partridge and Oakey.

'Sketches of the Crusades.' By G. E. Sargent. London: Partridge and Oakey.

'The Comprehensive Pocket Bible.' Edinburgh: James Brydone.

'Sunday Evening.' By the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. London: Longman.

'History of the Inquisition.' London: Ward and Co.

'A Greek-English Lexicon to the New Testament.' Revised by the Rev. Thomas Sheldon Green, M.A. London: Bagster and Sons.

'Lectures to Young Men.' Delivered in Glasgow by various Ministers, &c. Two Vols. London and Glasgow: William Collins.

'Ten School-room Addresses.' Edited by J. P. Norris, M.A. London: Rivington.

- ‘Financial Reform; a Pounds, Shillings, and Pence Appeal to the Business Men of England.’ By J. Grossmith. London: Strange.
- ‘Is a Decision of the Privy Council a Reason for Secession, or for Retiring into Lay Communion? A Letter to a Clergyman of the Evangelical School.’ By another Clergyman. London: George Bell.
- ‘Hints and Suggestions on a Revision of the Liturgy.’ By Phileclesia. London: Whittaker and Co.
- ‘Considerations on the Subscription to the Three Articles of the Thirty-sixth Canon.’ London: Whittaker and Co.
- ‘William Penn and Thomas B. Macaulay: being brief Observations on the Charges made in Mr. Macaulay’s “History of England,” against the Character of William Penn.’ By W. E. Foster. London: Charles Gilpin.
- ‘England’s Gratitude, and England’s Duty;’ a Sermon, delivered in the English Church of the Upper-town, Boulogne-sur-mer. By the Rev. Thomas Harvey, M.A. Boulogne-sur-mer: Charles Algre, 36, Rue des Pipots.
- ‘The Lord’s Day in London withheld from the Working Man by God’s People, and others.’ By J. M. Jones. London: Aylott and Jones.
- ‘Sir Francis Chantry, R. A.—Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions.’ By George Jones, R.A. London: Edward Moxon.

Preparing for Publication.

The Rev. James Sortain, of Brighton, is preparing for immediate publication a volume of Sermons, on various subjects.

The Norwich Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association purpose issuing a Monthly Penny Work, to be called ‘The Reformer,’ and edited by the Norwich Operative.

IN our next number, we hope to insert the first of a series of Papers, to be entitled, ‘A Pilgrimage to Utopia; or, The Autobiography of a Visionary,’—designed to illustrate some of the forms assumed by modern infidelity, and the causes which produce and perpetuate such infidelity, in the record of the progress of a mind from truth—through falsehood, to truth again.

Note.—I have been compelled to reserve many notices of new works for the next number, in consequence of the length to which the weightier articles have extended. I have likewise been unable to insert many most valuable papers, which, however, shall appear as speedily as circumstances will permit.

Dec. 29, 1849.

EDITOR OF ‘ECLECTIC REVIEW.’